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THE STREAM OF PLEASURE.

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the Thames,—not easy to pass; and we also learned that it is the boating throng which has made the Thames the rival of any water-way in the world and given it a character all its own.

On Wednesday, the 1st of August, we drove to Salter's landing-place, though it was pouring. It had been raining more or less steadily for two months, so there seemed no reason to wait for clear weather. Hitherto we had looked upon Oxford only as the university town, but now we came to know it as the Mecca of all river tourists. Were its colleges to disappear one by one, were Ruskin to be forgotten, so long as Salter's boat-house stands by Folly Bridge it will be the trysting-place for the oarsmen of England.

Our boat, which was new, had not yet been launched, but was still at the builder's. It was a pair-oared skiff, but shorter and broader than those generally seen on the Thames—"a family boat," an old river man called it with contempt. Its great feature was the green waterproof canvas cover which stretched over three iron hoops and converted it for all practical purposes into a small, a very small, house-boat. By a complicated arrangement of strings the canvas could be rolled up and fastened on top so as, theoretically, not to interfere with our view of the river banks on bright days; or it could be let down to cover the entire boat from stern to bow—an umbrella by day, a whole hotel by night.

Salter seemed surprised to see us; why, I do not know, for two or three parties started down the river before us. In one boat a girl in a bright pink mackintosh sat in the stern under an umbrella. The men in their clinging wet flannels looked as if they had just been taking headers in the stream. In the midst of a weak and damp hurrah from one ancient boatman, the *Rover* was at last pushed off its trestles, and, with a vigorous shove, sent clear across the Thames. There was no baptism with champagne; only the everlasting rain was poured

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upon it. On the landing-place we waited under our umbrellas. Two or three of Salter's men staid to see us crawl into the long, green tunnel and to give us a parting push. They probably regretted their bargain when they saw us come to a dead stop in mid-stream and swing round with the wind. I had never steered, J—— had scarcely ever rowed a boat. We thought there was a laugh on shore, and we were quite sure we heard some one say:

"If you're going down the Thames in that boat you'd better use the right sculls."

The river, after the long-continued rains, was very high. For two persons who knew nothing about boats and could not swim, the Thames journey with such a stream running was not promising. Somehow we got down to Iffley Lock, where we could hear the noise of the water tumbling over the dam, and could see the strong current of the mill-way sweeping in a swift rushing funnel ready to carry us with it. We were glad to find the lock gates open, so that there was no occasion to hang on to the muddy banks. J—— put his sculls in deep, giving strong but uncertain dabs, and pulled them out with a jerk: I cannot call his frantic efforts of those first days sculling. But the lock-keeper, as in the time of Tom Brown, was equal to the occasion. He came out, smoking his pipe with enviable indifference, seized our bow with his long boathook and pulled us into the lock. The great upper gates were slowly closed, he opened the lower sluices, and the water began to fall. At this point is run one of the dangers to be remembered on the river journey. You must not lose control of your boat, but you must be on the lookout to prevent bow or stern catching in the slippery beams or posts found in some locks, especially in old ones. If the boat were so caught, the water, rising or falling, would turn it over at once. It is very easy to upset in a lock, though there is no necessity to do so; it is as difficult to get out again. The fact that we never had trouble proves that with ordinary common sense and a little bit of prudence the danger is avoided.

While the water ran out the lock-keeper came and gave us our ticket. The Thames lock ticket is a curious literary production. It admits you through, by, or over the lock or weir for threepence. That is, I suppose, you can go through the lock in Christian fashion, drown under the weir, push and pull over the roller if there is one, or drag your boat round by the shore; but whether you come out dead or alive, for any of these privileges the Thames Conservancy will have its threepence.

The minute you get through Iffley Lock you see to its right Iffley Mill. It is only an old whitewashed, brown-roofed mill with a few poplars and near tumbling water, but the composition is the finest you will find between Oxford and London. We spent the afternoon there, dry under our cover, while J—— made his drawing and I read "*Thyrsis*" to him, and the rain pattered on the canvas. On the other

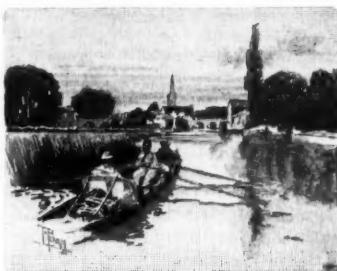
side of the lock were three dripping tents; at their doors sat half a dozen wretched men. We vowed that unless every inn on the river were crowded we would not sleep out that night; for before we started we had talked a great deal of beautiful nights to be spent upon the river, when we would go to bed with the swans and rise up with the larks, cook our breakfast under the willows, and wash our dishes and ourselves in quiet, clean pools. Salter had supplied us with an ingenious stove, with kettles and frying-pans fitting into each other like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle, a lantern, cups and saucers and plates, forks and knives and spoons, a can of alcohol. He had even offered us a mattress large enough for a double bedstead. But as it was clear that if it went we must stay, we had decided to sleep on our rugs.

In the late afternoon we paddled slowly away, meeting no one, but seeing at every turn a picture to whose beauty nothing was wanting but sunlight; by Rose Island, where a dreary boatman waited in vain for us to come ashore, and by Sandford lasher, where we remembered Tom Brown, and left all the river between it and our boat. A lasher, which we had never understood, we found to be merely a place above the lock where the overflow of water falls to a lower level. The entire Thames, from London to its source, is a series of locks and lashers, which help to produce a uniform current.

Just beyond was Sandford; from the river but an old church, a picturesque inn, a big barn, a mill, and a lock. When the inn came out of the rain we determined to stay in it, even before we saw how bright and fresh it was inside; and though we had made just three miles, we had the house to ourselves. The landlady was as blue as we were, telling



IFFLEY MILL.



ABINGDON.

us no one had staid with her for a month ; and we wondered if we should have to pay to make up for the crowd that had not come. For we had been warned that riverside inns are expensive ; and this is, in a measure, true, since in the tiniest village inn you pay hotel prices — that is, about two or three dollars a day. You can camp for one-third of this. But then the inns are always as comfortable as tents are uncomfortable. We had also been warned that these inns were so crowded that a room must be secured a week beforehand. Probably in a good season this would be the case ; but the summer of 1888 was so exceptionally wet that comparatively no one was in the upper reaches of the Thames.

The unexpected is always happening in English weather. We woke in the morning to find the sun shining in through the little leaded windows of our low-ceilinged room. We came down to an excellent breakfast, and soon got away after paying a moderate bill. Passing through Sandford Lock seemed an easy matter now that our green cover was caught up by its many strings. It hung, however, between the loops in tantalizing folds, an ugly blot in the scenery, a hindrance to my steering. We were all the morning — so often did we stop by the way — making the mile and a half to Nuneham, the place of the Harcourts, where there is a very ugly house which only shows for a minute, and a beautiful hill which grows wooded as you wind with the river towards it, and get nearer and nearer until you come to the pretty cottages at its foot. All afternoon we drifted slowly downstream or lay for hours among the reeds by the banks, watching the sail-boats hurrying before the wind, the canoes paddling slowly after, the camping parties with tents piled high in the stern, the occasional great barges gaudily painted and traileed by slow horses, the small boats towed for pleasure, and the swans which, in the most crowded and loneliest reaches, are ever at hand to group themselves into picturesque foregrounds. In the stillness we could hear far voices and even the sharpening of a scythe on shore, or the plashing of oars and the grinding of rowlocks long before the boats came in sight. And then a shrill whistle and a train rushing across the meadowland would remind us that this great quiet of the Thames is within easy reach of the noise of London.

Not long after Abingdon spire showed itself in the flat landscape, we pulled into Abingdon Lock, where there is a fall of several feet. Beyond the lock the channel is narrow and, owing to the deep fall, the stream is swift. It carried us quietly and quickly on, until all at once, as we watched the growth of the spire and the lovely arrangement of the town on the quaint old bridge, we were startled by the shouts of men on both banks. As we looked to find the cause of their excitement we crashed, broadside on, against a stone wall that juts out into the river and divides it suddenly into two rapid streams, which pass out of sight under the low arches of the bridge. Had not our boat been a broad-beamed, family tub, it would have turned us out ; that the men on the banks expected this was evident from the way they rushed round with boathooks and life-preservers. But as there is nothing about the strong current in the many guidebooks and maps and charts of the Thames, we could not be prepared for what is unquestionably one of the few really dangerous places in the river.

How could we think of sleeping in our boat when the proprietor of the Nag's Head, who seemed certain he had saved us from a watery grave, literally dragged us into his inn ? We had nothing to regret. We left the boat for another very old and rambling house, another good little dinner. Instead of being alone, as at Sandford, men in flannels like ourselves were in the coffee-room, at the bar, and in the garden. Every time we looked out on



BRIDGE AT ABINGDON.



SAILING.



WITTENHAM CLUMP, FROM DAY'S LOCK.

no use of our attempting to go down the back way, and we were nervous about again passing and this time rounding the stone wall. It was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind we started, the landlord looking after us with evident uneasiness. J—— pulled slowly, apparently with tremendous effort, up above the island, which we cleared so successfully that we ran into the opposite mud bank. Here we made believe we had stopped to look at the view and J—— to smoke a pipe. As we pulled off again there came a moment of breathless suspense, and then the boat began to gather headway. The current here was so strong that earlier in the day it had taken all the available loafers of the town to pull a steam tug upstream against it. Now it caught us, and the first thing we knew we were on the other side of the bridge. It was only here at Abingdon we met with even the suggestion of an accident, so that in the simple tale of our voyage no one need look for Haggardian descriptions of shipwreck.

After the bridge it was easy going. By the time we had passed Culham Lock we began to take heart again, and actually braved the current of a mill-race in order to explore a little back-water. For one of the great charms of the Thames is the number of its "sedged tributaries,"—back-waters they are called,—which sometimes lead to and from mills and then are nothing but mill-streams, and sometimes are really the main river, which is left by the boats as they pass up the cut to the lock. But the most beautiful are those which seem to tire of running with the current, and turn from it to rest where lilies blow round long islands, or where cattle graze in quiet meadows.

It was near Clifton Lock we first saw Wittenham Clump, a hill with a group of trees on top, which is after this for many miles forever cropping up in the most unexpected places, now before you, now behind, giving a good idea of the many windings of the river. We had come too into the region of the tall clipped elms, which from here to London are one of the most beautiful, if familiar, features of the Thames.

There was no sleeping in the boat that night, for we expected two friends—a publisher and a parson—to meet us at the Barley Mow, a little roadside inn on the other side of the river from Clifton Hampden. It is a favorite stopping-place with river men, and the two days we spent there we never went into its low-paneled parlor without finding some one eating lunch or tea or dinner; on the road to the river flowed a never-ceasing stream of men in flannels and women in serges; at the landing-place, where the pretty girl was in charge, boats were always coming in and going out, and once in the midst of them we saw the *Minnehaha* and the *Hiawatha*, two real canoes.

On the other side of the bridge, almost under the shadow of the little church on the cliff, was a punt. Inside it were three chairs, and on the three chairs sat three solemn men fishing. They never stirred, except when one, still holding fast to his line with his left hand, with his right lifted a great brown jug from the bottom of the boat, drank long and deep and handed it to the next, and so it passed to the third. The sun shone, the rain fell, the shadows grew longer and longer and the jug lighter and lighter, but whenever I passed there they still sat.



THE BARLEY MOW.

All the near elm-lined roads and willowed back-waters lead to pretty villages — to Long Wittenham, which deserves its adjective with its one street straggling far on each side its old cross ; to Little Wittenham, only a group of tiny houses just at the foot of Wittenham Clump ; and to Dorchester, with its huge abbey, of all perhaps best worth a visit. But the beauty of Clifton Hampden is that which will not let itself be told ; and he will never know it who does not feel the charm of peaceful country when the sunset burns into the water and the elms are black against the glory of the west, and little thatched cottages disappear into the darkness of the foliage — the charm of long walks through hedged-in lanes as the red fades into the gray twilight and a lone nightingale sings from the near hedge, and far church bells ring softly across the sleeping meadows.

Sunday afternoon we came home from church at Dorchester, just at the hour when kettles were boiling in every boat. On the river every one makes afternoon tea, just as every one wears flannels, and so of course we felt we must make it with the rest. We pulled up a little back-water and landed with our stove among the willows. The publisher went to the near lock for water, the parson filled the spirit-lamp, the trouble was great and the tea was bad. This was the only time during our month on the river that the stove was disturbed. From that time forward it rested from its labors in the box in which Salter had packed it.

When we left the Barley Mow on Monday morning, heavy rain was followed by soft showers and grayness. But it was bank holiday, and holiday makers in great numbers were on the river. Steam launches tossed us on their waves and washed the banks on each side. River fiends, they are popularly called, for in these narrow upper reaches, whenever they pass, the angler is aroused from contemplation, the camper interrupted in his dish-washing, the idler disturbed in his drifting, and sometimes the artist and his easel upset, and all for people who turn their backs on the beauty of the river and play "nap" and drink beer or champagne, as they might in the nearest public-house at home.

But the great business of the day was eating and drinking. The thin blue smoke of camp-fires rose above the reeds. In small boats kettles sung and hampers were unpacked. In the launches the cloth was never removed. We were but humans like the rest. After Shillingford, where the arches of the bridge framed in the river with its low island and the far blue hills, and where, near the Swan, 'Arry and 'Arriet were romping, or Phyllis sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, as the parson had it, Benson, a few red roofs straggling landward from a gray pinnacled church tower, came in sight, and to Benson we walked for lunch.

Our resting-place for the night was Wallingford, a town with much history and little to show for it. When we pulled ashore it was raining, and of course out of the question to sleep in the boat. We went instead to the gabled George, where we found a great crowd. It was the day on which the Galloway races, whatever they may be, had been held, and local excitement ran high. We ate our supper in company with a party of flanneled record makers who were in fine spirits because they had sculled twenty miles since morning. "Not bad for a first day out, by Jove, you know!"

"Twenty miles," said J—, not in the least impressed ; "why, we may have come only eight by the map, but it was full twenty and a half by the parson's steering."

Later, when the landlady came in for orders, they called for beer for breakfast, but we asked for jam. "Jam by all means," said J— ; "we're training to make our four miles a day," which was our average. After this they would have nothing to do with us, but drank whisky and wrote letters at one end of the table, while at the other we studied the visitors' book, and learned how many distinguished people, including our friend Mr. William Black, had been at the George before us.

Next morning the parson and the publisher took an early train to London, and we were again a crew of two. The champions we left over their beer and breakfast. But already, while we loaded our boat, campers sailed swiftly past and under the bridge, and punts leisurely hugged the opposite shore.

The punt is to the Thames what the gondola is to the canals of Venice. Wherever you go you see the long, straight boat with its passengers luxuriously outstretched on the cushions



"LOCK! LOCK!"



STREATLEY.

he can hope for ease and grace: first, that in which he abandons the pole and remains helpless in the punt; secondly, that in which, for reasons he will afterwards explain, he leaves the punt and clings to the inextricable pole; and thirdly, that of fearful suspense when he has not yet decided whether to cling to the pole or the punt.

By the shores beyond Wallingford here and there house-boats were moored. The typical Thames house-boat is so big and clumsy, with such a retinue of smaller boats, sometimes even with a kitchen attached, that it is not so easily moved as the big hotels we used to see wandering on wheels through the streets of Atlantic City. Indeed, because of the trouble of moving, it often remains stationary summer after summer. One we caught in the very act of being poled downstream; another we saw just after it had finished an enterprising journey; the rest looked as if nothing would tempt them from their moorings. They do not add much picturesqueness to the river. A square wooden box set on a scow is not and can not be made a thing of beauty. At Henley regatta the flat top always becomes gay with flowers and Japanese umbrellas and prettily dressed women, so that there color makes up in a measure for ugliness of form. But on many house-boats we passed that day from Wallingford buckets and brooms and life-preservers were the only visible armaments.

The inns, by the way, were a pleasant contrast. Nothing could be prettier than the little Beetle and Wedge, red and gabled, with a big landing-place almost at the front door; or the Swan at Streatley, with its tiny lawn where the afternoon tea-table was set, as in every other riverside garden we had passed above and below Cleve Lock.

It would have been foolish indeed to put up for the night under our canvas when in Streatley a whole cottage was at our disposal once we could find it. We rang up the post-mistress, whose door was shut while she drank tea like the rest of the world. She directed us

to a little brick cottage with jasmine over the door where lived a Mrs. Tidbury; and Mrs. Tidbury, armed with a key big enough to open all Streatley, led the way almost to the top of the hilly road, to a cottage with deep thatched roof and a gable where an angel, his golden wings outstretched, his hands folded, kept watch. *Nisi Dominus Frustra* was the legend, beaten in brass-headed nails, on the door which opened from the front garden into a low room with great rafters across the ceiling, and a huge fireplace, where every morning of our stay we saw our bacon broiled and our bread toasted. There were jugs and jars on the carved mantelshelf; volumes of Balzac and Turgeneff, Walt Whitman and George Eliot, Carlyle



HOUSE-BOAT OFF READING.



PANGBOURN



SONNING BRIDGE.

village streets and the old bridge which joins them have been done to death; of Streatley Mill we have had our fill; Goring Church, with the deep red roof and gray Norman tower, so beautiful from the river, is almost as familiar in modern English art as the solitary cavalier once was in English fiction. The campers who pitch their tents on the reeded islands are armed with cameras, and on the decks of house-boats easels are set up. But

In Streatley you
Should mount the hill and see the view
And gaze and wonder, if you'd do
Its merits most completely.

It was the hour of sunset when we mounted and looked down on the valley, spread out like a map below, the river winding through it, a path of light between the open fields, a cold, dark shadow under the wooded banks. May the lazy minstrel another time wait to smoke and weave his lazy lay until he has climbed the hill, and then he will sing of something besides the Swan at Streatley!

The day we left the hot August sun had come at last. It was warm and close in the village, warm and fresh on the water. The *Golden Grasshopper*, the famous yellow and white house-boat of the last Henley regatta, had just anchored near the Swan, and its proprietor was tacking up awnings and renewing his flower frieze, which sadly needed the attention, but he monopolized the energy of the river. Boats lay at rest under the railway bridge below Streatley and under the trees of Hart's Woods. Anglers dozed in the sun.

O, Pangbourne is pleasant in sweet summer time,
with its old wooden bridge to Whitchurch over the river, and the lock with delicate birches



THE BULL AT SONNING.

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and Thackeray, on the book-shelves; photographs from Florentine pictures on the walls; brass pots hanging from the rafters. A narrow flight of wooden steps led up to a bedroom with walls sloping under the thatch. Mrs. Tidbury gave the big key into our keeping; in the morning I bought meat from the butcher in Goring, and coaxed a cross old man into selling me green peas and berries from his own garden. We were at home, as we were bidden to be by the friend whose pleasure it is to share with others those good things which are his worldly portion.

"And Streatley and Goring are worthy of rhyme," and of paint too, according to Mr. Leslie. The pretty



IN A LOCK.



SHIPLAKE.

From here to Caversham is the stupid stretch of which guide and other books give fair warning. But at the hour of sunset the ugliest country is glorified, and nowhere is the river really ugly. The "Dictionary of the Thames" for 1888 recommended as "snug and unpretentious" the White Hart Inn on the left bank by Caversham Bridge. Accordingly to the left bank we drew up, but behold! we found a large hotel, a steam launch bringing in its passengers, waiters in dress-coats, a remarkably good supper, and a very attentive Signor Bona to add the pleasure of an Italian kitchen to the clean comfort of the English inn.

The town of Reading,

*'Mong other things so widely known
For biscuits, seeds, and sauce,*

seldom has a good word said for it by those who write from the river point of view. And yet the stream of the Thames makes glad the city with its railways and big brick factories and tall chimneys, and it becomes, in its own way, as picturesque, though not as characteristic of the upper Thames, as the little villages and the old deserted market towns. It is not, however, the ideal place for a house-boat, and for this reason, I suppose, we found two or three within hearing of the ever-passing trains and within sight of the chimneys and the smoke. From them canoes were carrying young men and their luggage to the convenient station; in the small boats at their bows young ladies were lounging; in the sterns white-capped maids were busy with brooms and buckets.

Even if the much-abused banks, where the river the "cleere Kennet overtakes," were unattractive, it is not far to Holme Park and the shady riverside walk known as the Thames Parade, beyond which is Sonning Lock —

*That's famed
For roses and for bees,*

and for the lock-keeper who cared for them until his death, some three years ago, and whose poem called "Summer Recreations" is perhaps the simplest description ever written of the journey from Oxford to Windsor. Close to the lock is the village, "set on fair and commodious ground," with roses and sweet jasmine growing over every cottage door. It was at the cheery White Hart the lazy minstrel lunched

*Off cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning.*

We too might have had our tankard in its pretty garden, but there was no room for us; and so we walked from the river through the churchyard to the Bull, low and gabled, running round two sides of a square, with the third shut in by the churchyard wall and a row of limes. It would be a figure of speech, however, to say we staid at the Bull, where we ate our meals and paid our bill. But our rooms were

shores are barricaded by the sign "Private"; there is no inn in the village; he has but lately asked the courts to forbid fishermen to throw their lines in the Thames, as it flows past his estate; and the only wonder is that he has not hung up a curtain in front of the beautiful trees that line his river bank.

There is an inn, the Roebuck, just a little below — a new red house, tiled and gabled, standing on a hill that overlooks the river. But if I say it belongs to the same class as the taverns on the Wissahickon or as certain hotels on Coney Island, Philadelphians and New Yorkers will understand why we did not stop in it, convenient though it was to the beauties of Mapledurham.



AT WARGRAVE.



WARGRAVE.



PUNT FISHING.

publisher and the parson thought the barmaid quite the nicest. But, to counterbalance these attractions, the weather was vile. All Sunday drenching mist fell. But, somehow, time did not hang very heavy. As we stood at the door we heard the famous church bells which a century ago carried off a two-handled silver cup for the "superior style in which they rang two hundred and eight bob-major," and for this we would much sooner have the word of the guidebook than hear for ourselves the way really beautiful bells can be misused in England. We sat in the church porch and listened to the hymns of the congregation. We walked to the bridge where men and women watched for clear weather, while on the near island campers pathetically huddled together under the trees. But just in the hour before dark the mist rose and the clouds rolled away to give fair promise for the morrow.

A gale was blowing but no rain fell when we pulled—for to-day there was no easy drifting—to Wargrave. The poplars looked cold and bare, the willows showed all their silver, and at Shiplake Lock, as J—— and the parson to the best of their ability gave the familiar Thames cry of "Lock! Lock!" and we waited for the gates to open, the wind swung our boat clear round, and it took a deal of manoeuvring with the boathook to bring the bow in position again. A young man from a near tent ran up to play lock-keeper,—the favorite amusement of campers in the intervals between eating and cooking,—and hardly had we passed through when, a certain proof of the beauty of Wargrave, we suddenly saw Mr. Alfred Parsons sailing home from his work to the George and Dragon.

Wargrave bears an air of propriety, as befits the last resting-place of the creator of "Sandford and Merton." Carriages with liveried footmen roll by on the village street, upon which new Queen Anne houses open their doors. The artistic respectability of the George and Dragon is vouched for by its painted sign, the not very wonderful work of two R. A.'s. On each side the inn lawns slope down from private houses, and boats lie moored along the shore. And, as if to show they are not common folk, the boating men of Wargrave go so far as to make themselves ugly and wear a little soldier cap stuck on one side of their heads.

But little of the time we gave to Wargrave was spent in the village. We explored instead the

Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned,

and the many near back-waters, with that indifference to the sign "Private water" which Mr. Leslie in "Our River" recommends. Indeed, no one seems to heed it. I have heard men read aloud "Private water," and add at once, "Oh, that's all right. Come on!" In Patrick Stream, as the only man who ever really painted English landscape told us, there are Corots at every step, and what more need we say? In Bolney back-water the trees meet above your head and in the water below, with here and there a glimpse beyond the willows of lovely poplars and old farmhouses and "wide meadows which the sunshine fills." Reeds and lilies and long trailing water plants in places choke the stream, so that sculls are put away for the paddle. May and

in one of the near cottages; and as for the publisher, when he drove up in a hansom from Reading station he was given a freehold property all to himself.

It was chance that took us to the Bull. Now we find from Mr. Black that it was quite the correct place to go. For the White Hart, down by the riverside, he says, is beloved of cockneys, but the artists who know the Thames swear by the Bull.

We thought Sonning quite the prettiest village we had come to, and J—— and the



ANGEL AT HENLEY.



HENLEY.



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

meadowland opposite, where villagers

From Wargrave, past the colony of house-boats within easy distance of Shiplake station, at the foot of a shady lane, where, if you land, a man suddenly appears and claims a penny (for what I hardly know); past Bolney with its ugly big house and pretty islands where the swans rest at noontide; past the ferry where the lazy minstrel sat and sang "Hey down derry!" until the young lady came to his rescue; past Park Place with its grotesque boat-house, niched and statued; through Marsh Lock, at whose gates during regatta week boats crowd and push and jostle, just as people do at the pit doors of a popular theater — 't is a short three-miles' journey to the Angel at Henley.

Henley seemed quiet by comparison with the July day when we came down from London and found the river a mass of boats and brilliant colors, and the banks crowded with people, and Gargantuan lunches spread at the Lion and the Angel and the Catherine Wheel. But that was during regatta week, when Englishmen masquerade in gay attire and Englishwomen become "symphonies in frills and lace," and together picnic in house-boats, launches, row-boats, canoes, punts, dinghies, and every kind of boat invented by man. It is true that now and then the course is cleared and a race rowed:

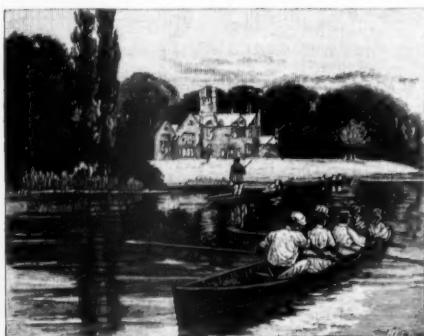
But if you find a luncheon nigh —
A mayonnaise, a toothsome pie —
You 'll soon forget about the race.

But whatever life there was at Henley we saw from the Angel. Across the way was the "finely toned, picturesque, sunshiny Lion," where Shenstone wrote his famous lines, too often quoted to be quoted again, and where the coach starts for Windsor. The pretty bow-window of our coffee-room opened upon the river, and, gray as were the three days, we waited in vain to see Henley in sunshine: pleasure parties were always starting from the landing-place, boats never stopped passing, swans floated by in threes, while boys forever hung over the open balustrade of the old gray bridge, where, now and then, we could see the long boats on Salter's van as it crept Oxford-ward.

A strong wind was blowing and there was quite a sea on when, late one afternoon, we pulled away from the Angel, under the bridge, down the regatta reach, wide and desolate

without its July crowds; by the island with its little classic temple and its poplars set against a background of low hills — the starting-point of the race; past many houses, among others that of the Hon. W. H. Smith, an improvement on the usual Thames-side house; and then, like the "countless Thames toilers, now coming, now going," we took our pink ticket at Hambledon Lock, where there is a red lock-house covered with creepers, close to a great weir and a mill-stream, a white mill, and a little village full of yellow gables and big deserted barns, with grass growing on their old roofs and weeds choking their neglected yards.

We landed just below the lock, determined to make a record. For I fancy never before



BISHAM ABBEY.

has any one on the Thames journey succeeded in making but nine miles in a week! We put up at a brand-new, very ugly, but comfortable brick Flower Pot, where there was a landlord who had much to say about art and the Royal Academy. For Royal Academicians often lunch with him and Royal Academy pictures have been painted under the very shadow of his house, as well they might, for all the near country was as pretty as the inn was ugly. Elms, the loveliest in the whole length and breadth of England, met overhead in the narrow lanes, bordered the fields "with poppies all on fire," and shut in the old-fashioned gardens full of weary sunflowers waiting to count the steps of the sun that would not shine. Here and there through the elms we caught a glimpse of the river, and in the distance the tower of Medmenham Abbey.

We dropped down to the abbey towards noon the next day, just as the first picnic party was landing in the near meadows. For this place, where for centuries men worked in silence and knew not pleasure, is now but a popular picnicking ground. We too have lunched at Medmenham. We had been but a few weeks in England then, and I remember how we wondered at the energy of the young girls in fresh muslins who unpacked the hampers, laid the cloths, and washed the dishes; and how we thought nothing could be prettier than the old abbey, turned into a farmhouse, with its cloisters and ivy-grown ruined tower. That was four years ago, and in the interval we have seen much of England's loveliness. Now we were not so much impressed, though the abbey makes a pleasant enough picture with its gray, ivied arches and red roof and tall chimneys, and the beautiful trees on each side. Even the tower, if it be but a sham ruin, is effective.

At Lady Place, but little more than a mile below, men came together to save their country from the Stuarts. But in a boat under a blue sky, drifting past hay-scented meadows, sightseeing loses its charm, and it was a relief to be told by the lock-keeper that some of the family were now at home and so the gates of Lady Place were closed against the public. There was nothing to see anyway; just a few tablets stuck in the walls, and a cellar where a conspiracy went on once—he could n't exactly say just when.

"O, Bisham banks are fresh and fair"; and Bisham Abbey stands where it cannot be hid from the river, and you need not leave your boat to see the old gray walls and gables or the weather-worn Norman tower of Bisham Church, past which Shelley so often drifted in his boat as he dreamed his dreams of justice.

Great Marlow was a disappointment. Only the street which leads to the river, where the ferry was of old, shows a few picturesque gabled houses. Gravel was heaped on the shores, where the girls stand in Fred Walker's picture, and instead of the ferry-boat, pleasure punts and canoes and skiffs lay beyond. The town was poor in Shelley's time. Now, to the outsider, it looks fairly well-to-do.

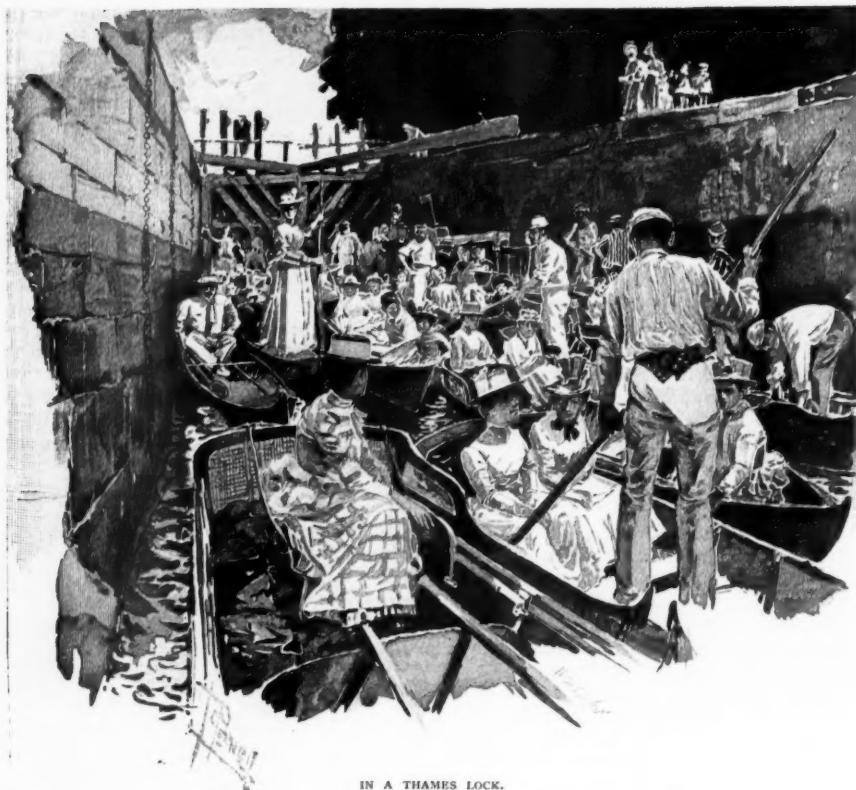
If you wake up early enough in "dear old Marlow town" you will see walking riverward all the men in flannels you yesterday met in boats, each with a towel over his arm. They are on their way "to headers take at early dawn." And presently, if it be Sunday morning, after the breakfast hour the procession reforms and divides, one half in top hats and conspicuous prayer books, the other still in flannels and carrying hampers instead of towels. For Sunday is the river day on the stretch between Marlow and Maidenhead.

When we came downstairs in the morning, an Oxford friend had just arrived to take a pair of sculls for the day, and it was in fine style we made our start. Dickens in his "Dictionary of the Thames" advises caution in passing Marlow Weir. Though, as a rule, he is as nervous as Taunt is easy-going, his nervousness here is not without reason. The weir, less protected than many, stretches to your right as you go towards Marlow Lock, and the angler-haunted current by the mill is on your left and you must keep straight in the middle, or what is the result? You go over, as so many have already gone, and, once over, you never come out again. But still, on the Thames, with moderate care there is no occasion for accidents so long as daylight lasts, for at every weir is the sign "Danger!" big enough to be read long before you come to it. After dark, however, even those who know the river best are not safe.

"And Quarry woods are green"; and at the foot of low hills, yellowing with the late harvest, is Bourne-End, a group of red roofs and a long line of poplars, and next Cookham



BISHAM CHURCH.



IN A THAMES LOCK.

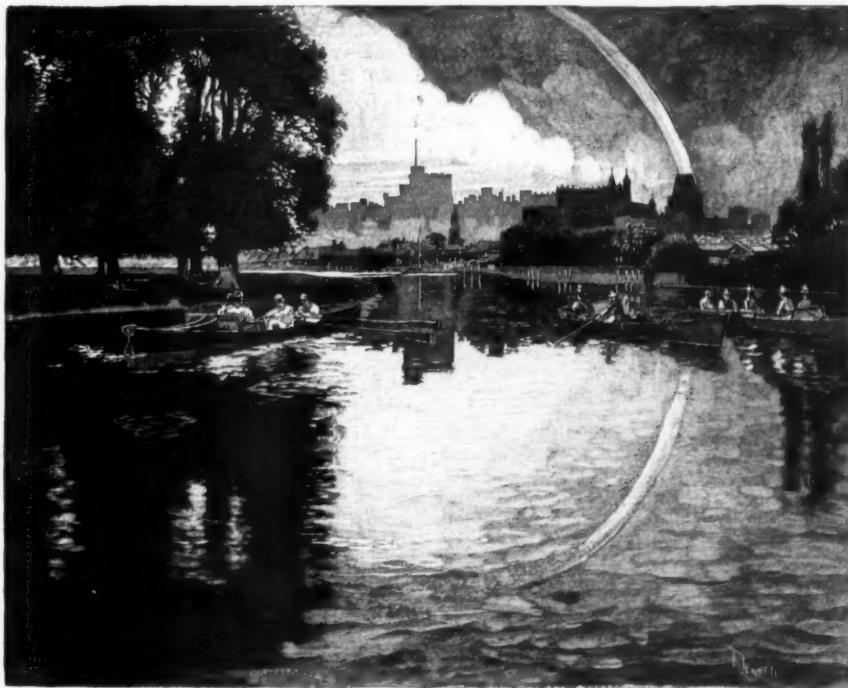
church tower comes in sight. Under its shadow Fred Walker lies buried near the river he loved in life. Within the church a tablet is set up in his honor in the west wall, and a laurel wreath hangs beneath. But over his grave only a gray stone, like those one sees in all English country graveyards, is erected to his memory, and that of his mother and brother.

At the Ferry Hotel at Cookham we unpacked our boat and ceased to be travelers, to become, with the many on the water, pleasure-seekers of a day. Anglers no longer slept on the banks, but were alert to order us out of their way if we drew too near. In every house-boat, in every steam launch, was a gay party. Along the beautiful stretch between Marlow and Cookham, beneath the steep wooded slopes of Cliefden,—where here and there the cedars and beeches leave a space to show the great house of the Duke of Westminster rising far above, its gray façade in fine perspective against the sky,—up the near back-waters winding between sedge and willow, one to a mill, another to a row of eel-bucks, the name of the smaller boats was legion. Among them was every possible kind of row-boat, and there were punts, some with one some with two at the pole, dinghies, sail-boats, even a gondola and two sandolas, and canoes with single paddle, canoes with double paddles, and one at least with an entire family on their knees paddling as if from the wilds of America or Africa. On the Thames it seems as if no man is too old, no child too young, to take a paddle, a pole, or a scull. In one boat you find a gray-haired grandfather perhaps, in the next a little girl in short frocks and big sun-bonnet.

The locks were more crowded than usual, and on



CLIEFDEN.



RAINBOW ON THE THAMES.

their banks men waited with baskets of fruit and flowers. In one we sunk to the bottom to the music of the "Brav' Général," and the musicians, when there was no escape, let down the lock-keeper's long boathook with a bag at the end for pennies.

But it was outside Boulter's Lock, on the way back to Cookham, that we found the greatest crowd. There was such a mass of boats one might have thought all

The men who haunt the waters,
Broad of breast and brown of hue,
All of Beauty's youngest daughters,
Perched in punt or crank canoe,

were waiting to pass through together. But presently the lock-keeper called out, "Keep back! There are a lot of boats coming!" and the lock gates slowly opened and out they came, pell-mell, pushing, paddling, poling, steaming, and there was great scrambling, and bumping, and meeting of friends, and cries of "How are you?" "Come to dinner at eight," "Look out where you 're going!" and brandishing of boathooks, and glaring of eyes, and savage shoutings, and frantic handshakings, and scrunching of boats, and scratching of paint, and somehow we all made our way into the lock as best we could, the lock-keeper helping the slower boats with his long boathook and fitting all in until there was not space for one to capsize if it would. But indeed in a crowded lock if you cannot manage your own boat some one else will manage it for you; and, for that matter, when there is no crowd you meet men whose only use of a boathook is to dig it into your boat as you are quietly making your way out. Both banks were lined with people looking on, for Boulter's Lock on Sunday afternoon is one of the sights of the Thames.

When the upper gates opened there was again pushing and scrambling, and it was not until we were out of the long cut and under the Cliefden heights that we could pull with care. The boats kept passing long after we had got back to Cookham and while we lingered in the hotel garden. Almost the last were the sandolas and the gondola, and as we watched them, with the white figures of the men at the oar outlined against the pale sky and bending in slow, rhythmic motion, we understood why these boats are so much more picturesque than the



RUNNYMEDE.

lighted their lamps and Japanese lanterns, making a bright illumination in one corner, and "when the evening mist clothed the riverside with poetry as with a veil" "all sensible people" turned their backs upon it and went in to dinner.

After Cookham there is history enough to be learned from the guidebook for those who care for it: scandalous as you pass under

Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and of love;

stirring about Maidenhead, where the conspiracy of Harley bore some of its good fruit; mainly ecclesiastical at Bray, where lived the famous Vicar, who never faltered in his faith unless the times required it:

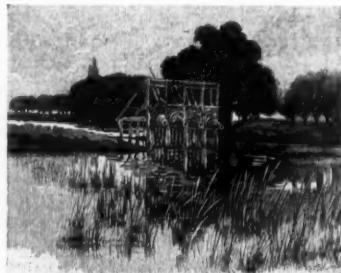
And this is the law that I 'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign
Still I 'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

He showed his good taste. The village is as charming when you first see from the river the long lines of poplars and the church tower overlooking a row of eel-bucks as when you wander through the streets to the old brick almshouse with the quaintly clipped trees in front and the statue of the founder over the door. For the first time in our river experience there was not a room to be had in the village. At least so the landlady of the George on the river bank told us, while she struggled with her h's. She advised us to try the H-h-hind's H-h-head in the village. We did, but with no success. Now was the time to unfold our canvas and put up in our own hotel. Instead, we dropped downstream in search of an inn where we would not have to make our own beds and do our own cooking.

Between Bray and Boveney Locks is the swiftest stream on the river, and we saw only one boat being towed, and another sculled with apparently hard work up past Monkey Island, where the Duke of Marlborough's painted monkeys, which give the island its name, are said still to climb the walls of his pleasure house.

The river flowed in long reaches and curves between shores where there was little to note. But as we passed Queen's Island we saw, gradually coming into view on the horizon, the great gray mass of Windsor Castle. We lost sight of it when, with a turn of the stream, we came to Surly, where the Eton boys end their famous 4th of June, and to little Boveney Church, shut in by a square of trees much as a Normandy farm is inclosed. Just before the lock the castle was again in front of us, nearer now and more massive. But hardly had we seen it when it went behind the trees. Below the lock dozens of boats and many swans with them were on the water; not the crowd we had left at Maidenhead, however. Men sculled in stiff hats and shirt-sleeves. Parties were being pulled instead of pulling themselves. Soldiers, their little caps still stuck on their heads, but their elegance taken off with their coats, tumbled about in old tubs: once in the midst of them a crew of eight, spick and span as if for a parade and coached by an officer, passed in a long racing-boat.

The banks, where fishermen sat, grew higher and more commonplace; one or two little back-waters



THAMES EEL-BUCKS.

quietly joined the main stream. A long railway embankment stretched across the plain. The river carried us under a great archway, and just before us Windsor towered, grand and impressive, from its hill looking down upon river and town. The veil of soft smoke over the roofs at its foot seemed to lift it far above them, a symbol of that gulf fixed between royalty and the people.

Rain began to fall as we drew up to a hotel on the Eton side, just opposite to where the castle "stands on tiptoe to behold the fair and goodly Thames."

In the town we could forget the river, so seldom did we see the river uniform, so often did we meet tourists with red Baedekers. In the hotel we could as easily forget the town, for here we overlooked the water and the passing boats. Even when it was so dark that we could no longer see them, we could hear the whistle of the steam launches, the dipping in time of many sculls, and the cries of coxswains.

The morning we left Windsor was brilliant with sunshine. Near Romney Lock the red walls and gray chapel of Eton came in sight, and when we looked back it was to see a corner of Windsor Castle framed in by the trees that line the narrow cut. Beyond the lock were the beautiful Eton playing-fields, where crowds meet on the 4th of June; and next Datchet and Datchet Mead, where Falstaff was thrown for foul clothes into the river; and Windsor Park, where the sun went under the clouds and down came the rain in torrents. At the first drop all the boats disappeared. The minute before a girl had been poling downstream at our very side. Now she had gone as mysteriously as the Vanishing Lady. We, not understanding the trick, kept calmly on our way and were none the worse for our ducking. And when the sun shone again the boats all reappeared as suddenly. One cannot tell in words how the river, with the first bit of sunshine, like the Venetian lagoons, becomes filled with life.

At Old Windsor the weir seemed to us much the most dangerous we had come to, and the lock by far the most dilapidated. After we left the lock we passed the yellow bow-windowed Bells of Ouseley, an inn famous I hardly know for what, its sign hanging from one of the wide-branching elms that overshadow it; and Magna Charta Island, where the barons claimed the rights which they have kept all for themselves ever since, and where two or three pleasure parties were picnicking, and a private house stands on the spot so sacred to English liberty; opposite, those who to-day are its defenders were playing at making a pontoon-bridge, and the field was dotted with red coats and white tents. Below was Runnymede, a broad meadow at the foot of a beautiful hillside, where the great fight was fought.

At Bell Weir Lock the gates were closed. Too many barges had crowded in from the lower side, and the last had to back out, an operation which took much time and more talk. A boat-load of campers pulled up while we waited.

"Back water, Stroke!" cried the man at the bow, who had a glass screwed in one eye. "Easy now! Bring her in! Look out where you're going!" And with his glass fixed upon Stroke, he quite forgot to look out where he was going himself, and bang went the bow into a post and over he tumbled into a heap of tents and bags at the bottom of the boat. When he got up the glass was still there, as it apparently had been for several weeks, for we had seen the party going upstream when we were at Sonning. They had probably been to the top of the Thames and were on their way back, but they had not yet learned to manage a boat. When the gates at last opened Stroke saw some young ladies on shore, and at once put his pipe in his mouth and his hands into the pockets of his blue and black blazer, and struck an attitude, and Bow gave orders in vain. The boat swung from one side of the lock to the other and still he posed. However, we had the worst of it in coming out. For in trying to clear the waiting barge we ran aground and stuck there ignominiously, while



ETON FROM THE RIVER.

all the boats that had been behind us in the lock went by. But it was not much work to push off again, and almost at once we were in Staines.

The town is thought to be the rival of Reading in ugliness, an eyesore on the Thames. We minded this but little, for we spent the evening sitting at a table in the garden of the Pack Horse, watching the never-ceasing procession of boats—the punt with the two small boys come to meet their father after his day in London; the racing punts; the long, black canoe, either the *Minnehaha* or the *Hiawatha* (we were too far to see its name); the picnic parties coming home with empty hampers; the sail-boats; the ferry punt, where now and then an energetic man in flannels took the pole from the ferryman and sent the punt zigzagging through the water, but somehow, and in the course of time, always got to the other side. And if an ugly railway bridge crossed the river just here, we could look under it to the still busier ferry, where the punt, crossing every minute, was so crowded with gay dresses and flannels that one might have thought all Staines had been for an outing. The sun set behind the dense trees on the opposite bank, its light shining between their trunks and the dark reflections; moonlight lay on the water, and still we sat there. We could understand our landlord when he told us that, though he had traveled far and wide, there was no place he cared for as he did for Staines. Like his wife and the pile of trunks at the head of the stairs, he had an unmistakable theatrical look. Later he went into the bar and played the violin, and people gathered about the tables while he gave now a *Czardas*, now the last London Music Hall song. The evening was the liveliest we spent upon the river.

A fine Scotch mist fell the next morning. Of the first part of the day's voyage there was not much to remember but gray banks, a gray river, and an occasional fishing-punt with umbrellas in a row. In our depression we forgot when we passed Laleham that the village

has become a place of pilgrimage. Matthew Arnold lies buried in its churchyard, and perhaps he, who hated the parade of death, would rather have the traveler pass his grave without heeding it than stop to drop a sentimental tear.

At Chertsey the mist rose and our spirits with it. We had arrived just in time for the Chertsey regatta, and when presently the sun struggled through the clouds, as if by magic the river was crowded with boats. The races were not worth seeing. The men sculled in their vests, poled in their suspenders. Punts at the start got so hopelessly entangled that spectators roared with laughter. But there was an attempt to do the thing as at Henley. Between the races, canoes and punts and skiffs went up and down the racecourse, and the

people in the two house-boats received their friends and tea was made. Among the lookers-on, at least, costumes were correct.

From the river, Chertsey was so pretty and gay, we did not go into the town, which Dickens says is dull and quiet, even to hunt for the humble nest where Cowley

'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys,

or the near mansion where Fox raised his turnips.

We neared Shepperton Lock as the sun was going down. Just below the long straggling village of Weybridge was hidden round a corner of the river at the mouth of the Wey. Close by another little stream and a canal join the Thames, and their waters meet in the weir pool, which was a broad sheet of light when we first saw it. At the landing-place of the Lincoln Arms lay the usual mass of boats, but almost all were marked with monograms repeated on every scull and paddle, and on the road above carriages with liveried footmen waited.

The little river Wey runs to Guildford and still farther through the fair county of Surrey, and on its banks, not far from Weybridge, lived the rollicking, frolicking, jolly old monks whose legend is said to drive away sentiment as suddenly as a north wind scatters sea-fog. But after all, if you turned from the Thames to explore every stream rich in story and in beauty, you would never get down to London. Besides, on the Wey there are locks every hour or less, and at almost all you must be your own lock-keeper and carry your tools with you, and there are those who say the pleasure is not worth the work.

From Weybridge to Walton is the neighborhood abounding with memories of olden time,



ROLLERS AT MOULSEY.

where Mr. Leland once went gipsying. First there is Shepperton, with its little Gothic church and many anglers, on your left; and then Halliford, a quaint old street facing the river, where we found an impudent young man sailing the *Shuttlecock*, as if the *Shuttlecock* were not the special property of the lazy minstrel; and next Cowey Stakes, where Cæsar is said to have crossed; and Walton with its relics of scolds and gallants and astrologers. For if there is a picture at every turn of the Thames, there is a story as well; and if you are not too lazy, you read it in your guidebook and are much edified thereby, but you go no further to prove it true.

The cut to Sunbury Lock, with its unpollarded willows and deep reflections, is like a bit of a French canal. At the lock there is one of the slides found only in the most crowded parts of the river. On them boats are pulled up an inclined plane over rollers and then let down another into the water above or below, as the case may be, and this in one-fifth of the time it takes to go through a lock, nor is there any long waiting for water to be let out or in.

And next came Hampton, where a large barge with red sail furled showed we were nearing London, and close by Garrick's Villa with its Temple of Shakspere, and on the opposite shore Moulsey Hurst, where the costermongers' races are run in the month when gorse is in bloom, and where I was first introduced by the great Rye Leland to Mattie Cooper, the old gipsy whose name is an authority among scholars. And here the river divides into two streams to run round islands, which stretch, one after another, almost to Moulsey, so that as you pass down on either side the river seems no wider than it was many miles away at Oxford.

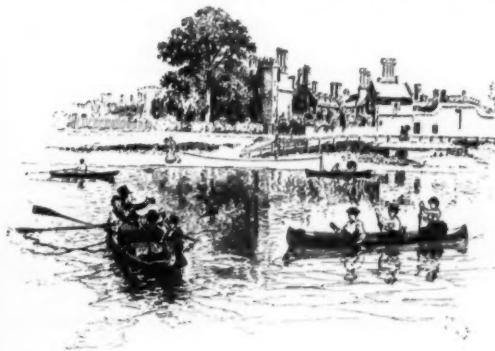
At Moulsey Lock on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday you find everything that goes to make a regatta but the races. It is the headquarters of that carnival on the river which begins with June, is at its height in midsummer, and ends only with October. Not even in the July fêtes on the Grand Canal in Venice is there livelier movement, more graceful grouping, or brighter color. There may be gayer voices and louder laughter, for the English take their pleasure quietly. But I do not believe, the world over, men in their every-day amusements can show a more beautiful pageant. The Venetian fêtes can be seen only once each summer. But though for that of the Thames you must go to Henley regatta, every week Boulter's or Moulsey Lock makes a no less brilliant picture. And, as Mr. Leland has said, "It is very strange to see this tendency of the age to unfold itself in new festival forms, when those who believe that there can never be any poetry or picturing in life but in the past are wailing over the banishing of Maypoles and all English sports."

It was still early Saturday afternoon when we reached Moulsey. At once we unloaded our boat and secured a room at the Castle Inn, close to the bridge and opposite that

Structure of majestic frame
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.

The rest of the day and all the next we gave to the river between Hampton and the Court. In the lock the water never rose nor fell without carrying with it as many boats as could find a place upon its surface. At the slide, where there are two rollers for the boats going up and two for those coming down, there were always parties embarking and disembarking, men in flannels pulling and pushing canoes and skiffs. Far along the long cut boats were always waiting for the lock gates to open. And on the gates, and on both banks, and above the slide, sat rows of lookers-on, as if at a play; and the beautiful rich green of the trees, the white and colored dresses, the really pretty women and the strong, athletic men, all with their

reflections in the water, made a picture ever to be remembered. On the road were ragged men and boys, with ropes and horses, offering to "tow you up to Sunbury, Shepperton, Weybridge, Windsor," and still raggeder children chattering in Romany and turning somersaults for pennies. If we pulled up to Hampton it was to see the broad reach there "overspread with shoals of laboring oars," or with a fleet of sailing boats tacking from side to side—dangerous, it seemed to us, as the much hated steam launches. Below the weir were the anglers' punts. And up the little Mole, which "digs through earth the Thames to win," the luncheon cloth



HAMPTON COURT.

was spread and the tea-kettle sung under the willows. Through the long Sunday afternoon the numbers of boats and people never lessened, though the scene was ever varying. And when the sun sunk below Moulsey Hurst there was still the same crowd in the lock, there were still the rows of figures sitting on the banks, the men and horses on the road, the stray cycler riding towards Thames Ditton—all now, however, but so many silhouettes cut out against the strong light.

Close by Moulsey Lock is Hampton Court, with its park and gardens, its galleries and courts, its bad pictures and fine tapestries, its fountains and terraces. What good American who has been in England does not love this most beautiful of English palaces? But of all those who come to it Sunday after Sunday, there is scarcely one who knows that within a ten-minutes' walk is another sight no less beautiful in its way—very different, but far more characteristic of the England of to-day.

At Moulsey we felt that our journey had really come to an end; but everybody who does the Thames is sure to go as far as the last lock at Teddington, and so for Teddington we set out early on Monday morning. There is no very fine view of Hampton Court from the river. One little corner crowned with many twisted and fluted chimney pots rises almost from the banks, and the wall of the park follows the towpath for a mile or more. On our left we passed Thames Ditton, where, in the Swan Inn, Theodore Hook, who to an abler bard singing of sweet Eden's blissful bowers would "Ditto say for Ditton," is as often quoted as is Shenstone at the Lion at Henley; and Kingston, with its pretty church tower, where the great coal barges of the lower Thames lay by the banks and a back-water we explored degenerated into a sewer; and then we were at Teddington with its group of tall poplars, where there is a large lock for the barges and steam tugs, and a smaller one and a slide as well for pleasure boats, and where the familiar smoky smell that always lingers over the Thames at Westminster or London Bridge greeted us.

The tide was going out or coming in,—it was so low we hardly knew which,—and on each side the river now were mud banks. But it was still early, and we decided to pull down and leave our boat at Richmond. After Teddington it was ho! for Twickenham Ferry, and the village of eighteenth-century memories. From the river we saw the villa where Pope patched up his constitution and his grotto, and the mansion where the princes of the house of Orleans lived in banishment. And in front of us from Richmond Hill, where Turner painted and many poets have sung, The Star and Garter, a certain dignity lent to it by the beautiful height upon which it stands and the knowledge that you will be bankrupt if you stop there, overlooked the Thames's "silver winding way."

In places the shores were as pastoral as in the upper narrow reaches, but again we came to the mud banks. From every landing-place men cried, "Keep your boat, sir?"—for Salter has agents on the river whose business it is to take care of boats left by river travelers until his van calls to carry them back to Oxford. Everybody expected us to stop; something of that great noise of London which has been likened to the roaring of the loom of Time seemed to reach us. We had left the Stream of Pleasure and were now on the river that runs through the world of work, as the big barges and the steam tugs told us. At Richmond we pulled up to shore for the last time, and intrusted the *Rover*, now with a good deal of its paint scratched off and bearing marks of long travels and good service, to the waiting boatman.



LANDING AT RICHMOND.



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

AFTERNOON AT A RANCH. PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—IX.



HOUSES in the West, in accordance with their owners' tendencies, are showy, imaginative, practical, reminiscent, or shiftless; though there is a sort of building, *in transitu*, which may indicate economy and good judgment.

Such a dwelling stood in the midst of the sage-brush common, on the outskirts of a frontier town where we once lived, facing the foothills which were the seat of a military post. It was first a wall tent, set up a few feet from the ground on a foundation of boards. Here, in the course of the summer, a child was born. It occurred to us that some of the comforts needed at such a time might be wanting in this Ishmaelitish household, as we supposed it to be. But we were told by the daughter of a neighbor, who knew, through her mother's good offices, more of the family than we, that they were people of means—stock-raisers looking about them, like the tribe of Reuben in the land of Jazer and of Gilead, in search of good grazing valleys where the winters were not severe.

A few months later we saw the mother, bearing her babe in her arms, walking, after sunset, bareheaded, along the paths of the common. She looked a woman to be the mother of pioneers—the gipsy-like tan of her long journeys showing on her cheeks through the paleness of recent maternity. To have thought of her as an object of charity seemed ridiculous.

They continued to look about them all the rest of the summer, driving their stock up into the hills in the morning, and down to the ditches to water at evening. In the autumn a cabin was added to the tent, the rear of the one opening into the door of the other; wagon-sheets drawn over the wagon-body, close by, enlarged their winter accommodations. All these arrangements had a thoroughly competent and experienced look. In the spring we went away ourselves and saw no more of our nomadic neighbors on the common.

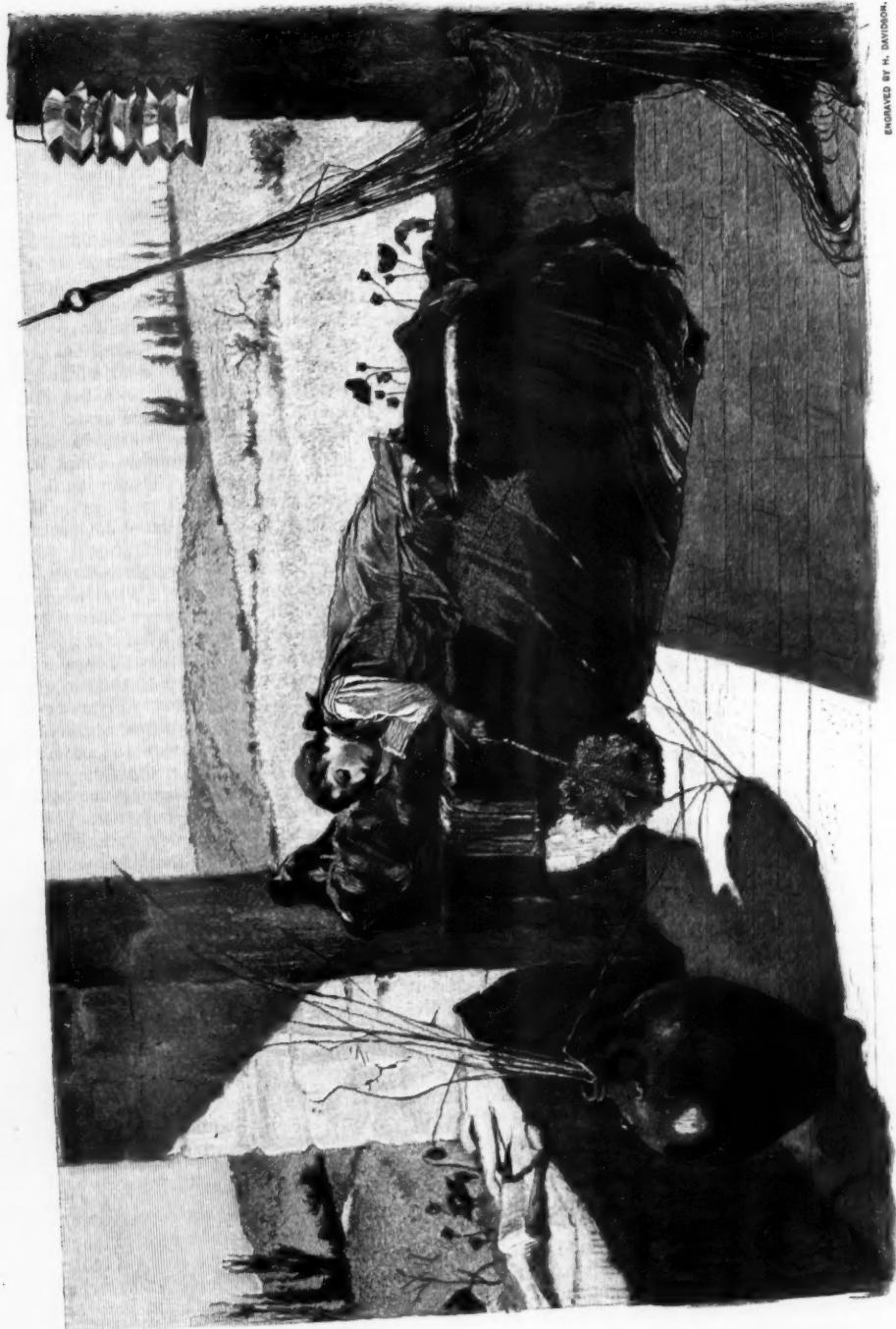
In every Western town which has known a period of prosperity there will be a few houses built by persons who have had the means to proclaim their taste. "Oh that mine enemy would build him a house!" one might reflect looking upon some of these monuments. But with regard to our neighbor's house, as well as his management in most other respects,

the point of view is personal, and where one lightly scoffs in passing another may pause and respectfully admire.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound." He that has never disappointed himself with results of his own planning may laugh at his neighbor's follies in bricks, or boards, or stone. If there lives a man that, having had the license money gives to clothe his caprice, finds himself entirely satisfied, let him not obtrude the fact. There is something offensive in our neighbor's complacency with the fine shell of his own making. We will grant him whatever God gave him as his portion in other particulars, but he must be modest about his house. We forgive him if his chimney smokes—we love him as a brother if he is generous enough to confess to one fundamental regret concerning the whole!

Besides the houses that celebrated their owners' success, there are the modest homes built in this far land in fond remembrance of the cherished ideals of home, wherever home may be. The white paint; the neat door-yard fence; the little fruit trees close to the house; the old-fashioned flowers, tended in beds and borders and fed by foreign irrigation instead of the pleasant showers of home—all have a wistful look. Yet this may be the fancy of some homesick passer-by; another may see only the look of contented achievement. No more than this was expected or desired. Here ambition ceases, and the householder would not exchange the new home of his own making for the soundest inheritance, of equal value, at home.

The imaginative builder in the West, as in the East, frequently "slips up" in practice; but it will be he that first catches the spirit of the landscape and makes its poetry of suggestion his own. The people of certain races build with an unconscious truth to the nature around them which is like an instinct; or perhaps it is part of that providence which is said to attend upon the lame and the lazy. They are crippled by their poverty; they have the temperament that can wait. They cannot afford to "haul" expensive lumber or pay for carpenters to aid them in their experiment; so they scrape up the mud around them, make it into adobes and wait for them to dry, and pile them up in the simplest way, which proves to be the best. They build long and low because it is less trouble than to build high; for the same reason, perhaps, they do



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

AFTERNOON AT A RANCH.

not cut up their wall space into windows. The result is the architecture of simplicity and rest; and it goes very well with a country that pauses, for miles, in a trance of sky and mountain and plain, and forgets to put in the details.

The practical builders are as successful as the lazy builders, for they build with the same directness. The ranch buildings of the West, like the old Eastern farm-houses, are good in this way. There is no nonsense about them. If the buildings belong to a show ranch there will be ample opportunity for the exercise of a trained intelligence in the adaptation of historic styles that were inspired by similar sites and conditions.

The houses of these great desert landscapes should convey the idea of monotonous and con-

centrated living. Sun and wind beleaguered fortresses, they should never look as if they cared in the least what an outsider thought of their appearance. They should wrap themselves in silence and blind-walled indifference, as a bathless, breakfastless Mexican smokes his cigarette against a sunny wall of a morning, wrapped to the ears in his dingy serape. It is not presumed to offer this somewhat squalid suggestion to the ranch gentry, but to their humble neighbors of the railroad outpost, the cattle-feeding station, and the engineers' camp, who have winters as well as summers to provide for.

It may be added that the best houses in the West, those best worth describing, like the best people, are not the ones that are typical.

* * *

THE POISON OF SERPENTS.

Y first encounter with a venomous serpent occurred when I was but a lad and had been wading the waters of the Clarion, in McKean County, Pennsylvania. Heavily laden with a noble string of trout, I set foot on a slippery bank to leave the stream on my homeward way when my guide suddenly caught me by the shoulder and jerked me back so violently that I fell in the shallow water. As I struggled to my feet in alarm, the old lumberman pointed quietly to a "hurrah's nest"¹ half-way up the slope—on it was coiled a large rattlesnake. But for the man's quickness I should have been struck in the face or the throat. We soon killed the snake, and as I sat on the bank, thoughtfully examining the fangs of this skillful apothecary that knew the use of hypodermatic injections so long before we took the hint, I felt the awakening of an interest in the strange poison I had so nearly tested on my own person. Few men of my age and occupation have been more in the woods than I, yet only once since this adventure have I seen a crotalus in my many wanderings in the Eastern States. I found a small "rattler" dead on the road near Cape May Court House, New Jersey: a cynical friend settled my doubts as to what had killed it by suggesting that it might have bitten a Jerseyman.

This heroic animal, which never flees, which warns of danger all who come too near, has nearly gone from our woods and plains. As a cause of death it hardly figures in the census; and even in Florida its mortal foe, the hog, is

making such ruthless war upon it that before long a snake is likely to become as rare as the viper is to-day in English forests.

In the West, on the sage deserts, I have seen the ground-rattlesnake in large numbers. No one dreads it much, and bites are rare. Deaths from our Eastern or our North-western snakes are also very infrequent, nor were fatal accidents of this nature ever very common anywhere in North America. For this there were several reasons: our poisonous snakes are not excessively numerous, their poison is much less active than that of the cobra and the Bungarus of India or the vipers of Guadeloupe, and during a large part of the year they bury themselves to escape cold. Our troops must in war have trampled heedlessly through countless miles of swamp and woods, and yet there is no return among our war statistics of a single case of death from snake bite.

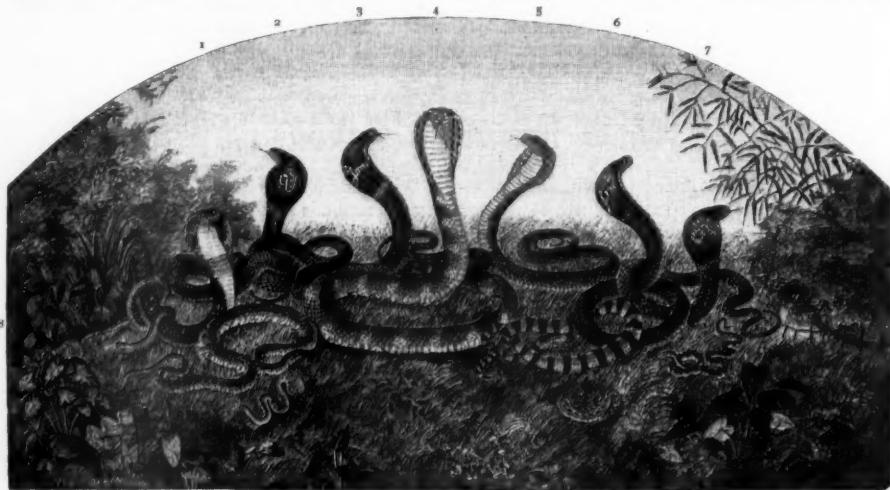
Compare this with the terrible account Fayerer gives us of the loss of human life from snake poison in India, where dislike of the hog and superstitious reverence for the cobra combine to make the management of this question difficult. Very imperfect returns, excluding Central India, gave in 1869 the deaths from snake bite as 11,416 for a population of 120,972,263, and subsequent and fuller statistics place this vast mortality still higher. Little has been done by the Indian Government to lessen the constantly recurrent annual loss of life. Rewards for cobra heads proved of slight use, and no continuous or systematic means have been used to enable the able staff of army or civil surgeons to study the subject of snake bites as it should long since have been studied. Some years went by before I was able to

¹ A mass of leaves left by a freshet in the crotch of the divergent branches of a bush.

gratify my never quite forgotten desire to know more of this interesting poison. One day, however, a man offered me a small lot of snakes, and just then I learned of a supposed antidote invented, it was said, by the famous French herpetologist, Bibron. In fact he never did invent an antidote, and how the queer mixture of iodine and corrosive sublimate got his authoritative name is still a mystery. I began in 1859 to study the matter, and soon found that the antidote was worthless, and that no one knew much about snake venoms. Not quite a hundred years previous Fontana wrote on the poison of vipers an immortal work, and nearly another century before him there were written two quaint books,

life by pupils of the Government schools, are here grouped so as to show at a glance all the typical Indian poisonous serpents.

Twenty-four years after my first essay, the Smithsonian published¹ the results of another four years of additional work on the problems which had interested me in my early life. Much of what I did in 1859 to 1862 needed no reexamination, but new questions had arisen, and novel and accurate methods were now at our disposal. Moreover, I had been haunted for a year or more by the idea that serpent poisons might not be simple but complex, not one thing but a mixture of two or more, and that this might explain the causes of the difference be-



TYPICAL INDIAN POISONOUS SERPENTS. (FROM A PAINTING BY ANNODA PROSACT BAGCHEE.)

1, Ophiophagus Elaps; 2-7, inclusive, Varieties of Cobra; 8, Trimeresurus Carinatus, coiled around No. 1; 9, Daboia Russellii; 10, Bungarus Fasciatus; 11, Bungarus Cornutus; 12, Echis Carinata; one unknown.

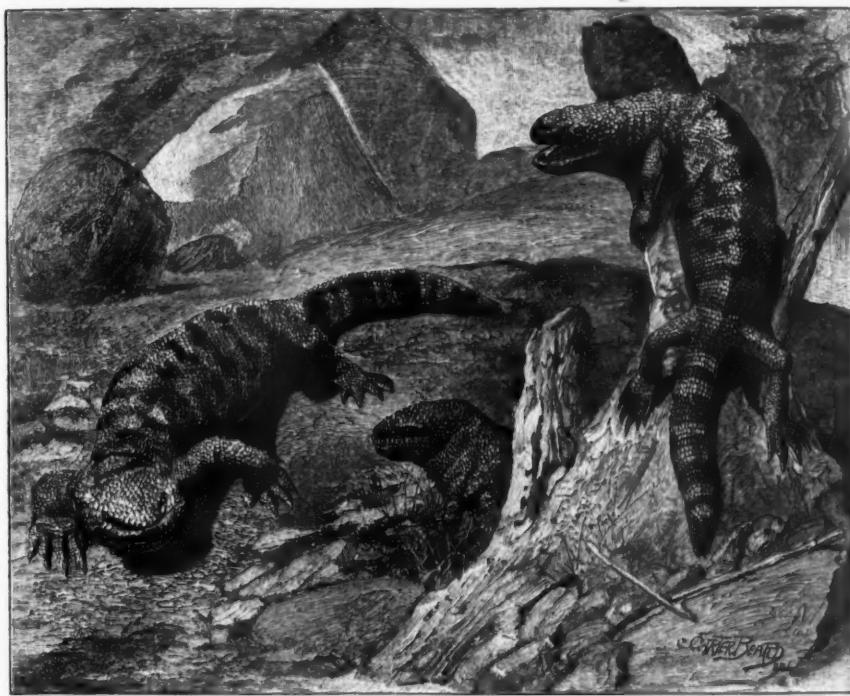
one by Redi, 1664, and one by Charas, 1673. Both of these little volumes are still worth reading. Charas's belief in the value of volatile salt of the ashes of calcined vipers as a remedy for viper bite is an instructive exhibition of a form of medical idiocy not without modern illustrations.

My own researches were carried on in the intervals of a life of great occupation, and were published in 1862 by the Smithsonian Institution. About 1872, unaided by Government, in a climate where heat makes all labor difficult, and at a cost in the way of money and mortal risks which few can comprehend, an Indian surgeon, now Sir Joseph Fayer, created on this subject a vast mass of material knowledge which without reward he gave to the Government of India. The illustration on this page was meant for a frontispiece to his splendid volume, but was for some reason unused and came to me as a gift from Fayer. The snakes, drawn from

tween rattlesnake and cobra bites, and possibly give the clue to methods of successful treatment. When a maggot like this gets into the brain of a man accustomed to want to know why, it breeds a variety of troublesome pleasures. In my case it drove me once more to the laboratory, and caused me to seek the skillful aid of Dr. Edward T. Reichert, now Professor of Physiology in the University of Pennsylvania. Together we solved many perplexing problems. As some of these have for the general reader an unusual interest, I purpose to restate here a few of our results, since our large Smithsonian memoir is not likely to come before many of the readers of THE CENTURY.

It has occurred to me that in telling my story it might be well to show in popular shape how the work was done, as well as its results. To make it clearer, I must first explain the

1 "Researches on Serpent Poisons," by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., and Prof. E. T. Reichert.



GILA MONSTERS — POISONOUS LIZARDS.

mechanism which enables the serpent to use its poison.

We have in America as venomous serpents the several species of rattlesnake, the water moccasin, the copperhead, and the beautiful coral snake, the little elaps of Florida, too small with us to be dangerous to man.

India is preëminently the home of the poisonous snakes, of which there are no fewer than fifteen genera. The cobra is most abundant, but the *Ophiophagus elaps* is the most dreaded, and attains at times the length of fourteen feet. Unlike the cobra and the crotalus, this serpent is viciously aggressive, and will pursue a man with activity.

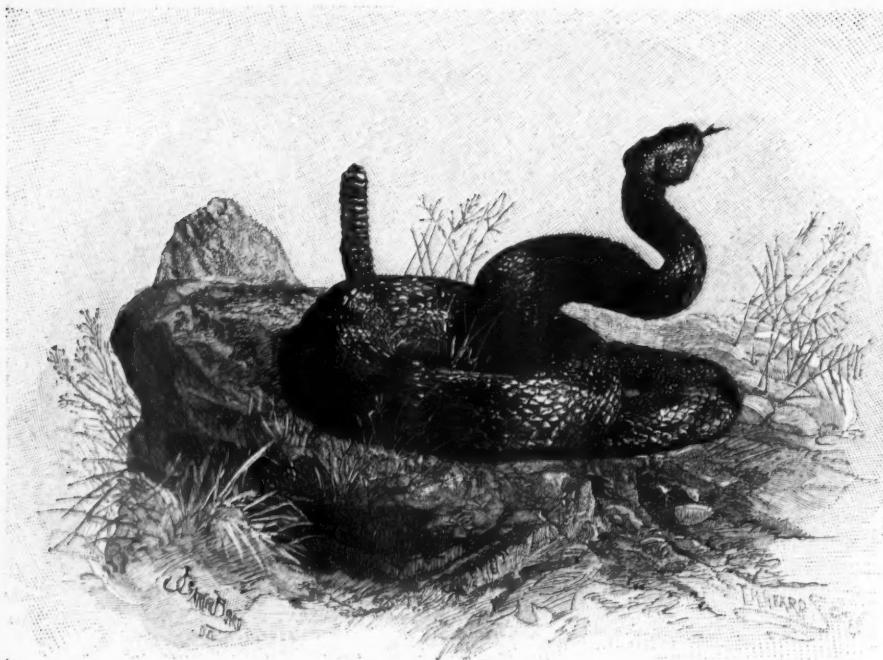
Among the vipers the daboya is entitled to rank as a poisoner close to the cobra, and the crotalidae are represented by a number of snakes which are somewhat less effective slayers than the cobra. While these genera are too sufficiently abundant on land, the Indian seas also abound in species belonging to the family of hydrophidae. These serpents are agile and dangerous, but as yet no one seems to have made any examination of their venom, nor directly experimented to learn anything of its relative hurtfulness. Poisonous water-snakes are found in abundance on the shores of South America, and used to be

thrown up in numbers into the paddle-wheel covers of the old side-wheel steamers. I never had the good luck to get a living specimen.

The centipede and the scorpion rank high in the popular mind as poisoners, but they are gentle apothecaries compared to the serpent.

We are in America the privileged possessors of the only other animal at all approaching the poisonous snakes in lethal vigor: it is a lizard, the Gila monster (*Heloderma suspectum*) of Arizona. This strange creature is the only poisonous lizard known. I have heard of but one death in man from its bite, and for a long while it was looked upon by all except the Indian as harmless. Sluggish, inert, well armored with a tough, defensive skin, a feeder on birds' eggs and on insects, it is most difficult to induce this good-humored and most hideous reptile to bite at all. When once it takes hold, no bulldog could be more tenacious. The odor of its poisonous saliva is exactly like that of magnolia buds. Its bite causes no local injury, and its venom is a deadly heart poison.

All of the great family of thanatophidiae have substantially the same mechanical arrangements for injecting their venom. When not in action the two hollow teeth known as fangs lie pointing backwards, wrapt in a loose

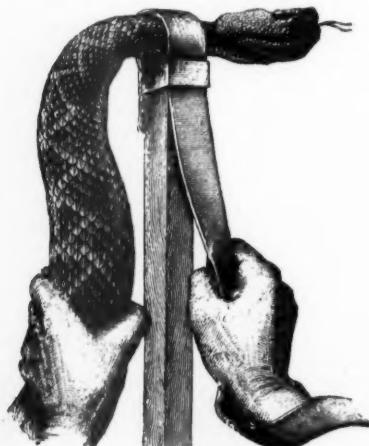


RATTLESNAKE COILED TO STRIKE.

cloak-like cover, a fold of the soft skin of the interior of the upper jaw. At the base of each of these fang teeth is an opening connected with a tube running backwards under the eye to an almond-shaped gland which forms the poison. This body continuously manufactures venom, and holds in its cavity a supply for use. Over the gland runs a strong muscle,

which is ordinarily employed to close the mouth by lifting the lower jaw, to which it is made fast. A little circular muscle around a part of the duct keeps it shut and prevents waste of venom.

Let us observe what happens when the rattlesnake means mischief. He throws himself into a spiral, and about one-third of his length, carrying the head, rises from the coil and stands upright. The attitude is fine and warlike, and artists who attempt to portray it always fail. He does not pursue, he waits. Little animals he scorns unless he is hungry, so that the mouse or the toad he leaves for days unnoticed in his cage. Larger or noisy creatures alarm him. Then his head and neck are thrown far back, his mouth is opened very wide, the fang held firmly erect, and with an abrupt swiftness, for which his ordinary motions prepare one but little, he strikes once and is back on guard again, vigilant and brave. The blow is a stab, and is given by throwing the head forward while the half-coils below it are straightened out to lengthen the neck and give power to the motions which drive the fangs into the opponent's flesh; as they enter, the temporal muscle closes the lower jaw on the part struck, and thus forces the sharp fang deeper in. It is a thrust aided by a bite. At this moment the poison duct is opened by the

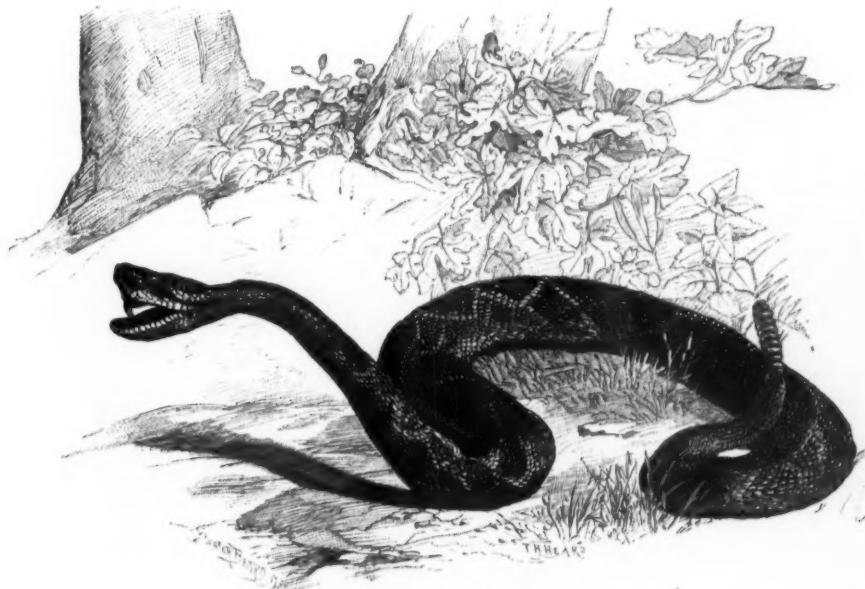


A SNAKE STAFF.

relaxation of the muscle which surrounds it, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives its venom through the duct and hollow fang into the bitten part.

In so complicated a series of acts there is often failure. The tooth strikes on tough skin and doubles back or fails to enter, or the serpent misjudges distance and falls short and may squirt the venom four or five feet in the

off a snake's head and then pinch its tail, the stump of the neck returns and with some accuracy hits the hand of the experimenter—if he has the nerve to hold on. Few men have. I have not. A little Irishman who took care of my laboratory astonished me by coolly sustaining this test. He did it by closing his eyes and so shutting out for a moment the too suggestive view of the returning stump. Snakes have always seemed to me averse to



RATTLESNAKE STRIKING FROM THE UNFOLDING COIL.

air, doing no harm. I had a curious experience of this kind in which a snake eight feet six inches long threw a teaspoonful or more of poison athwart my forehead. It missed my eyes by an inch or two. I have had many near escapes, but this was the grimmest of all. An inch lower would have cost me my sight and probably my life.

A snake will turn and strike from any posture, but the coil is the attitude always assumed when possible. The coil acts as an anchor and enables the animal to shake its fangs loose from the wound. A snake can rarely strike beyond half his length. If both fangs enter, the hurt is doubly dangerous, because the dose of venom is doubled. At times a fang is left in the flesh, but this does not trouble the serpent's powers as a poisoner, since numberless teeth lie ready to become firmly fixed in its place, and both fangs are never lost together. The nervous mechanism which controls the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if we cut

striking, and they have been on the whole much maligned.

Any cool, quiet person moving slowly and steadily may pick up and handle gently most venomous serpents. I fancy, however, that the vipers and the copperhead are uncertain pets. Mr. Thomson, the snake keeper at the Philadelphia Zoological, handles his serpents with impunity; but one day having dropped some little moccasins a few days old down his sleeve while he carried their mamma in his hand, one of the babies bit him and made an ugly wound. At present the snake staff is used to handle snakes.

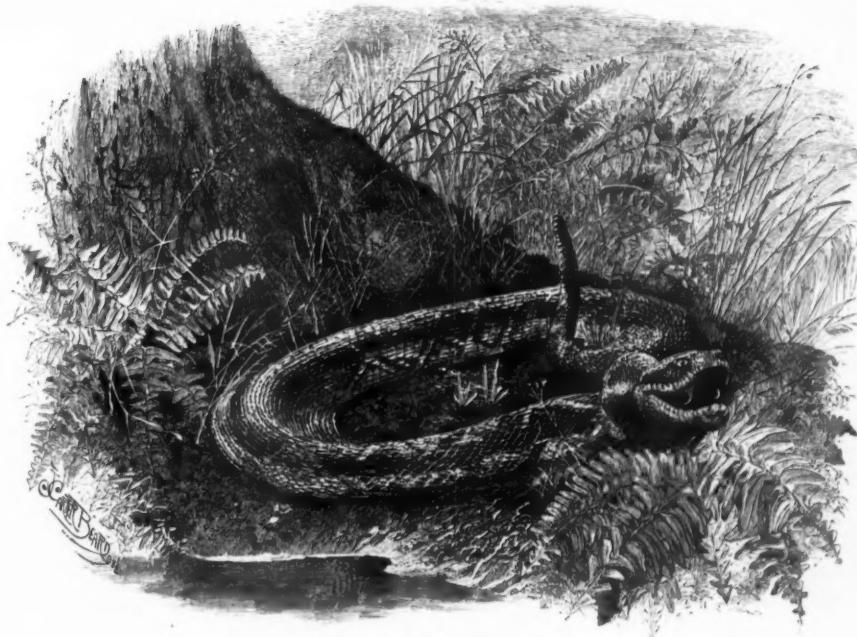
I saw one October, in Tangiers, what I had long desired to observe—a snake charmer. Most of his snakes were harmless; but he refused, with well-acted horror, to permit me to take hold of them. He had also two large brown vipers; these he handled with care, but I saw at once that they were kept exhausted of their venom by having been daily teased



RATTLESNAKE IN COIL.

into biting on a bundle of rags tied to a stick. They were too tired to be dangerous. I have often seen snakes in this state. After three or four fruitless acts of instinctive use of their venom

they give up, and seem to become indifferent to approaches, and even to rough handling. When a man or an animal is bitten by a rattle-snake, death may take place in a few minutes.



RATTLESNAKE SURPRISED.

It has followed in man within a minute, but unless the dose given be enormous, or by chance enters a vein, this is very unlikely. The bite is, however, popularly believed to be mortal, and therefore every case of recovery gives credit to some remedy, for it is a maxim with physicians that the incurable and the easily relievable maladies are those which have most remedies assigned to them.

Usually the animal struck gives a cry, and very soon becomes dull and languid. The heart, at first enfeebled, soon recovers, the respirations become slower and weaker and more weak, paralysis seizes the hind legs, the chest becomes motionless, and at last death follows, usually without convulsions. Observe how little this tells us. Mere outward observation gives us but slight explanatory help. If the animal should chance to survive over a half-hour, the part bitten swells, darkens, and within a few hours the whole limb may be soaked to the bone with blood, which has somehow gotten out of the vessels and remained fluid in place of clotting. What is at first local by and by becomes general, and soon the blood everywhere ceases to have power to coagulate. Then leakages of the vital fluid occur from the gums or into the walls of the heart, the lungs, brain, and intestines, and give rise to a puzzling variety of symptoms, according to the nature of the

organ thus disordered. These phenomena make the second stage of poisoning, and with them there is, in finally fatal cases, a continuous and increasing damage to the nerve centers that keep us alive by energizing the muscles which move the chest walls and so give rise to the filling and emptying of the lungs.

When a physiologist speaks of a nerve center he means by this a group of minute nerve cells, and such a group he is apt to call a ganglion, labeling it with the name of the distant organ or the function to which it gives energy. Much alike in appearance, one ganglion keeps the chest in motion, one influences the heart, one regulates the temperature of the body. When we throw into the circulation a poison, it comes into contact with all of these numerous governing centers; but it does not trouble all of them alike. It has, as a rule, a fatal affection for one only, or far more for one than for another. Why venom should, as if by choice, almost instantly enfeeble the ganglia which keep us breathing, none can say. By and by it also in turn disturbs other groups of nerve cells, but its deadliest influence falls on the respiratory mechanism. The nerve cells thus attacked undergo no visible change; yet some mysterious alteration is present. Probably they lose power to give out their waste products and to re-absorb from the blood the material needed to sustain their local life and activity. At

all events the evil done is grave, and when the dose of venom is large, death becomes certain, the animal bitten perishing by slow suffocation.

The deadly apothecary does not succumb to his own drugs. I have over and over injected under the skin of a rattlesnake its own venom or that of a moccasin, or of another *crotalus*; but in no case have I seen a death

are more dreaded. With us the rattlesnake leads for capacity to kill, and the copperhead and the moccasin come in order after him. The popular verdict puts the copperhead above the *crotalus*, but it is wrong, as the above classification rests on careful comparisons of the relative poisoning power of these snakes.

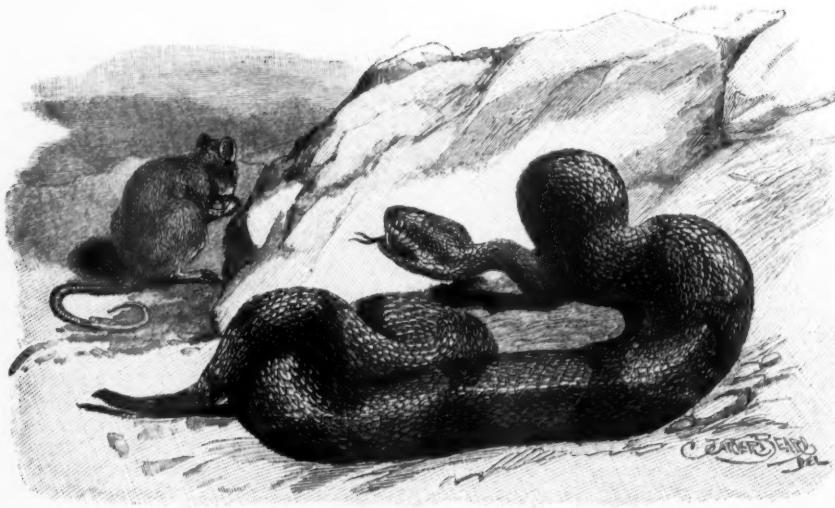
The popular notion of the immunity of some animals has little foundation. Cold-blooded



TOP.

FRONT.

PROFILE.



COPPERHEAD.

result. Why should this be? Other and non-venomous snakes die readily of venom poisoning. The many noxious compounds man carries in his liver, gastric glands, or thyroid gland are fatal if they enter the blood in large amount. There is, indeed, scarcely an organ of his body which is not a possible source of poison to him, the sole question being as to his constant competency to rid himself of the fractional doses ever passing into and out of his blood and to secure himself against certain products which are not meant at any time to pass out of the issues of certain organs of the body into the hurrying currents of the circulation.

But to all creatures save itself the venomous serpent is noxious in varying degrees. Certainly the cobra surpasses as a poisoner all of our American snakes. In India other serpents

creatures die slowly from snake bite, and the hog escapes only because he does not get seriously bitten. His bristles, tough skin, and clever mode of attack save him. Little pigs are often bitten and die like other creatures. We have never been able to poison plants with snake venom.

Practically speaking, there is something more to be said as to the question of relative toxicity. The size of the serpent, the time which has elapsed since it has bitten, determine also the extent of the damage it can do. A snake which has lately bitten two or three times is ill provided with poison, but captive snakes long undisturbed are apt to inflict fatal wounds.

The serpents used in our recent research were brought chiefly from Florida by the potent aid of the Smithsonian Institution, and the

dried venom of the cobra was procured from India through the assistance of her Majesty's Indian Government, and more largely by the private aid of Vincent Richards, Esq. The living snakes reached us in coffee-bags secured by strings, the sacks having been placed in a perforated box. When they came we opened the case, undid the strings and tumbled the poisoners into a box some five feet deep. There they lived very well if provided with water; and coiled in corners, or piled in numbers one on another, they lay sluggish and inert until danger threatened. There were half a dozen of these snake cages in our laboratory and at times they contained a hundred snakes, each genus or species having its own box. If disturbed, the rattlers were apt to start a chorus which was somewhat appalling to strangers.

When we desire to collect venom, we use the snake loop. With it a serpent is caught by the neck and lifted up to the top of the box. The lip of a saucer is then slipped into the snake's mouth. Angry at this liberty, it lifts its fangs, which catch on the inner edge of the saucer, against which the serpent bites furiously again and again. As it does so a thin yellow fluid squirts out of the perforation near to the needle-like end of the fangs. We slacken the loop, let the snake fall into a box cage, and seize a second, and a third, until we have all the venom we desire. It is innocent-looking enough. In water a drop of it sinks, whitening as it falls. It has no smell and no taste. A boiling heat clots it as it does white of egg, for, like that body, it is albuminous in its nature. If we dry it with care there is the same resemblance to egg albumen in its shining, yellow scales. Once desiccated it keeps well, as it does also in glycerine or in alcohol.

When I first studied this strange poison I thought of it as a single albuminous body. As such it had always been regarded since it had been proved by Prince Bonaparte to belong to the albumens. When once I chanced to think that venom might be a complex fluid, holding in solution more than one poison, reasons for such a belief multiplied, and so excited my interest that, in 1882, with Professor Reichert's aid, I began to put my theory to the sharp test of experiment.

To prove in the outside laboratory what the inside mental laboratory has comfortably settled is not always easy, and many months of careful research were required before the answer came to us. I will try to make clear our methods and results. When a little of the venom is placed in sufficient water it dissolves readily. If now we heat the solution a coagulation takes place, just such as happens when white of egg hardens on boiling. If by means of a filter we separate this substance clotted by

heat, it is found to be innocuous. The clear fluid which passes through the filter is, however, poisonous, but does not cause much *local* effect. As a whole the poison has been damaged by heat, presumably because one or more of its ingredients had been injured by heat. The next step is to learn if the substance made solid and inert by boiling cannot be separated in some other way and in such a form as will leave it also poisonous.

All soluble substances are divisible into two classes, one of which will pass through an animal membrane into a current of pure water and one of which will not. Those which can so pass are said to be dialysable, and the filter is known as a dialyser, and the process is called dialysis. We dissolve some of the poison in water and put it in an inverted funnel, the wide mouth of which, being covered with a thin animal membrane, is placed in distilled water. Under these circumstances the water goes through the membrane and dilutes the fluid above it and certain substances pass out to the water.

The matter which thus finds its way out to the water is said to be dialysable. When examined it proves to be poisonous—to be uncoagulable by heat, and to be the same as the matter left unaltered when we boil the diluted poison for a few moments. This substance resembles the albuminous matter which is formed when gastric juice digests white of egg; and as the material so obtained is called peptone, we named our product which passed through the dialyser to water *venom peptone*.

As the thinner water enters the dialyser and the peptone goes out, within the vessel there falls down a white substance, which is easily redissolved if we add a little common salt. It falls out of solution because the salts belonging to venom and which keep the white matter dissolved are, like all saline substances, dialysable and pass out along with the peptone. This white precipitate has certain likenesses to the albuminous bodies known as globulin, and of which there are several kinds in our bodies. That which thus falls out of the solution of venom we named *venom globulin*. It was to be had also in a simpler way. When we add plenty of pure water to clear fresh venom the water added makes the whole fluid relatively less salt and a white matter falls down. When this is separated and examined it proves to be the same as that left within the dialyser. Other matters of like nature but less important are found in some snake venoms, but essentially all examined by us contained at least two albuminous matters.

Mix these two in pure water with a little common salt and you practically reconstruct



WATER MOCCASIN.

a venom—the other ingredients are of less moment.

If we put *venom peptone* under the skin of a living animal it behaves much as boiled venom does. The local injury it causes is at first slight. Little or no blood oozes forth, but, if the animal survive, in an hour or two a watery swelling is seen, the tissues soften as if they were melted or dissolved, a horribly swift putrefaction occurs, and the tissues near and far swarm with the little rod-like bodies known as bacteria, which are the essential accompaniment and cause of putrefaction. Meanwhile the breath-sustaining centers become weak, and cease to respond by rhythmical effluxes of energy to the various excitations which stimulate the muscles so as to cause them to move the chest. The animal dies from failure to breathe. Internal bleeding is rare and slight, nor are the changes in the blood at all remarkable.

Venom peptone is present in cobra poison, and

in that of the rattlesnake. In the Indian serpent it constitutes, however, nearly the whole of the toxic albumen present, there being but two per cent. of the other element in question. The *venom peptone* of the cobra is also a far more active agent than the substance which corresponds to it in the venom of our *crotalus*, although chemically we can see but little difference between the two; since *venom peptone* passes with ease through membranes, and hence is rapidly absorbed, cobra poison may not always be swallowed with impunity, whereas it is possible to feed a pigeon on *crotalus* venom day after day and see it live unhurt.

While rattlesnake venom owes a part of its activity to *venom peptone*, its peculiar virulence and destructiveness belong chiefly to *venom globulin*, of which it has relatively nearly twenty-five per cent.—fifteen times as much as in cobra. *Venom globulin*, like the peptone poison, at first and briefly enfeebles the heart, but next attacks the respiratory centers, and finally

paralyzes the spinal ganglia. When separated and redissolved in a weak and saline solution with water it is a most potent poison; and besides its influence on the centers which sustain life, it has, soon or late, distinctive effects on almost all the tissues which somewhat resemble the changes seen in certain maladies, such as yellow fever; yet that which in them exacts days is brought about from globulin poisoning within an hour or less. At the spot where we inject globulin the vessels give way and pour out blood which cannot clot, and this change by and by occurs here and there throughout any or every organ of the body, so that at last the blood becomes what physicians call diffluent, and may remain until it decays, free from the clots usually seen in the healthy fluids when drawn and allowed to stand.

Thus it is that, because the cobra has little *venom globulin* and the rattlesnake much, the local appearances of the bite in either are readily recognizable. Then, also, as the Indian snake has much *venom peptone* and our serpent little, the former kills more surely and sooner, and does not cause the blood to stay fluid, so that in most cases the general phenomena would also enable us to say which snake had bitten. Certain other Indian snakes give us symptoms like those caused by the bite of our crotalidæ, and probably will be found to resemble them in the composition of their venoms. While we can thus separate and analyze the influence of the two poisons found so far in all venoms examined by us, neither alone occasions the tremendous and perfect effects seen when both are combined by mischievous nature in a suitable solution. Nor, indeed, is the poison ever quite so effective after it has been once dried and redissolved for experimental use.

There are vegetable poisons which possess power to destroy life by enfeebling the respiratory nerve centers; but we know of no poison save snake venom which has the ability to ruin in a few minutes the capacity of the lesser vessels to keep the moving blood within their guarding walls. Our every function—nay, life itself—depends on the blood being so restrained. If by accident a drop or two of normal blood escape from a small vessel, instantly the blood clots and tends to cork up the tiny tear through which it came. Venom not only seems to rot the vessels, but it also makes the blood fluid, and so facilitates the hemorrhages of which it is the primary cause. To study this singular process of destruction closely a small animal was so completely etherized as to cease to feel pain, and a loop of its intestinal cover called the peritoneum was examined with the microscope. The spectacle of the blood globules driven swiftly through transparent capillaries,

the smallest of vessels, is a constant source of wonder to him who sees it. *Venom peptone* in solution disturbs this local flood stream but little. *Venom globulin* exhibits its effects with difficulty, and solutions of dry venom cause but slight and tardy results. If, however, we touch the thin membrane with *fresh* rattlesnake poison, in a few minutes the delicate little cells, which are like a thatch on the inside of the capillary vessels, seem to be roughened, and become less transparent. Then, abruptly, here and there a drop of blood oozes out. Presently the fanlike expansion of the minute vessels we are watching begins to look like a bunch of red grapes, as these tiny blood points increase in size and number, until at last the whole field of view is covered with escaped blood. It is then a question of time as to how long it will be before the same disintegration of vessels, and the same loss of power in the blood to clot, occur in hundreds of places remote from the spot first poisoned.

If after poisoning an animal we examine the blood cells at intervals, we find that they very early lose their usual flat, disklike aspect, and become smaller and round. They also acquire for a time a singular stickiness and elasticity, so that they adhere in masses, and when compressed spindle out, and then run together anew when we cease to subject them to pressure.

The power of venoms to hasten and favor putrescence must have something to do with the symptoms which occur when death takes place after a long interval, as a day or two, or when slow recovery occurs. This tendency is an indirect effect. If we sterilize venom,—that is, subject it to dry heat until all germs are destroyed,—and leave it then in contact with sterilized soup guarded from the germs afloat in the air, no putrefaction ensues; but if to this sterilized broth we add venom not so deprived of bacterial germs, putrefaction is hastened at a rate never seen under other circumstances.

Now, as bacteria are always present in fresh venom, enough enter a wound to account for the fact that animals envenomed swarm within an hour or two with the organisms which cause putrefaction. Their rate of increase is inconceivably great, and seems to be favored by the poison, which provides them with some mysterious conditions of growth. Thus it is that the blood, the nervous centers, the vessels, are all in turn attacked by these fearfully destructive poisons, and that at last putrescent changes may be added to the causes of a multiform group of perplexing phenomena.

The general reader will ask what good has come out of these clearer views as to the mechanism of this poisoning. Our own labors and the brilliant work of Fayrer, Lauder-Brun-

ton, Wall, and Vincent Richards have certainly brought us somewhat more plainly to understand that which happens. What gain is there for man? As yet there is little, except that, while a few years ago we were merely groping for remedies, to-day we are in a position to know with some definiteness what we want and what we do not want.

Let us see what the actual present gain is. If we mix any venom with a strong enough solution of potassa or soda we destroy its power to kill. A solution of iodine or per-chloride of iron has a like, but a lesser capacity, and so also has bromohydric acid; but by far the best of all, as was first shown by Lacerda, is permanganate of potash. If this agent be injected at once or soon through a hollow needle into the fang wound, wherever it touches the venom it destroys it. It also acts in like destructive fashion on the tissues; but, relatively speaking, this is a small matter. If at once we can cut off the circulation by a ligature and thus delay absorption and then use permanganate freely, we certainly lessen the chances of death; yet, as the bites occur usually when men are far from such help, it is but too often a futile aid, although it has certainly saved many lives. The first effect of venom is to lessen suddenly the pressure under which the blood is kept while in the vessels. Death from this cause must be rare, as it is active for so short a time. Any alcoholic stimulus would at this period be useful; but, despite the popular creed, it is now pretty sure that many men have been killed by the alcohol given to relieve them from the effects of snake bite, and it is a matter of record that men dead drunk with whisky and then bitten have died of the bite. For the consequences to the blood and to the nerve centers which follow an injection of venom there is, so far as I am aware, no antidote; but as to this I do not at all despair, and see clearly that our way to find relief is not by stupid trials of this sort and that, but by competently learning what we have to do. Moreover, we are in a position at present to say what not to do, and there is a large measure of gain in being able to dismiss to the limbo of the useless a host of so-called antidotes.

Venom is an albuminous complex substance,

and although in its effects so unlike the albumens which make our tissues and circulate in the blood, it is yet so like these in composition that whatever alters it destructively is pretty sure to affect them in like fashion. Hence the agents which do good locally at some cost to the tissues are worse than valueless when sent after the venom into the circulating blood. Yet, possibly, we may hope to find remedies which will stimulate and excite the vital organs which venom enfeebles. In this direction lie our hopes of further help. Anything which delays the fatal effect of the poison is also a vast advantage in treatment, because there are agencies at work which seem to be active in renewing the blood and repairing the damage done to the tissues, so that recoveries are sometimes remarkably abrupt. It is possible that free bleeding followed by transfusion of healthy blood may prove efficient.

I am often asked what I would do if bitten while far from help. If the wound be at the tip of a finger, I should like to get rid of the part by some such prompt auto-surgical means as a knife or a possible hot iron affords. Failing these, or while seeking help, it is wise to quarantine the poison by two ligatures drawn tight enough to stop all circulation. The heart weakness is made worse by emotion, and at this time a man may need stimulus to enable him to walk home. As soon as possible some one should thoroughly infiltrate the seat of the bite with permanganate or other of the agents above mentioned. By working and kneading the tissues the venom and the antidote may be made to come into contact, and the former be so far destroyed. At this time it becomes needful to relax the ligatures to escape gangrene. This relaxation of course lets some venom into the blood-round, but in a few moments it is possible again to tighten the ligatures, and again to inject the local antidote. If the dose of venom be large and the distance from help great, except the knife or cautery little is to be done that is of value. But it is well to bear in mind that in this country a bite in the extremities rarely causes death. I have known of nine dogs having been bitten by as many snakes and of these dogs but two died. In India there would have been probably nine dead dogs.

S. Weir Mitchell.



THE BIBLE IN TENNYSON.



T is safe to say that there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible. And it is almost as safe—at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion—to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English.

The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a discontented French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the in-born and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and morality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the Scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people even before they were praised by the critics. Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense, long before it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as molded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled"; it has become a part of the spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere, and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakspere, Milton, and Wordsworth; novelists like Scott, and romancers like Hawthorne; essayists like Bacon, Steele, and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers, like Carlyle and Ruskin—all draw upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations, and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession. It forms a bond of sympathy between the most cultivated and the simplest of the people. The same book lies upon the desk of the scholar and in the cupboard of the peasant. If you touch upon one of its narratives, every

one knows what you mean. If you allude to one of its characters or scenes, your readers' memory supplies an instant picture to illuminate your point. And so long as its words are studied by little children at their mother's knees and recognized by high critics as the model of pure English, we may be sure that neither the jargon of science nor the slang of ignorance will be able to create a shibboleth to divide the people of our common race. There will be a medium of communication in the language and imagery of the English Bible.

This much, by way of introduction, I have felt it necessary to say, in order to mark the spirit and purpose of this essay. For the poet whose works we are to study is at once one of the most scholarly and one of the most widely popular of English writers. At least one cause of his popularity is that there is so much of the Bible in Tennyson. How much, few even of his most ardent lovers begin to understand.

I do not know that the attempt has ever been made before to collect and collate all the scriptural allusions and quotations in his works, and to trace the golden threads which he has woven from that source into the woof of his poetry. The delight of "fresh woods and pastures new"—so rare in this over-explored age—has thus been mine. But I do not mean to let this delight misguide me into the error of trying to crowd all my gathered treasures into a single article. There are nearly three hundred direct references to the Bible in the poems of Tennyson; and simply to give a list of them might tax the patience of the gentlest magazine reader so heavily that it would vanish clean out of existence. It will be more prudent merely to offer, first, a few examples of scriptural quotation, and then a few specimens of scriptural illustration, and then to trace a few of the lines of thought and feeling in which Tennyson shows most clearly the influence of the Bible.

I.

On the table at which I am writing lies the first publication which bears the name of Alfred Tennyson—a thin pamphlet in faded gray paper, containing the "Prolusiones Academicae," recited at the University of Cambridge in 1829. Among them is one with the title, "Timbuctoo: A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal, etc. By A. Tennyson, of Trinity College."

On the eleventh page, in a passage describ-

ing the spirit of poetry which fills the branches of the "great vine of Fable," we find these lines:

There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man; and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
Of glory of heaven.

And at the bottom of the page stands this footnote: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

This is the earliest biblical allusion which we can identify in the writings of Tennyson. Even the most superficial glance will detect its beauty and power. There are few who have not felt the lofty attraction of the teachings of Christ, in which the ideal of holiness shines so far above our reach, while we are continually impelled to climb towards it. Especially these very words about perfection, which he spoke in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 48), have often lifted us upward just because they point our aspirations to a goal so high that it seems inaccessible. The young poet who sets a jewel like this in his earliest work shows not only that he has understood the moral sublimity of the doctrine of Christ, but also that he has rightly conceived the mission of noble poetry—to idealize and elevate human life. Once and again in his later writings we see the same picture of the soul rising step by step

To higher things,

and catch a glimpse of those vast altar-stairs

That slope through darkness up to God.

In the poem entitled "Isabel"—one of the best in the slender volume of 1830—there is a line which reminds us that Tennyson must have known his New Testament in the original language. He says that all the fairest forms of nature are types of the noble woman whom he is describing—

And thou of God in thy great charity.

No one who was not familiar with the Greek of St. Paul and St. John would have been bold enough to speak of the "charity of God." It is a phrase which throws a golden light upon the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians and brings the human love into harmony and unison with the divine.

"The May Queen" is a poem which has sung itself into the hearts of the people everywhere. The tenderness of its sentiment and the exquisite cadence of its music have made it beloved in spite of its many faults. Yet I suppose that the majority of readers have read it again and again without recognizing

that one of its most melodious verses is a nearly direct quotation from the third chapter of Job: And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

This is one of the instances—by no means rare—in which the translators of our English Bible have fallen unconsciously into the rhythm of the most perfect poetry; and it is perhaps the best illustration of Tennyson's felicitous use of the words of the Scriptures.

But there are others, hardly less perfect, in the wonderful sermon which the rector in "Aylmer's Field" delivers after the death of Edith and Leolin. It is a mosaic of Bible language, most curiously wrought, and fused into one living whole by the heat of an intense sorrow. How like a heavy, dull refrain of prophetic grief and indignation recurs that dreadful text:

Your house is left unto you desolate!

The solemn associations of the words lend the force of a superhuman and unimpassioned wrath to the preacher's language, and the passage stands as a monumental denunciation of The social wants that sin against the strength of youth.

Enoch Arden's parting words to his wife contain some beautiful fragments of Scripture embedded in the verse:

Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.¹
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these²
Can I go from him? and the sea is his,
The sea is his: he made it.³

The "Idylls of the King" are full of delicate and suggestive allusions to the Bible. Take, for instance, the lines from "The Holy Grail":

For when the Lord of all things made himself
Naked of glory for his mortal change.

Here is a commentary, most illuminative, on the sixth and seventh verses of the second chapter of Philippians. Or again, in the same Idyll, where the hermit says to Sir Percivale, after his unsuccessful quest,

Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself,
we are reminded of the words of Christ telling us the secret of all victory in spiritual things:
"He that loseth his life . . . shall find it."

In "The Coming of Arthur," while the trumpet blows and the city seems on fire with sunlight dazzling on cloth of gold, the long procession of knights passes before the king, singing its great song of allegiance. The Idyll

¹ 1 Peter, v. 7; Heb. vi. 19.

² Psalm cxxxix. 9.

³ Psalm xcvi. 5.

is full of warrior's pride and delight of battle, clangling battle-ax and flashing brand — a true song for the heavy fighters of the days of chivalry. But it has also a higher touch, a strain of spiritual grandeur, which, although it may have no justification in an historical picture of the Round Table, yet serves to lift these knights of the poet's imagination into an ideal realm and set them marching as ghostly heroes of faith and loyalty through all ages.

The king will follow Christ, and we the king.

Compare this line with the words of St. Paul: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." They teach us that the lasting devotion of men is rendered not to the human, but to the divine, in their heroes. He who would lead others must first learn to follow One who is higher than himself. Without faith it is not only impossible to please God, but also impossible to rule men. King Arthur is the ideal of one who has heard a secret word of promise and seen a vision of more than earthly glory, by virtue of which he becomes the leader and master of his knights, able to inspire their hopes and unite their aspirations and bind their service to himself.

And now turn to one of the last poems which Tennyson has given us — "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Sad enough is its lament for broken dreams, dark with the gloom of declining years, when the grasshopper has become a burden, and desire has failed, and the weary heart has grown afraid of that which is high; but at the close the old man rises again to the sacred strain:

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway,
yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature
is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can
half-control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant
tomb.

II.

WHEN we come to speak of the biblical scenes and characters to which Tennyson refers, we find so many that the difficulty is to choose. He has recognized the fact that an allusion wins half its power from its connection with the reader's memory and previous thought. In order to be forcible and effective it must be at least so familiar as to awaken a train of associations. An allusion to something which is entirely strange and unknown may make an author appear more learned, but it does not make him seem more delightful. Curiosity may be a good atmosphere for the man of science to speak in, but the poet requires a sympathetic medium. He should endeavor to

touch the first notes of well-known airs, and then memory will supply the accompaniment to enrich his music. This is what Tennyson has done, with the instinct of genius, in his references to the stories and personages of the Bible.

His favorite allusion is to Eden and the mystical story of Adam and Eve. This occurs again and again, in "The Day Dream," "Maud," "In Memoriam," "The Gardener's Daughter," "The Princess," "Milton," "Geraint and Enid," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." The last instance is perhaps the most interesting, on account of a double change which has been made in the form of the allusion. In the edition of 1832, the first in which the poem appeared, the self-assertive peasant who refuses to become a lover says to the lady of high degree:

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

In later editions this was altered to "The grand old gardener and his wife." But in this form the reference was open to misunderstanding. I remember a charming young woman who once told me that she had always thought the lines referred to some particularly pious old man who had formerly taken care of Lady Clara's flower-beds, and who now smiled from heaven at the foolish pride of his mistress. So perhaps it is just as well that Tennyson restored the line, in 1873, to its original form, and gave us "the gardener Adam" again, to remind us of the quaint distich —

When Adam dolve and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

The story of Jephtha's daughter is another of the Old Testament narratives for which the poet seems to have a predilection. It is told with great beauty and freedom in "A Dream of Fair Women"; "Aylmer's Field" touches upon it; and it recurs again in "The Flight."

In "The Princess" we find the Queen of Sheba, Vashti, Miriam, Jael, Lot's wife, Jonah's gourd, and the Tower of Babel. And, if your copy of the Bible has the Apocrypha in it, you may add the story of Judith and Holofernes.

Esther appears in "Geraint and Enid," and Rahab in "Queen Mary." In "Godiva" we read of the Earl's heart

As rough as Esau's hand;
and in "Locksley Hall" we see the picture
of the earth standing

At gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.

The sonnet to "Bonaparte" recalls to our memory

Those whom Gideon schooled with briers.

In "The Palace of Art" we behold the hand-writing on the wall at Belshazzar's Feast.

It would be impossible even to enumerate Tennyson's allusions to the life of Christ, from the visit of the Magi, which appears in "Morte d'Arthur" and "The Holy Grail," down to the lines in "Balin and Balan" which tell of

That same spear
Wherewith the Roman pierced the side of Christ.

But to my mind the most beautiful of all the references to the New Testament is the passage in "In Memoriam" which describes the reunion of Mary and Lazarus after his return from the grave. With what a human interest does the poet clothe the familiar story! How reverently and yet with what natural and simple pathos does he touch upon the more intimate relations of the three persons who are the chief actors. The question which has come a thousand times to every one who has lost a dear friend,—the question whether love survives in the other world, whether those who have gone before miss those who are left behind and have any knowledge of their grief,—this is the suggestion which brings the story home to us and makes it seem real and living.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded — if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.

Then follows that marvelous description of Mary—a passage which has always seemed to me to prove the superiority of poetry, as an art, over painting and sculpture. For surely neither marble nor canvas has ever contained such a beautiful figure of devotion as that which breathes in these verses:

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

It does not seem possible that the changing fashions of poetic art should ever make verses like these seem less exquisite, or that time should ever outwear the sweet and simple power of this conception of religion. There is no passage in literature which expresses more grandly the mystery of death, or shows more attractively the happiness of an unquestioning personal faith in Him who, alone of men, has solved it and knows the answer. I cannot bear to add anything to it by way of comment, except perhaps these words of Emerson: "Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well, that it is sure it will be well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Being."

The poem of "Rizpah," which was first published in the volume of "Ballads," in 1880, is an illustration of dramatic paraphrase from the Bible (2 Sam. xxi. 8-10). The story of the Hebrew mother watching beside the dead bodies of her sons whom the Gibeonites had hanged upon the hill, and defending them night and day for six months from the wild beasts and birds of prey, is transformed into the story of an English mother, whose son has been executed for robbery and hung in chains upon the gibbet. She is driven wild by her grief; hears her boy's voice wailing through the wind, "O mother, come out to me"; creeps through the rain and the darkness to the place where the chains are creaking and groaning with their burden; gropes and gathers all that is left of what was once her child, and carries him home to bury him beside the churchyard wall. And then for her theft she breaks out in a passion of defense. It is a mother's love justifying itself against a cruel law. Those poor fragments which the wind and the rain had spared were hers by a right divine,—bone of her bone; she had nursed and cradled her baby, and all that was left belonged to her; justice had no claim which could stand against hers.

Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—*they bad moved in my side.*

A famous writer has said of this passage: "Nothing more piteous, more passionate, more adorable for intensity of beauty, was ever before this wrought by human cunning into the likeness of such words as words are powerless to praise."

III.

IN trying to estimate the general influence of the Bible upon the thought and feeling of Tennyson we have a more delicate and difficult task. For the teachings of Christianity have become a part of the moral atmosphere of the age; and it is hard for us to tell just what any man would have been without them, or just how far they have made him what he is, while we are looking at him through the very same medium in which we ourselves are breathing. If we could get out of ourselves, if we could divest ourselves of all those views of God and duty and human life which we have learned so early that they seem to us natural and inevitable, we might perhaps be able to arrive at a more exact discrimination. But this would be to sacrifice a position of vital sympathy for one of critical judgment. The loss would be greater than the gain. It is just as well for the critic to recognize that he is hardly able to

Sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.

Tennyson himself has described the mental paralysis, the spiritual distress, which follow that attempt. A critic ought to be free from prejudices, but surely not even for sake of liberty should he make himself naked of convictions. To float on wings above the earth will give one a bird's-eye view; but for a man's-eye view we must have a standing-place on the earth. And after all the latter may be quite as true, even though it is not absolutely colorless.

The effect of Christianity upon the poetry of Tennyson may be felt, first of all, in its general moral quality. By this it is not meant that he is always or often preaching, or drawing pictures

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Didactic art sometimes misses its own end by being too instructive. We find in Tennyson's poems many narratives of action and descriptions of character which are simply left to speak for themselves and teach their own lessons. In this they are like the histories in the Book of Judges or the Books of the Kings. The writer takes it for granted that the reader has a heart and a conscience. Compare in this respect the perfect simplicity of the domestic idyl of "Dora" with the Book of Ruth.

But at the same time the poet can hardly help revealing, more by tone and accent than by definite words, his moral sympathies. Tennyson always speaks from the side of virtue, and not of that new and strange virtue which some of our later poets have exalted, and

which, when it is stripped of its fine garments, turns out to be nothing else than the unrestrained indulgence of every natural impulse, but rather of that old-fashioned virtue whose laws are

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, and which finds its highest embodiment in the morality of the New Testament. Read, for example, his poems which deal directly with the subject of marriage: "The Miller's Daughter," "Isabel," "Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Locksley Hall," "Love and Duty," "The Wreck," "Aylmer's Field," "Enoch Arden," the latter part of "The Princess," and many different passages of the "Idylls." From whatever side he approaches the subject, whether he is painting with delicate, felicitous touches the happiness of truly wedded hearts, or denouncing the sins of avarice and pride which corrupt the modern marriage-mart of society, or tracing the secret evil which poisoned the court of Arthur and shamed the golden head of Guinevere, his ideal is always the perfect union of two lives in one, "which is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men." To him woman seems loveliest when she has

The laws of marriage characterized in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
* and man noblest when he devotes his strength to some high and generous end, following it with absolute loyalty, and recognizing that

Man's word is God in man.

The theology of Tennyson has been accused in some quarters of a pantheistic tendency; and it cannot be denied that there are expressions in his poems which seem to look in that direction, or at least to look decidedly away from the conception of the universe as a vast machine and its Maker as a supernatural machinist who has constructed the big watch and left it to run on by itself until it wears out. But surely this latter view, which fairly puts God out of the world, is not the view of the Bible. The New Testament teaches us, undoubtedly, to distinguish between him and his works, but it also teaches that he is in his works, or rather that all his works are in him. "In him," says St. Paul, "we live, and move, and have our being." Light is his garment. Life is his breath.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His
voice.

But if I wished to prove, against those who doubted, Tennyson's belief in a living, spiritual God, immanent in the universe, yet not con-

fused with it, I should turn to his doctrine of prayer. There are many places in his poems where prayer is not explained, but simply justified, as the highest activity of the human soul and a real bond between God and man. In these very lines on "The Higher Pantheism," from which I have just quoted, there is a verse which can be interpreted only as the description of a personal intercourse between the divine and the human:

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with
Spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
and feet.

Of Enoch Arden, in the dreadful loneliness of that rich island where he was cast away, it is said that

Had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

When he comes back, after the weary years of absence, to find his wife wedded to another and his home no longer his, it is by prayer that he obtains strength to keep his generous resolve to be silent and to bear the burden of his secret to the lonely end.

Edith, in the drama of "Harold," when her last hope breaks and the shadow of gloom begins to darken over her, cries:

No help but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

King Arthur, bidding farewell to the last of his faithful knights, says to him:

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But lest any one should say that these passages are merely dramatic, and that they do not express the personal faith of the poet, turn to the solemn invocation in which he has struck the keynote of his greatest and most personal poem:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love.

It is the poet's own prayer. No man could have written it save one who believed that God is Love, and that Love is incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ.

Next to the question of the reality of God comes the problem of human life and destiny. And this has a twofold aspect. First, in re-

gard to the present world, is man moving upward or downward; is good stronger than evil, or evil stronger than good; is life worth living, or is it a cheat and a failure? Secondly, in regard to the future, is there any hope of personal continuance beyond death? To both of these inquiries Tennyson gives an answer which is in harmony with the teachings of the Bible.

He finds the same difficulties in the continual conflict between good and evil which are expressed in Job and Ecclesiastes. Indeed, so high an authority as Professor E. H. Plumptre has said that "the most suggestive of all commentaries" on the latter book are Tennyson's poems "The Vision of Sin," "The Palace of Art," and "The Two Voices." In the last of these he draws out in the form of a dialogue the strife between hope and despair in the breast of a man who has grown weary of life and yet is not ready to embrace death. For, after all, the sum of the reasons which the first voice urges in favor of suicide is that nothing is worth very much, no man is of any real value to the world, *il n'y a pas d'homme necessaire*, no effort produces any lasting result, all things are moving round and round in a tedious circle, — vanity of vanities, — if you are tired why not depart from the play? The tempted man — tempted to yield to the devil's own philosophy of pessimism — uses all arguments to combat the enemy, but in vain, or at least with only half-success, until at last the night is worn away; he flings open his window and looks out upon the Sabbath morn.

The sweet church bells began to peal;

On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each entered like a welcome guest.

One walked between his wife and child,
With measured footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wandered on :
I spoke, but answer came there none :
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

And then comes another voice whispering of a secret hope, and bidding the soul "Re-

joice! rejoice!" If we hear in the first part of the poem the echo of the saddest book of the Old Testament, do we not hear also in the last part the tones of Him who said: "Let not your heart be troubled: . . . in my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you?"

There are many places in the poems of Tennyson where he speaks with bitterness of the falsehood and evil that are in the world, the corruptions of society, the downward tendencies in human nature. He is in no sense a rose-water optimist. But he is in the truest sense a meliorist. He doubts not that

Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

He believes that good

Will be the final goal of ill.

He rests his faith upon the uplifting power of Christianity:

But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

He hears the bells at midnight tolling the death of the old year, and he calls them to

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In regard to the life beyond the grave, he asserts with new force and beauty the old faith in a personal immortality. The dim conception of an unconscious survival through the influence of our thoughts and deeds, which George Eliot has expressed in her poem of "The Choir Invisible," Tennyson finds

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

The Christian doctrine of a personal recognition of friends in the other world has never been more distinctly uttered than in these words. It is not, indeed, supported by any metaphysical arguments; nor are we concerned thus to justify it. Our only purpose now is to show — and after these verses who can doubt it? — that the poet has kept the faith which he learned in his father's house and at his mother's side.

On many other points I fain would touch, but must forbear. There is one more, however, on which the orthodoxy of the poet has been questioned, and by some critics positively denied. It is said that he has accepted the teachings of Universalism. A phrase from "In Memoriam," —

The larger hope,—

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has been made a watch-word by those who defend the doctrine of a second probation, and a sign to be spoken against by those who reject it. Into this controversy I have no desire to enter. Nor is it necessary; for, whatever the poet's expectation may be, there is not a line in all his works that contradicts or questions the teachings of Christ, nor even a line that runs beyond the limit of human thought into the mysteries of the unknown and the unknowable. The wages of sin is death; the wages of virtue is to go on and not to die. This is the truth which he teaches on higher authority than his own. "The rest," as Hamlet says, "is silence." But what is the universal end of all these conflicts, these struggles, these probations? What the final result of this strife between sin and virtue? What the consummation of oppugnancies and interworkings? The poet looks onward through the mists and sees only God —

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

And if any one shall ask what this far-off divine event will be, we may answer in the words of St. Paul:

"For he must reign, till he hath put all his enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be abolished is death. For, He put all things in subjection under his feet. But when he saith, All things are put in subjection, it is evident that he is excepted who did subject all things unto him. And when all things have been subjected unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subjected to him that did subject all things unto him, *that God may be all in all.*"

AND now, as we bring to a close this brief study of a subject which I trust has proved larger than I promised at first to those who had never looked into it, what are our conclusions? Or, if this word seem too exact and formal, what are our impressions in regard to the relations between Tennyson and the Bible?

It seems to me that we cannot help seeing that the poet owes a large debt to the Christian Scriptures, not only for their formative influence upon his mind and for the purely literary material in the way of illustrations and allusions which they have given him, but also, and more particularly, for the creation of a moral atmosphere, a medium of thought and feeling, in which he can speak freely and with assurance of sympathy to a very wide circle of readers. He does not need to be always explaining and defining. There is much that is taken for granted, much that goes without saying. What a world of unspoken convictions lies behind such poems

as "Dora," and "Enoch Arden." Their beauty is not in themselves alone, but in the air that breathes around them, in the light that falls upon them from the faith of centuries. Christianity is something more than a system of doctrines; it is a life, a tone, a spirit, a great current of memories, beliefs, and hopes flowing through millions of hearts. And he who launches his words upon this current finds that they are carried with a strength beyond his own, and freighted oftentimes with a meaning which he himself has not fully understood as it flashed through him.

But, on the other hand, we cannot help seeing that the Bible gains a wider influence and a new power over men as it flows through the poet's mind upon the world. Its narratives and its teachings clothe themselves in modern forms of speech and find entrance into many places which otherwise were closed against them. I do not mean by this that poetry is better than the Bible, but only that poetry lends wings to Christian truth. People who would not read a sermon will read a poem. And though its moral and religious teachings may be indirect, though they may proceed by silent assumption rather than by formal assertion, they

exercise an influence which is perhaps the more powerful because it is unconscious. The Bible is in continual danger of being desiccated by an exhaustive—and exhausting—scientific treatment. When it comes to be regarded chiefly as a compendium of exact statements of metaphysical doctrine, the day of its life will be over, and it will be ready for a place in the museum of antiquities. It must be a power in literature if it is to be a force in society. For literature, as a wise critic has defined it, is just "the best that has been thought and said in the world." And if this is true, literature is certain, not only to direct culture, but also to mold conduct.

Is it possible then for wise and earnest men to look with indifference upon the course of what is often called, with a slighting accent, mere *belles lettres*? We might as well be careless about the air we breathe or the water we drink. Malaria is no less fatal than pestilence. The chief peril which threatens the permanence of Christian faith and morals is none other than the malaria of modern letters—an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism. Into this narcotic air the poetry of Tennyson blows like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height.

Henry van Dyke.

STATE CRIMINALS AT THE KARA MINES.



N the morning after my first visit to the political convicts of the free command I called again at the little cabin of the Armfeldts, taking Mr. Frost with me. Major Potulof (Po'-too-loff) was expected back from Ust Kara (Oost Kah-rah') that night, and I knew his return would put a stop to my operations. It was important, therefore, that I should make the best possible use of the twelve or fourteen hours of freedom that still remained to me. I did not expect to be able to conceal from the authorities, for any great length of time, my intercourse with the political convicts. I was well aware that it must, sooner or later, be discovered, and all that I hoped to do was to get as much information as possible before the inevitable interference should come. There was some risk, of course, in visiting the houses of the free command openly by daylight; but we could not afford to waste any time in inaction, and I had promised Miss Armfeldt that I would return early that forenoon if not prevented by some unforeseen complication or embarrassment.

A brisk walk of fifteen or twenty minutes

brought us to our destination, and we were admitted to the house by Miss Armfeldt herself. In the searching light of a clear, cold, winter morning, the little cabin, with its whitewashed log walls, plank floor, and curtainless windows, looked even more bare and cheerless than it had seemed to me when I first saw it. Its poverty-stricken appearance, moreover, was emphasized, rather than relieved, by the presence, in the middle of the room, of a large, rudely fashioned easel, upon which stood an unframed oil painting. There seemed to me something strangely incongruous in this association of art with penal servitude, this blending of luxury with extreme destitution, and as I returned Miss Armfeldt's greeting I could not help looking inquiringly at the picture and then at her, as if to ask, "How did you ever happen to bring an oil painting to the mines of Kara?" She understood my unspoken query, and, turning the easel half around so that I could see the picture, said: "I have been trying to make a portrait of my mother. She thinks that she must go back to Russia this year on account of her other children. Of course I shall never see her again,—she is too old and feeble to make another journey to

Eastern Siberia,—and I want something to recall her face to me when she has gone out of my life. I know that it is a bad portrait, and I am almost ashamed to show it to you; but I wish to ask your help. I have only a few colors, I cannot get any more, and perhaps Mr. Frost may be able to suggest some way of using my scanty materials to better advantage."

I looked at the wretched, almost ghastly, portrait in silence, but with a heart full of the deepest sympathy and pity. It bore a recognizable resemblance to the original, and showed some signs of artistic talent and training; but the canvas was of the coarsest and most unsuitable quality; the colors were raw and crude; and it was apparent, at a glance, that the artist had vainly struggled with insuperable difficulties growing out of a scanty and defective equipment. With the few tubes of raw color at her command she had found it impossible to imitate the delicate tints of living flesh, and the result of her loving labor was a portrait that Mr. Frost evidently regarded with despair, and that seemed to me to be little more than a ghastly caricature. It was pitiful to see how hard the daughter had tried, with wholly inadequate means of execution, to make for herself a likeness of the mother whom she was so soon to lose, and it was even more pitiful to think that before the close of another year the daughter would be left alone at the mines with this coarse, staring, deathlike portrait as her only consolation. I looked at the picture for a moment in silence, unable to think of any comment that would not seem cold or unsympathetic. Its defects were glaring, but I could not bring myself to criticize a work of love executed under such circumstances and in the face of such disheartening difficulties. Leaving Mr. Frost to examine Miss Armfeldt's scanty stock of brushes and colors, I turned to Mrs. Armfeldt and asked her how she had summoned up resolution enough, at her age, to undertake such a tremendous journey as that from St. Petersburg to the mines of Kara.

"I could not help coming," she said simply. "God knows what they were doing to people here. Nathalie was beaten by soldiers with the butt-ends of guns. Others were starving themselves to death. I could get only vague and alarming reports in St. Petersburg, and so

I came here to see for myself. I could not bear to think of Nathalie living alone in the midst of such horrors."

"When did these things happen?" I inquired.

"In 1882 and 1883," she replied. "In May, 1882, eight prisoners made their escape, and after that the life of all the political convicts was made so hard that they finally declared a hunger strike and starved themselves thirteen days."

While Mrs. Armfeldt and I were talking Victor Castiurin (Kass-tyoo'rin), Madame Kolenkina (Ko-len'kin-ah), and two or three other political convicts entered the room, Miss Armfeldt brought out the samovar and gave us all tea, and the conversation became general. I should be glad, if I had the requisite space, to give the readers of *THE CENTURY* the same vivid and detailed account of life in the Kara prisons that was given me at Miss Armfeldt's house that day; but six or eight hours' conversation cannot be put into a single magazine article, and I must content myself, for the present, with a brief narrative of my personal experience, and a short outline sketch of the life of political convicts at the mines of Kara between the years 1882 and 1885.

I made my last call at the house of the Armfeldts on the afternoon of November 7, just twenty-four hours after I first entered it. I was well aware that the return of Major Potulof that night would put a stop to my visits, and that, in all probability, I should never see these unfortunate people again; while they, knowing that this was their last opportunity to talk with one who was going back to the civilized world and would meet their relatives and friends, clung to me with an eagerness that was almost pathetic. I promised the Armfeldts that I would call upon Count Leo Tolstoi and describe to him their life and circumstances,¹ left my address with them so that they might communicate with me should they ever have an opportunity to write, and took letters from them to their relatives in European Russia. It may perhaps seem to the reader that in carrying letters to and from political convicts in Siberia I ran an unnecessary and unjustifiable risk, inasmuch as the act was a penal offense, and if discovered would probably have led to our arrest, to the confiscation of all our papers,

¹ I kept this promise, and told Count Tolstoi all that he seemed to care to hear with regard to the Armfeldts' situation. He manifested, however, a disinclination to listen to accounts of suffering among the political convicts in Eastern Siberia; would not read manuscripts that I brought expressly to show him; and said distinctly that while he felt sorry for many of the politicals, he could not help them, and was not at all in sympathy with their methods. They had resorted, he said, to violence, and they must expect to

suffer from violence. I was told in Moscow that when Madame Uspenskaya (Oo-spen'ska-ya), wife of one of the political convicts at Kara, went to Count Tolstoi to solicit a contribution of money to be used in ameliorating, as far as possible, the condition of politicals at the mines, she met with a decided refusal. The Count was not willing, apparently, to show even a benevolent and charitable sympathy with men and women whose actions he wholly disapproved.

and, at the very least, to our immediate expulsion from the Empire under guard. I fully appreciated the danger, but, nevertheless, I could not refuse to take such letters. If you were a political convict at the mines, and had a wife or a mother in European Russia to whom you had not been allowed to write for years, and if I, an American traveler, should come to you and ask you to put yourself in my power and run the risk of recommitment to prison and leg-fetters by telling me all that I wanted to know, and if I should then refuse to carry a letter to your mother or your wife, you would think that I must be either very cowardly or very hard-hearted. I could not refuse to do it. If they were willing to run the risk of writing such letters, I was willing to run the risk of carrying them. I always consented, and sometimes volunteered to take them, although I was perfectly well aware that they would cause me many anxious hours.

Just before dark I bade the Armfeldts and the other members of the free command good-bye, telling them that I should try to see them once more, but that I feared it would be impossible. Major Potulof did not return until midnight, and I did not see him until the next morning. We met for the first time at breakfast. He greeted me courteously, but formally, omitting the customary handshake, and I felt at once a change in the social atmosphere. After bidding me good-morning, he sat for ten or fifteen minutes looking moodily into his tea-cup without speaking a word. I had anticipated this situation and had decided upon a course of action. I felt sincere regard for Major Potulof, he had treated us very kindly, I understood perfectly that I had placed him in an awkward and unpleasant position, and I intended to deal with him frankly and honestly. I therefore broke the silence by saying that, during his absence, I had made the acquaintance of the political convicts of the free command.

"Yes," he said, without raising his eyes from his tea-cup, "I heard so; and," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it is my duty to say to you that you have acted very rashly."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because," he replied, "the Government looks with great suspicion upon foreigners who secretly make the acquaintance of the political convicts. It is not allowed, and you will get yourself into serious trouble."

"But," I said, "no one has ever told me that it was not allowed. I can hardly be supposed, as a foreigner, to know that I have no right to speak to people who are practically at liberty, and whom I am liable to meet any day in the village street. The members of the

free command are not in prison; they are walking about the settlement in freedom. Everybody else can talk to them; why cannot I?"

"I received a telegram," he said gravely, "from Governor Barabásh" (the governor of the territory of the Trans-Baikal in which the mines of Kara are situated), "saying that you were not to be allowed to see the political prison, and, of course, it was the governor's intention that you should not see the political convicts."

"You did not tell me so," I replied. "If you had told me that you had received such a telegram from the governor, it would have had great weight with me. I cannot remember that you ever intimated to me that I could not visit the members of the free command."

"I did not know that you were thinking of such a thing," he rejoined. "You said nothing about it. However," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it is Captain Nikolin's affair; he has the politicals in charge. All that I have to do is to warn you that you are acting imprudently and running a great risk."

I then explained to Major Potulof frankly why I had said nothing to him about my intentions, and why I had taken advantage of his absence to carry them into effect. If I had said to him beforehand that I wished or intended to see the political convicts, he would have been obliged either to approve or to disapprove. If he had disapproved, I, as his guest, should have been in honor bound to respect his wishes and authority; while, if he had approved, he would have incurred a responsibility for my illegal action that I did not wish to throw upon him. I admitted knowledge of the fact that my intercourse with the politicals would not have been permitted if it had been foreseen, and told him that my only reasons for making their acquaintance secretly in the way I had were first, to avoid interference, and secondly, to relieve him as far as possible from any suspicion of complicity. "Nobody now," I said, "can accuse you of having had anything to do with it. You were not here, and it is perfectly evident that I waited for the opportunity that your absence gave me." My explanation seemed to mollify him a little, and his old cordial manner gradually returned; but he warned me again that secret intercourse with political convicts, if I continued it, would almost certainly get me into trouble.

An hour or two after breakfast I was surprised and a little startled by the sudden reappearance of Captain Nikolin, the gendarme commandant of the political prison. He desired to see Major Potulof on business, and they were closeted together for half or three-

quarters of an hour in the major's writing-room. I was, at the time, in another part of the house trying to write up my notes; but Mr. Frost was at work upon a crayon portrait of the major's children in the drawing-room, off which the writing-room opened. At the first opportunity after Captain Nikolin's departure Mr. Frost came to me in some anxiety and whispered to me that he had accidentally overheard a part of the conversation between Captain Nikolin and Major Potulof in the writing-room and that it indicated trouble. It related to my intercourse with the political convicts, and turned upon the question of searching our baggage and examining my papers and note-books. As Mr. Frost understood it, Captain Nikolin insisted that such an investigation was proper and necessary, while Major Potulof defended us, deprecated the proposed search, and tried to convince the gendarme officer that it would be injudicious to create such a scandal as an examination of our baggage would cause. The discussion closed with the significant remark from Nikolin that if the search were not made in Kara it certainly would be made somewhere else. Mr. Frost seemed to be much alarmed, and I was not a little troubled myself. I did not so much fear a search,—at least while we remained in Major Potulof's house,—but what I did fear was being put upon my word of honor by Major Potulof himself as to the question whether I had any letters from the political convicts. I thought it extremely probable that he would come to me at the first opportunity and say to me good-humoredly, "George Ivanovich, Captain Nikolin has discovered your relations with the political convicts; he knows that you spent with them the greater part of one night, and he thinks that you may have letters from them. He came here this morning with a proposition to search your baggage. Of course, as you are my guests, I defended you and succeeded in putting him off; but I think under the circumstances it is only fair you should assure me, on your word of honor, that you have no such letters."

In such an exigency as that I should have to do one of two things — either lie outright, upon my word of honor, to the man in whose house I was a guest, or else betray people who had trusted me, and for whom I had already come to feel sincere sympathy and affection. Either alternative was intolerable — unthinkable — and yet I must decide upon some course of action at once. The danger was imminent, and I could not bring myself to face either of the alternatives upon which I should be forced if I put upon my word of honor. I might perhaps have had courage enough to run the risk, so far as my own papers were concerned, but I

knew that the letters in my possession, if discovered, would send Miss Armfeldt and all the other writers back into prison; would leave poor, feeble Mrs. Armfeldt alone in a penal settlement with a new sorrow; and would lead to a careful examination of all my papers, and thus bring misfortune upon scores of exiles and officers in other parts of Siberia who had furnished me with documentary materials. All the rest of that day I was in a fever of anxiety and irresolution. I kept, so far as possible, out of Major Potulof's way; gave him no opportunity to speak to me alone; went to bed early on plea of a headache; and spent a wretched and sleepless night trying to decide upon a course of action. I thought of about a dozen different methods of concealing the letters, but concealment would not meet the emergency. If put upon my word of honor I should have to admit that I had them, or else lie in the most cowardly and treacherous way. I did not dare to mail them, since all the mail matter from the house passed through Major Potulof's hands, and by giving them to him I might precipitate the very inquiries I wished to avoid. At last, just before daybreak, I decided to destroy them. I had no opportunity, of course, to consult the writers, but I felt sure that they would approve my action if they could know all the circumstances. It was very hard to destroy letters upon which those unfortunate people had hung so many hopes,—letters that I knew would have such priceless value to fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers in Russia,—but there was nothing else to be done. The risk of keeping them had become too great to be justifiable.

As soon as I had come to a decision, I was confronted by the question, "How are the letters to be destroyed?" Since the discovery of my secret relations with the political convicts I had been more closely watched than ever. My room had no door that could be closed, but was separated from the hall, and from Major Potulof's sitting-room, merely by a light portière. Its large curtainless window was almost on a level with the ground, and an armed sentry, who stood night and day at the front entrance of the house, could see through it. If I tore the letters into small bits, they might be found and pieced together. If I burned them, the odor of the burning paper would be at once diffused through the house; and, besides that, I was likely to be caught in the act, either by the sentry, or by Major Potulof himself, who, on one pretext or another, was constantly coming into my room without knock or announcement. There happened to be in the room a large brick oven, and about half an hour after I got up that morning a soldier came in to make a fire in it. The thought at once

occurred to me that by watching for a favorable opportunity, when Major Potulof was talking with Mr. Frost in the sitting-room and the sentry was out of sight, I could throw the letters unobserved into this fire. As I walked out into the hall to see that the coast was clear there, I noiselessly unlatched the iron door of the oven and threw it ajar. Then returning and assuring myself that the sentry was not in a position to look through the window, I tossed the letters quickly into the oven upon a mass of glowing coals. Five minutes later there was not a trace of them left. I then erased or put into cipher many of the names of persons in my note-books and prepared myself, as well as I could, for a search.

There were two things in my personal experience at the mines of Kara that I now particularly regret, and one of them is the burning of these letters. I did not see the political convicts again, I had no opportunity to explain to them the circumstances under which I acted, and explanations, even if I could make them, are now, in many cases, too late. Miss Nathalie Armfeldt died of prison consumption at the mines in less than a year after I bade her good-bye, and the letters from her that I destroyed were perhaps the last that she had an opportunity to write. I was not put upon my word of honor, I was not searched, and I might have carried those letters safely to their destination, as I afterward carried many others.

The other unfortunate thing in my Kara experience was my failure to see Dr. Edward Veimar, one of the most distinguished political convicts in the free command, who at the time of our visit was dying of prison consumption. He was a surgeon, about thirty-five years of age, and resided, before his exile, in a large house on the Nevski Prospekt near the Admiralty Place in St. Petersburg. He was a man of wealth and high social position, and was at one time a personal friend of Her Majesty, the present Tsaritsa. He was in charge of her field hospital throughout the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78; was made a cavalier of the order of St. Anne for distinguished services in that campaign; received three or four crosses of honor for gallantry on the field of battle; and was greatly beloved by General Gourko, with whom he made the passage of the Balkans. He was condemned as a revolutionist upon the flimsiest possible circumstantial evidence, and, after a year's imprisonment in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovski¹ fortress, was sent to the mines of Kara. At the time of

his trial, the London "Times," in a column editorial upon his case, said:

Our correspondent at St. Petersburg, in a dispatch we publish this morning, telegraphs the sentences passed yesterday on the prisoners charged with participation in the Nihilist conspiracy. Western observers can see in these state trials at St. Petersburg nothing but a shameful travesty of justice. The whole of these proceedings are an example of the way in which any one can govern by the aid of a state of siege. Military justice has had, as a rule, the merit of being sharp and sudden, but the military justice of the Russian courts has been as cruel in its dilatoriness as grossly illogical in its method and terribly severe in its sentences. . . . Among the accused who were condemned yesterday, Dr. Weimar was in every way a man of whom his country seemed to have reason to be proud. He is in personal bearing a gallant gentleman. As a physician he has devoted his time and skill to the service of his suffering countrymen. He is (or was till yesterday, for to-day he is a drudge in the deadly mines) decorated with Russian and Roumanian orders, and with the medal for the Turkish war. He was with the troops who crossed the Balkans under Gourko—a splendid feat of arms. The charges against this gentleman, the way in which the case was got up and pressed, would seem exaggerated in the wildest burlesque. The humors of injustice were never carried so far, if we may trust the reports of the trial, by Bunyan's *Mr. Justice Hategood* or Rabelais's *Grippeminaud*. . . . Witnesses were brought forward to speak to the character of Dr. Weimar. Their testimony was a shower of praises, both as to his moral character and his bravery in war. This was inconvenient for the prosecution. Supposing the charges against Dr. Weimar true, it would appear that an exemplary citizen so despaired of the condition of his country that he conspired with miscreants like Solovioff and aided other dastardly assassins. It might have been surmised that the prosecution would bring evidence to damage the character of the accused, or at least to show that the praise heaped on him was undeserved. Nothing of the sort. The prosecutor said, "Gentlemen, I could have produced a series of witnesses whose testimony would have been quite the reverse. Unfortunately, all of them are absent." A military court could hardly avoid taking the word of the presiding general, but the whole proceeding, the whole conception of testimony and justice, are only to be paralleled in the burlesque trial witnessed by Alice in Mr. Carroll's fairy tale. . . . No case could bear more direct evidence to the terrible condition of Russian society and Russian justice. Either a man who seems to have been an exemplary citizen in other respects was driven by despotism into secret and dastardly treason, or Dr. Weimar is falsely condemned and unjustly punished. In either alternative, if the reports of his trial are correct, that trial was a scandal even to military law.

The Crown Princess Dagmar (now the Empress), whose hospital Dr. Veimar had managed during the Russo-Turkish war, took a deep personal interest in him, and was a firm believer in his innocence; but even she could

¹ Used as an adjective, the word has the *i*. The Russians use the word thus, "Petropavlovski fortress," "fortress of Petropavlovsk"—in one case with the *i*, and in the other without.

not save him. When she came to the throne, however, as Empress, in 1881, she sent Colonel Nord to the mines of Kara to see Dr. Veimar and offer him his freedom upon condition that he give his word of honor not to engage in any activity hostile to the Government. Dr. Veimar replied that he would not so bind himself while he was in ignorance of the state of affairs under the new Tsar (Alexander III.). If the Government would allow him to return to St. Petersburg, on parole or under guard, and see what the condition of Russia then was, he would give them a definite answer to their proposition; that is, he would accept freedom upon the terms offered, or he would go back to the mines. He would not, however, bind himself to anything until he had had an opportunity to ascertain how Russia was then being governed. Colonel Nord had a number of interviews with him, and tried in every way to shake his resolution, but without avail.

When Mr. Frost and I reached the mines of Kara, Dr. Veimar had been released from prison on a ticket of leave, but was dying of consumption brought on by the intolerable conditions of Siberian prison life. The political convicts wished and proposed to take me to see him the night that I was at Miss Armfeldt's house, but they represented him as very weak, hardly able to speak aloud, and likely at any moment to die; and after I saw the effect that my sudden appearance produced upon Miss Armfeldt and the other politicals who were comparatively well, I shrank from inflicting upon a dying man, at midnight, such a shock of surprise and excitement. I had occasion afterward bitterly to regret my lack of resolution. Dr. Veimar died before I had another opportunity to see him, and six months afterward, when I returned to St. Petersburg on my way home from Siberia, I received a call from a cultivated and attractive young woman to whom, at the time of his banishment, he was engaged. She had heard that I was in Kara when her betrothed died, and she had come to me hoping that I had brought her a letter, or at least some farewell message from him. She was making preparations, in November of the previous year, to undertake a journey of four thousand miles alone, in order to join him at the mines and marry him, when she

received a telegram from Captain Nikolin briefly announcing his death. Although more than six months had elapsed since that time, she had heard nothing else. Neither Dr. Veimar before his death, nor his convict friends after his death, had been permitted to write to her, and upon me she had hung her last hopes. How hard it was for me to tell her that I *might* have seen him—that I *might* have brought her, from his death-bed, one last assurance of love and remembrance, but that I had not done so, the reader can perhaps imagine. I have had some sad things to do in my life, but I think this was the saddest duty that ever was laid upon me.

I afterward spent a whole evening with her at her house. She related to me the story of Dr. Veimar's heroic and self-sacrificing life, read me letters that he had written to her from battlefields in Bulgaria, and finally, with a face streaming with tears, brought out and showed to me the most sacred and precious relic of him that she had—a piece of needlework that he had made in his cell at the mines, and had succeeded in smuggling through to her as a present and token of remembrance and love. It was a strip of coarse cloth, such as that used for convict shirts, about three inches wide and nearly fifty feet in length, embroidered from end to end in tasteful geometrical patterns with the coarsest and cheapest kind of colored linen thread.

"Mr. Kennan," she said to me, trying in vain to choke down her sobs, "imagine the thoughts that have been sewn into that piece of embroidery!"

We remained at the mines of Kara four or five days after our last visit to the house of the Armfeldts, but as we were constantly under close surveillance, we could accomplish nothing. All that there is left for me to do, therefore, is to throw into systematic form the information that I obtained there, and to give, in this and the following paper, a few chapters from the long and terrible history of the Kara penal establishment.¹

The Russian Government began sending state criminals to the mines of Kara in small numbers as early as 1873, but it did not make a regular practice of so doing until 1879. Most of the politicals condemned to penal ser-

¹ Nearly all the statements made in the following pages have been carefully verified, and most of them rest upon unimpeachable official testimony. There may be trifling errors in some of the details, but, in the main, the story of which this is one chapter can be proved, even in a Russian court of justice. The facts with regard to Colonel Kononovich (Kon-on-o'-vitch) and his connection with the Kara prisons and mines were obtained partly from political convicts and partly from officials in Kara, Chita (Chee'tah), Irkutsk, and St. Petersburg. The letter in which Kononovitch resigned

his position as governor of the Kara penal establishment is still on file in the Ministry of the Interior, and all the circumstances of his retirement are known, not only to the political convicts, but to many of the officials with whom I have talked. I regret that I am restrained by prudential and other considerations from citing my authorities. I could greatly strengthen my case by showing—as I might show—that I obtained my information from persons fully competent to furnish it, and persons whose positions were a sufficient guarantee of impartiality.

vitude before the latter date were held either in the "convict section" of the Petropavlovski fortress at St. Petersburg, or in the solitary-confinement cells of the Central Convict Prison at Kharkoff. As the revolutionary movement, however, grew more and more serious and widespread, and the prisons of European Russia became more and more crowded with political offenders, the Minister of the Interior began to transfer the worst class of hard-labor state criminals to the mines of Kara, where they were imprisoned in buildings intended originally for common felons.¹ In December, 1880, there were about fifty political convicts in the Kara prisons, while nine men who had finished their term of probation were living outside the prison walls in little huts and cabins of their own. Most of the male prisoners were forced to go with the common felons to the gold placers; but as the hours of labor were not unreasonably long, they regarded it as a pleasure and a privilege, rather than a hardship, to get out of the foul atmosphere of their prison cells and work six or eight hours a day in the sunshine and the open air.

The officer in command of the Kara penal establishment at that time was Colonel Kononovich, a highly educated, humane, and sympathetic man, who is still remembered by many a state criminal in Eastern Siberia with gratitude and respect. He was not a revolutionist, nor was he in sympathy with revolution; but he recognized the fact that many of the political convicts were refined and cultivated men and women, who had been exasperated and frenzied by injustice and oppression, and that although their methods might be ill-judged and mistaken, their motives, at least, were disinterested and patriotic. He treated them, therefore, with kindness and consideration, and lightened so far as possible for every one of them the heavy burden of life. There were

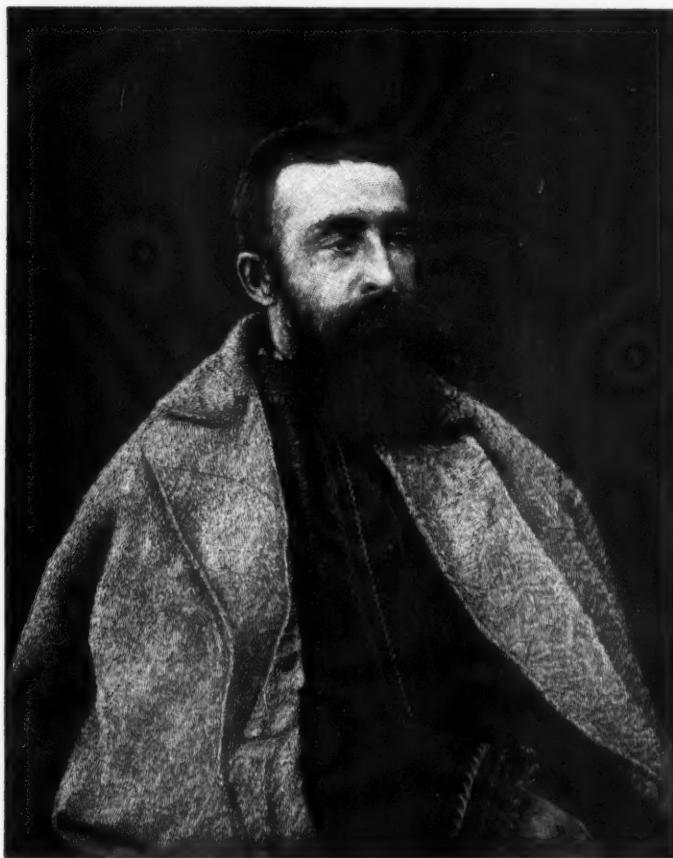
¹ The political prison was not in existence at that time, and the state criminals were distributed among the common-criminal prisons, where they occupied what were called the "secret" or solitary-confinement cells. At a somewhat later period an old detached building in Middle Kara was set apart for their accommodation, and most of them lived together there in a single large kamera. They were treated in general like common convicts, were required to work every day in the gold placers, and at the expiration of their term of probation were released from confinement and enrolled in the free command.

² This is a punishment still authorized by law, and one still inflicted upon convicts who are serving out life sentences. The prisoner is fastened to a small miner's wheelbarrow by a chain, attached generally to the middle link of his leg-fetter. This chain is long enough to give him some freedom of movement, but he cannot walk for exercise, nor cross his cell, without trundling his wheelbarrow before him. Even when he lies down to sleep, the wheelbarrow remains attached to his feet. Four politicals have been chained to wheelbarrows at Kara, namely: Popeko, Bereznik, Fomi-

in the Kara prisons at that time several state criminals who, by order of the gendarmerie and as a disciplinary punishment, had been chained to wheelbarrows.² Colonel Kononovich could not bear to see men of high character and education subjected to so degrading and humiliating a punishment; and although he could not free them from it without authority from St. Petersburg, he gave directions that they should be released from their wheelbarrows whenever he made a visit of inspection to the prison, so that at least he should not be compelled to see them in that situation. The humane disposition and sensitiveness to human suffering of which this is an illustration characterized all the dealings of Colonel Kononovich with the political convicts; and so long as he was permitted to treat them with reasonable kindness and consideration he did so treat them, because he recognized the fact that their life was hard enough at best. Late in the year 1880, however, the Minister of the Interior began to issue a series of orders intended, apparently, to restrict the privileges of the state criminals and render their punishment more severe. They were forbidden, in the first place, to have any written communication whatever with their relatives. To such of them as had wives, children, fathers, or mothers in European Russia this of itself was a terrible as well as an unjustifiable privation. Then they were forbidden to work in the gold placers, and were thus deprived of the only opportunity they had to see the outside world, to breathe pure, fresh air, and to strengthen and invigorate their bodies with exercise. Finally, about the middle of December, 1880, the governor received an order to abolish the free command, send all its members back into prison, half shave their heads, and put them again into chains and leg-fetters.³ Colonel Kononovich regarded this order as unneces-

chef, and Shchedrin. The last of them was not released until 1884. Whether or not any have been thus punished since that time I do not know.

³ All of these orders were issued while the liberal Loris Melikof was Minister of the Interior, and I have never been able to get any explanation of the inconsistency between his general policy towards the Liberal party and his treatment of condemned state criminals. Some of the officials whom I questioned in Siberia said without hesitation it was the minister's intention to make the life of the political convicts harder; while others thought that he acted without full information and upon the assumption that modern politicals were no more deserving of sympathy than were the Decembrists of 1825. The Decembrist conspirators—although high nobles—were harshly treated, therefore Nihilists should be harshly treated. Many of the political exiles whom I met in Siberia regarded Melikof's professions of sympathy with the liberal and reforming party as insincere and hypocritical; but my own impression is that he acted in this case upon somebody's advice, without giving the matter much thought or consideration.



DR. VEIMAR.

sarily and even brutally severe, and tried in every way to have it rescinded or modified. His efforts, however, were unavailing, and on the 28th of December he called the members of the free command together, read the order to them, told them that he had failed to obtain any modification of it, and said that he would, on his own personal responsibility, allow them three days more of freedom in which to settle up their domestic affairs. On the morning of January 1, 1881, they must report at the prison. To all the members of the free command this order was a terrible blow. For two years they had been living in comparative freedom in their own little cabins, many of them with their wives and children, who had made a journey of five thousand miles across Siberia in order to join them. At three days' warning they were to be separated from their families, sent back into prison, and put again into chains and leg-fetters. Some of them were

leaving their wives and children alone and unprotected in a penal settlement, some of them were broken in health and could not expect to live long in the close confinement of a prison kamera, and all of them looked forward with dread to the chains, leg-fetters, foul air, vermin, and miseries innumerable of prison life.

In the free command was living at this time a young lawyer, thirty-three years of age, named Eugene Semyonofski (Sem-yon'of-skee). He was the son of a well-known surgeon in Kiev, and had been condemned to penal servitude for having been connected in some way with the "underground" revolutionary journal "Onward." He was a man of high character and unusual ability, had had a university training, and at the time of his arrest was practicing law in St. Petersburg. After four or five years of penal servitude at the mines his health gave way, and in 1879 he was

released from prison and enrolled in the free command. At the last meeting of the political convicts and their wives, on New Year's Eve, it was noticed that Semyonofski seemed to be greatly depressed, and that when they parted he bade his comrades good-bye with unusual manifestations of emotion and affection. About 2 o'clock that morning Mr. Charushin (Charoo'shin), a political convict in whose little cabin Semyonofski was living, was awakened by the report of a pistol, and rushing into the room of Semyonofski found that the latter had shot himself through the head. He was still living, but he did not recover consciousness, and died in about an hour. On the table lay a letter addressed to his father, with a note to Charushin asking him to forward it, if possible, to its destination. The letter was as follows:

MINES OF KARA,

Night of December 31, January 1, 1880-1.

MY DEAR FATHER: I write you just after my return from watching the old year out and the new year in with all my comrades. We met, this new year, under melancholy and disheartening circumstances. You have probably received a letter from the wife of one of my comrades, whom I requested to inform you that we had been forbidden thenceforth to write letters to any one—even our parents. Senseless and inhuman as that prohibition was, there awaited us something much worse—something that I knew nothing about when that letter was written. Ten days or so after we received notice of the order forbidding us to write letters, we were informed that we were all to be returned to prison and confined in chains and leg-fetters. There are nine men of us, namely: Shishko, Charushin, Kviakovski, Uspenski, Soyuzof, Bogdanof, Terentieff, Tevtul, and I; and we have all been living about two years in comparative freedom outside the prison. We expected something of this kind from the very day that we heard of the order of Loris Melikof prohibiting our correspondence; because there was in that order a paragraph which led us to fear that we should not be left in peace. Tomorrow we are to go back to prison. But for the faith that Colonel Kononovich has in us we should have been arrested and imprisoned as soon as the order was received; but he trusted us and gave us a few days in which to settle up our affairs. We have availed ourselves of this respite to meet together, for the last time in freedom, to watch the old year out and the new year in. I shall avail myself of it for yet another purpose. I do not know whether the carrying out of that purpose will, or will not, be a betrayal of the confidence that Colonel Kononovich has reposed in us; but even if I knew that it would be such a betrayal I should still carry out my purpose.

It may be that some one who reads the words "they are going back to prison" will compare us to sheep, submissively presenting their throats to the knife of the butcher; but such a comparison would be a grievously mistaken one. The only means of escape from such a situation as ours is in flight—and how and whether could we fly, in a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero, and without any

previous preparation for such an undertaking? The reason why no preparations have been made you know, if you received the letter that I wrote you last August.

My own personal determination was to attempt an escape if the order for our return to prison should come in the spring, when it would be possible to escape, and to do it, not on the spur of the moment, but after serious preparation. It has not, however, happened so. In the mean time I feel that my physical strength is failing day by day. I know that my weakness must soon have its effect upon my mental powers, and that I am threatened with the danger of becoming a complete imbecile—and all this while I am living outside the prison. The question arises, what would become of me *in* prison? My whole life rests on the hope of returning some time to Russia and serving, with all my soul, the cause of right and justice to which I long ago devoted myself; but how can that cause be served by a man who is mentally and physically wrecked? When the hope of rendering such service is taken away from me, what is there left? Personal self-justification? But before the moment comes for anything like complete satisfaction of that desire, they can't put me ten times to the torture. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that there is no longer anything to live for—that I have earned the right, at last, to put an end to sufferings that have become aimless and useless. I have long been tired—deathly tired—of life; and only the thought of home has restrained me, hitherto, from self-destruction. I know that I am about to cause terrible grief, Sasha,¹ to you, and to all who love me; but is not your love great enough to forgive the suicide of a man tortured to the last extremity? Understand that, for God's sake! I have been literally tortured to death during these last years. For the sake of all that you hold dear, I beseech you to forgive me! You must know that my last thoughts are of you—that if I had a little more strength I would live out my life, if only to save you from further suffering; but my strength is exhausted. There is nothing left for me to do but to go insane or die; and the latter alternative is, after all, better than the former.

Good-bye forever, my dear, kind, well-remembered father and friend! Good-bye, Sasha, and you my younger brother, whom I know so little. Remember that it is better to die, even as I die, than to live without being able to feel one's self a man of principle and honor.

Once more, good-bye! Do not think ill of your unhappy son and brother, who, even in his unhappiness, finds consolation.

EUGENE.

All that was mortal of Eugene Semyonofski now lies in the political convicts' burying-ground on a lonely hill known as "The Convict's Head" in Eastern Siberia. The unpainted wooden cross that marks his grave will soon decay, and then nothing will remain to show where lie the ashes of a man whose brilliant talents, high standards of duty, and intense moral earnestness might have made him an

¹ "Sasha" was Semyonofski's brother Alexander.



MME. KAVALÉFSKAYA.

honor to his country and an invaluable worker in the cause of freedom and humanity.

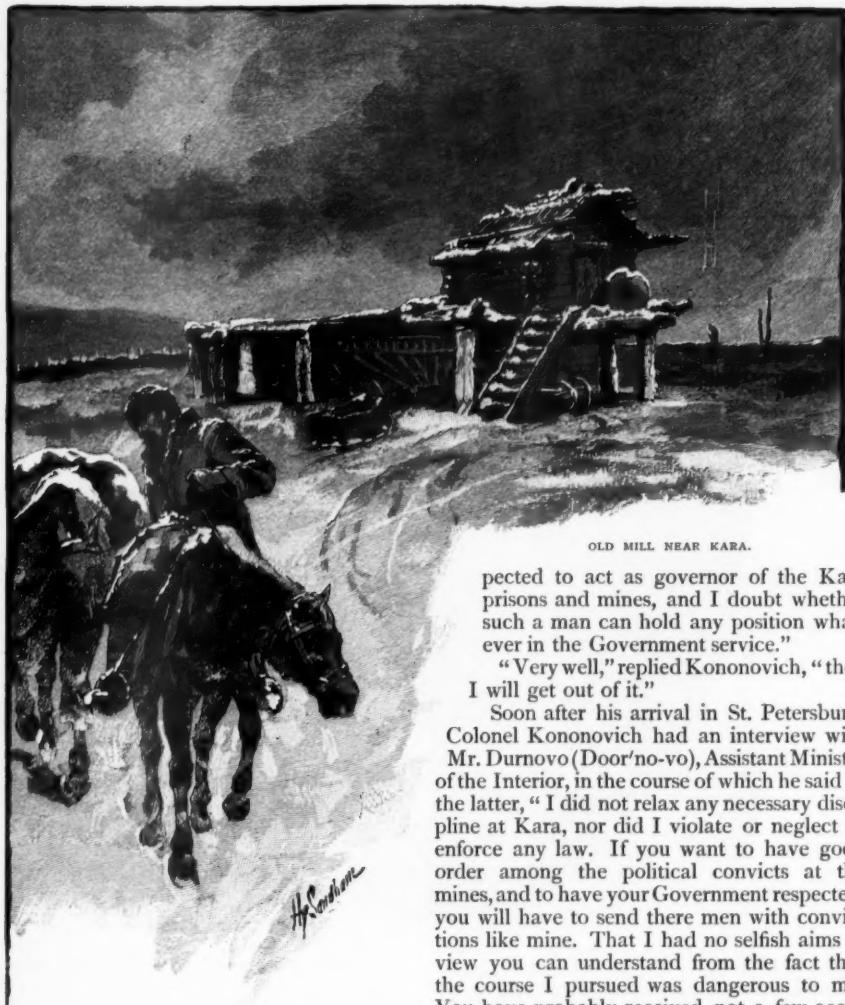
Of course Colonel Kononovich was greatly shocked by Semyonofski's suicide, but this was only the beginning of the series of tragedies that resulted from an enforcement of the Government's orders concerning the treatment of the political convicts.

Very soon after Semyonofski's suicide, Mr. Rodin, another political convict, poisoned himself to death by drinking water in which he had soaked the heads of matches; Mr. Uspenski (Oo-spen'skee) hanged himself in the bath-house; and Madame Kavaléfskaya, sister of

one of the best known political economists in Russia,¹ went insane, shrieked constantly, broke the windows of her cell, and was so violent that it became necessary to confine her in a strait-jacket.

Colonel Kononovich was too warm-hearted and sympathetic a man not to be profoundly moved by such terrible evidences of human misery. He determined to resign his position as governor of the Kara penal establishment, whatever might be the consequences; and in pursuance of this determination he wrote to the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia and to the Minister of the Interior a very frank and bold letter, in which he said that he regarded the late instructions of the Government concerning the treatment of the political convicts as not only impolitic but cruel. If they wanted an officer who would treat the politicals in

¹ Mr. V. Vorontsov (Vor-on-tsوف), author of "The Destiny of Capital in Russia" and of a large number of articles upon political economy in the Russian magazines "European Messenger," "Annals of the Fatherland," and "Russian Thought."



OLD MILL NEAR KARA.

pected to act as governor of the Kara prisons and mines, and I doubt whether such a man can hold any position whatever in the Government service."

"Very well," replied Kononovich, "then I will get out of it."

Soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg, Colonel Kononovich had an interview with Mr. Durnovo (Door'no-vo), Assistant Minister of the Interior, in the course of which he said to the latter, "I did not relax any necessary discipline at Kara, nor did I violate or neglect to enforce any law. If you want to have good order among the political convicts at the mines, and to have your Government respected, you will have to send there men with convictions like mine. That I had no selfish aims in view you can understand from the fact that the course I pursued was dangerous to me. You have probably received not a few accusations made against me by other officers. I am not afraid of accusations, nor of opposition, but I do fear my own conscience, and I am not willing to do anything that would lose me its approval. The Government, by its orders, made it impossible for me to serve as governor of the Kara prisons and at the same time keep an approving conscience, and I therefore asked to be relieved. If I should be ordered there again I would act in precisely the same way."

The subsequent history of the Kara penal establishment, which I shall give in a later article, must have made Mr. Durnovo think many times of these brave, frank words.

I have not been able to speak favorably of

accordance with the spirit of such instructions, they had best send a hangman there. He, himself, was not a hangman; he could not enforce such orders without doing violence to all his feelings, and he must therefore ask to be relieved of his command. The resignation was accepted, and in the summer of 1881 Colonel Kononovich left the mines of Kara, and some time afterwards returned to St. Petersburg. As he passed through Irkutsk he had an interview with Governor-General Anuchin (An-noo'chin), in the course of which the latter said to him, rather coldly and contemptuously, "Of course, Colonel Kononovich, a man holding such views as you do could not be ex-

many Siberian prisons, nor to praise many Siberian officials; but it affords me pleasure to say that of Colonel Kononovich I heard little that was not good. Political convicts, honest officers, and good citizens everywhere united in declaring that he was a humane, sympathetic, and warm-hearted man, as well as a fearless, intelligent, and absolutely incorruptible official. Nearly all the improvement that has been made in the Kara penal establishment within the past quarter of a century was made during Colonel Kononovich's term of service as governor. In view of these facts

continued suffering and ill-treatment on the road, this young man was as wild, suspicious, and savage as a trapped wolf. He seemed to regard all the world as his enemies, and glared at every officer as if he expected a blow, was half afraid of it, but was prepared to die fighting. Colonel Kononovich received him courteously and kindly; sent the wife of one of the political exiles to him with clean fresh under-clothing; attended generally to his physical needs, and finally said to him, "Remember that nobody here will insult you or ill-treat you." The young convict was greatly surprised



THE POLITICAL PRISON AND CAPTAIN NIKOLIN'S HOUSE. (A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.)

I regret to have to say that he was virtually driven out of Siberia by the worst and most corrupt class of Russian bureaucratic officials. He was called "weak" and "sentimental"; he was accused of being a "socialist"; he was said to be in sympathy with the views of the political convicts; and the ispravniks of Nerchinsk openly boasted, in the official club of that city, that he would yet "send Colonel Kononovich to the province of Yakutsk with a yellow diamond on his back." How ready even high officers of the Siberian administration were to entertain the most trivial charges against him may be inferred from the following anecdote. During the last year of his service at Kara there came to the mines a political convict, hardly out of his teens, named Bibikov (Bee'bee-koff). As a consequence of long-

by such a reception, and in a letter that he subsequently wrote to a friend in European Russia he said, "I am glad to know, from the little acquaintance I have had with Kononovich, that a Russian colonel is not necessarily a beast." This letter fell into the hands of the police in European Russia, was forwarded through the Ministry of the Interior to General Ilyashevich (Ill-yah-shay'vetch), the governor of the Trans-Baikal, and was sent by that officer to Colonel Kononovich with a request for an "explanation." It seemed to be regarded as documentary evidence that the governor of the Kara prisons was on suspiciously friendly terms with the political convicts. Kononovich paid no attention to the communication. Some months later he happened to visit Chita on business, and Gov-

error Ilyashevich, in the course of a conversation about other matters, said to him, "By the way, Colonel Kononovich, you have never answered a letter that I wrote you asking for an explanation of something said about you in a letter from one of the political convicts in your command. Did you receive it?"

"Yes," replied Kononovich, "I received it; but what kind of answer did you look for? What explanation could I give? Did you expect me to excuse myself because somebody regarded me as a human being and not a beast?"

— or, in other words, releasing, for two or three hundred rubles *per capita*, young men who had been legally drawn as conscripts and who should render military service. He undertook to bring the corrupt officials to justice; but they had strong and highly placed friends in Irkutsk, they trumped up a set of counter charges, packed the investigating commission with their own associates, and came very near sending Colonel Kononovich to the province of Yakutsk "with a yellow diamond on his back," in fulfillment of the *ispravnik*'s boast. Fortu-



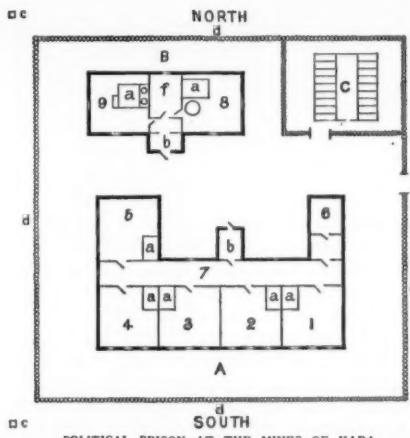
INTERIOR OF A KAMERA IN THE POLITICAL PRISON.

Was I to say that the writer of the letter was mistaken in supposing me to be a human being — that in reality I was a beast, and that I had never given him or anybody else reason to suppose that a Russian colonel could be a human being?"

This presentation of the case rather confused the governor, who said that the demand for an explanation had been written by his assistant, that it had been stupidly expressed, and that after all the matter was not of much consequence. He then dropped the subject.

After resigning his position at the mines of Kara, Colonel Kononovich, who was a Cossack officer, went to Nerchinsk, where he took command of the Cossack forces of the Trans-Baikal. He soon discovered that a small knot of officers, including the *ispravnik*, were engaged in selling immunity from conscription

nately Kononovich had influential friends in St. Petersburg. He telegraphed to them and to the Minister of the Interior, and finally succeeded in securing the appointment of another commission, in having the *ispravnik* and some of his confederates thrown into prison, and in obtaining documentary evidence of their guilt. The conspirators then caused his house to be set on fire in the middle of a cold winter night, and nearly burned him alive with all his family. He escaped in his night-clothing, and, as soon as he had gotten his wife and children out, rushed back to try to save the papers in the pending case against the *ispravnik*, but it was too late. He was driven out by smoke and flames, and most of the proofs were destroyed. Colonel Kononovich then "shook his hand" against Siberia — to use a Russian expression — and went to St. Petersburg. He did not



A. Main Prison Building; B, Kitchen and Bath-house; C, Small Solitary-cells, now used as "Academy," "Dvorianka," "Yakutka," and "Kharchofka"; 5, Kamera used as a prison hospital, or lazaret; 6, Water-closet; 7, Main Corridor; 8, Bath-room; 9, Kitchen; a, Ovens; b, Entry-ways; c, Sentry-boxes; d, Stockade around prison buildings; e, Gate to prison yard; f, Bath-house dressing-room.

want to live any longer, he said, in a country where an honest man could not do his duty without running the risk of being burned alive. In St. Petersburg he was given another position, as representative on the general staff of the Cossack forces of the Trans-Baikal, and he lived there quietly until the summer of 1888, when he was promoted to the rank of general and appointed to command the largest and most important penal establishment in Siberia; namely, that on the island of Saghalien (Sagha-leen'). This appointment is in the highest degree creditable to the Russian Government, and, taken in connection with the erection of the new prison in Verkhni Udinsk, it furnishes a gratifying proof that the Tsar is not wholly indifferent to the sufferings of Siberian exiles and convicts. As long as General Kononovich remains in command of the Saghalien prisons and mines there is every reason to believe that they will be intelligently, honestly, and humanely managed.

Almost the last work that Kononovich accomplished at the mines of Kara was the erection of the new political prison near the Lower Diggings. Captain Nikolin would not allow me to inspect this building, nor would he allow Mr. Frost to photograph it; but from convicts who had been confined in it I obtained the plan on this page and the picture on page 534, and from memory Mr. Frost drew the sketch on

page 533. In general type it differs little from the common-criminal prisons, but it is larger, better lighted, and more spacious than the latter, and is, in all respects, a more comfortable place of abode. It contains four kameras, exclusive of the hospital, or lazaret, and in each of them there are three windows, a large table, a brick oven, and sleeping-platform accommodations for about twenty-five men. There are no beds, except in the lazaret, and all the bed-clothing that the prisoners have was purchased with their own money. Originally the palisade did not entirely inclose the building, and the prisoners could look out of their front windows across the Kara valley; but Governor-General Anuchin, on the occasion of one of his rare visits to the mines, disapproved of this arrangement, remarked cynically that "A prison is not a palace," and ordered that the stockade of high, closely set logs be so extended as to cut off the view from the windows, and completely shut in the building. It is hard to see in this order anything but a deliberate intention on the part of a cruel official to make the life of the political convicts as miserable and intolerable as possible. Every common-criminal prison in Kara, without exception, has windows that overlook the settlement or the valley; and every burglar and murderer in the whole penal establishment can see from his cell something of the outside world. The political convicts, however, in the opinion of the Governor-General, had no right to live in a "palace" from which they could see the green trees, the glimmer of the sunshine on the water, and the tender purple of the distant hills at sunset or at dawn. They must be shut up in a tight box; the fresh invigorating breeze from the mountains must be prevented from entering their grated windows; and the sight of a human being not clothed in a turnkey's uniform must never gladden their weary, homesick eyes. I have wished many times that his Excellency Governor-General Anuchin might be shut up for one year in the political prison at the mines of Kara; that he might look out for 365 days upon the weather-beaten logs of a high stockade; that he might lie for 365 nights on a bare sleeping-platform infested with vermin; and that he might breathe, night and day, for 52 consecutive weeks, the air of a close kamera, saturated with the poisonous stench of an uncovered excrement-bucket. Then he might say to himself, with a more vivid realization of its meaning, "A prison is not a palace."

George Kennan.

ARTIST WANDERINGS AMONG THE CHEYENNES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



A CHEYENNE.

AFTER a hard pull we came to a beautiful creek heavily timbered with post-oak, black-jack, and pecan trees. Taking our well-worn ponies from the pole we fed and curried them, hoping that by careful nursing they might be gotten through to Fort Reno. I wasted some anxiety on myself

as I discovered that my cowboy driver unrolled from a greasy newspaper the provisions which he had assured me before starting was a matter which had been attended to. It was "poor picking" enough, and I did not enjoy

and coax him along. The road was heavy with sand and we lost a parallel trail made by the passage of the Eighth Cavalry some weeks before. We hoped to discover the "breaks" of the South Canadian River before darkness set in; but the land rose steadily away in front, and we realized that something must be done. At last coming suddenly upon a group of miserable pole cabins, we saw two Caddoes reclining on a framework of poles. I conceived the idea of hiring one of these to guide us through in the darkness. The wretches refused to understand us, talk English, sign language, or what we would. But after a hard bargain one saddled his pony and consented to lead the way through the darkness. On we traveled, our valuable guide riding so far ahead that we could not see him, and at last we came suddenly in sight of the bright surface of the



THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

my after-dinner smoke when I realized that the situation was complicated by the fact that we had eaten everything for dinner and were then miles from Reno, with a pair of played-out ponies.

Hooking up again, we started on. On a little hill one jaded beast "set back in the breeching" and we dismounted to push the wagon

South Canadian. The sun was fast sinking, and by the time we had crossed the wide sand-bars and the shallow water of the river bottom a great red gleam was all that remained on the western horizon. About a mile to the left flickered the camp-fires about a group of lodges

1 The lowering of the land, cut by streams tending towards the basin of a large river.



AN APAPHO SCOUT.

with great interest. With graceful gestures they made the signs and seemed immediately and fully to comprehend each other. As the old Arapaho's face cut dark against the sunset I thought it the finest Indian profile I had ever seen. He was arrayed in the full wild Indian costume of these latter days, with leggings, beaded moccasins, and a sheet wrapped about his waist and thighs. The Caddo, on the contrary, was a progressive man. His hair was cropped in Cossack style; he wore a hat, boots, and a great "slicker," or cowboy's oil-skin coat. For the space of half an hour they thus interested each other. We speculated on the meaning of the signs, and could often follow them; but they abbreviated so much and did it all so fast that we missed the full meaning of their conversation. Among other things the Caddo told the Arapaho who we were, and also made arrangements to meet him at the same place at about 10 o'clock on the following day.

Darkness now set in, and as we plunged into the timber after the disappearing form of our guide I could not see my companions on the seat beside me. I think horses can make out things better than men can under circumstances like these; and as the land lay flat before us, I had none of the fears which one who journeys in the mountains often feels.

The patter of horses' hoofs in the darkness behind us was followed by a hailing cry in the guttural tone of an Indian. I could just make out a mounted man with a led horse beside the wagon, and we exchanged inquiries in English and found him to be an acquaint-

ance of Arapahoes. We fed our team and then ourselves crunched kernels of "horse-trough corn" which were extracted from the feed box. Our Caddo sat on his horse while we lay stretched on the grassy bank above the sand flats. A dark-skinned old Arapaho rode up, and our Caddo saluted him. They began to converse in the sign language as they sat on their ponies, and we watched them

ance of the morning, in the person of a young Cheyenne scout from Fort Reno who had been down to buy a horse of a Caddo. He had lived at the Carlisle school, and although he had been back in the tribe long enough to let his hair grow, he had not yet forgotten all his English. As he was going through to the post, we dismissed our Caddo and followed him.

Far ahead in the gloom could be seen two of the post lights, and we were encouraged. The little ponies traveled faster and with more spirit in the night, as indeed do all horses. The lights did not come nearer, but kept at the indefinite distance peculiar to lights on a dark night. We plunged into holes, and the old wagon pitched and tipped in a style which insured keeping its sleepy occupants awake. But there is an end to all things, and our tedious trail brought us into Fort Reno at last. A sleepy boy with a lamp came to the door of the post-trader's and wanted to know if I was trying to break the house down, which was a natural conclusion on his part, as sundry dents in a certain door of the place will bear witness to this day.

On the following morning I appeared at the headquarters office, credentials in hand. A smart, well-gotten up "non-com." gave me a chair and discreetly kept an eye on the articles of value in the room, for the hard usage of my recent travels had so worn and soiled my clothing that I was more picturesque than assuring in appearance. The colonel came soon, and he too eyed me with suspicious glances until he made out that I was not a Texas horse thief nor an Oklahoma boomer. After finding that

I desired to see his protégés of the prairie, he sent for the interpreter, Mr. Ben. Clark, and said, "Seek no farther; here is the best Cheyenne in the country."

Mr. Clark I found to be all that the colonel had recommended, except that he did not look like a Cheyenne, being a perfect type of the frontier scout, only lacking the long hair, which to his



BEN. CLARK, INTERPRETER.

practical mind a white man did not seem to require. A pair of mules and a buckboard were provided at the quartermaster's corral, and Mr. Clark and I started on a tour of observation.

We met many Cheyennes riding to some place or another. They were almost invariably tall men with fine Indian features. They wore the hair caught by braids very low on the shoulders, making a black mass about the ears, which at a distance is not unlike the aspect of an Apache. All the Indians now use light "cow-saddles," and ride with the long stirrups peculiar to Western Americans, instead

back, although I have never heard any one with enough temerity to question his ability. I always like to dwell on this subject of riding, and I have an admiration for a really good rider which is altogether beyond his deserts in the light of philosophy. In the Eastern States the European riding-master has proselyted to such an extent that it is rather a fashionable fad to question the utility of the Western method. When we consider that for generations these races of men who ride on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains have been literally bred on a horse's back, it seems reasonable to suppose they ought to be riders; and when



A CHEYENNE CAMP.

of "trees" of their own construction with the short stirrup of the old days. In summer, instead of a blanket, a white sheet is generally worn, which becomes dirty and assumes a very mellow tone of color. Under the saddle the bright blue or red Government cloth blanket is worn, and the sheet is caught around the waist, giving the appearance of Zouave trousers. The variety of shapes which an Indian can produce with a blanket, the great difference in wearing it, and the grace and naturalism of its adjustment, are subjects one never tires of watching. The only criticism of the riding of modern Indians one can make is the incessant thumping of the horse's ribs, as though using a spur. Outside of the far South-west, I have never seen Indians use spurs. With the awkward old "trees" formerly made by the Indians, and with the abnormally short stirrup, an Indian was anything but graceful on horse-

one sees an Indian or a cowboy riding up precipices where no horses ought to be made to go, or assuming on horseback some of the grotesque positions they at times affect, one needs no assurance that they do ride splendidly.

As we rattled along in the buckboard, Mr. Clark proved very interesting. For thirty odd years he has been in contact with the Cheyennes. He speaks the language fluently, and has discovered in a trip to the far North that the Crees use almost identically the same tongue. Originally the Cheyennes came from the far North, and they are Algonquin in origin. Though their legend of the famous "medicine arrow" is not a recent discovery, I cannot forbear to give it here.

A long time ago, perhaps about the year 1640, the Cheyennes were fighting a race of men who had guns. The fighting was in the vicinity of the Devil's Lake country, and

the Cheyennes had been repeatedly worsted in combat and were in dire distress. A young Horatius of the tribe determined to sacrifice himself for the common weal, and so wandered away. After a time he met an old man, a mythical personage, who took pity on him. Together they entered a great cave, and the old man gave him various articles of "medicine" to choose from, and the young man selected the "medicine arrows." After the old man had performed the proper incantations, the hero went forth with his potent fetish and rejoined the tribe. The people regained courage, and in the fight which soon followed they conquered and obtained guns for the first time. Ever since the tribe has kept the medicine arrows, and they are now in the Indian Territory in the possession of the southern Cheyennes. Years ago the Pawnees captured the arrows and in ransom got vast numbers of ponies, although they never gave back all of the arrows, and the Cheyennes attribute all their hard experiences of later days to this loss. Once a year, and oftener should a situation demand it, the ceremony of the arrows takes place. No one has ever witnessed it except the initiated priests.

The tribal traditions are not known thoroughly by all, and of late years only a very few old men can tell perfectly the tribal stories. Why this is so no one seems to know, unless the Indians have seen and heard so much through the white men that their faith is shaken.

Our buckboard drew gradually nearer the camp of the Cheyennes. A great level prairie of waving green was dotted with the brown-toned white canvas lodges, and standing near them were brush "ramadas," or sheds, and also wagons. For about ten years they have owned wagons, and now seldom use the *travaux*. In little groups all over the plain were scattered pony herds, and about the camp could be seen forms wearing bright blankets or wrapped in ghostlike cotton sheets. Little columns of blue smoke rose here and there, and gathered in front of one lodge was squatted a group of men. A young squaw dressed in a bright calico gown stood near a ramada and bandied words with the interpreter while I sketched. Presently she was informed that I had made her picture, when she ran off, laughing at what she considered an unbecoming trick on the part of her entertainer. The women of this tribe are the only squaws I have ever met, except in some of the tribes of the northern plains, who have any claim to be considered good looking. Indeed, some of them are quite as I imagine Pocahontas, Minnehaha, and the rest of the heroines of the race appeared. The female names are conventional, and have been

borne by the women ever since the oldest man can remember. Some of them have the pleasant sound which we occasionally find in the Indian tongues: "Mut-say-yo," "Wau-hi-yo," "Moka-is," "Jok-ko-ko-me-yo," for instance, are examples; and with the soft guttural of their Indian pronunciation I found them charming. As we entered the camp all the elements which make that sort of scene interesting were about. A medicine-man was at work over a sick fellow. We watched him through the opening of a lodge and our sympathies were not aroused, as the patient was a young buck who seemed in no need of them. A group of young men were preparing for a clan dance. Two young fellows lay stretched on the grass in graceful attitudes. They were what we call "chums." Children were playing with dogs; women were beading moccasins; a group of men lay under a wagon playing monte; a very old man, who was quite naked, tottered up to our vehicle and talked with Mr. Clark. His name was Bull Bear, and he was a strange object with his many wrinkles, gray hair, and toothless jaws.

From a passing horseman I procured an old "buck saddle" made of elk horn. They are now very rare. Indian saddlery is interesting, as all the tribes had a different model, and the women used one differing from that of the men.

We dismounted at the lodge of Whirlwind, a fine old type who now enjoys the prestige of head chief. He was dignified and reserved, and greeted us cordially as he invited us to a seat under the ramada. He refused a cigar, as will nearly all Indians, and produced his own cigarettes.

Through the interpreter we were enabled to converse freely. I have a suspicion that the old man had an impression that I was in some way connected with the Government. All Indians somehow divide the white race into three parts. One is either a soldier, a Texas cowboy, or a "big chief from Washington," which latter distinction I enjoyed. I explained that I was not a "big chief," but an artist, the significance of which he did not grasp. He was requested to put on his plumage, and I then proceeded to make a drawing of him. He looked it over in a coldly critical way, grunted several times, and seemed more mystified than ever; but I do not think I diminished in his estimation. In his younger days Whirlwind had been a war chief; but he traveled to Washington and there saw the power and numbers of the white man. He advised for peace after that, and did not take the war-path in the last great outbreak. His people were defeated, as he said they would be, and confidence in his judgment was restored. I asked him all sorts of questions to draw on

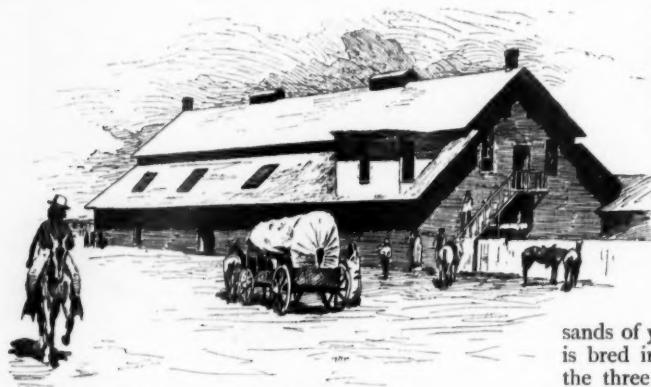
his reminiscences of the old Indian life before the conquest, all of which were answered gravely and without boasting. It was on his statesmanlike mind, however, to make clear to me the condition of his people, and I heard him through. Though not versed in the science of government, I was interested in the old man's talk. He had just returned from a conference of the tribes which had been held in the Cherokee country, and was full of the importance of the conclusions there evolved. The Indians all fear that they will lose their land, and the council advised all Indians to do nothing which would interfere with their tenure of the land now held by them. He told with pride of the speech he made while there and of the admiration with which he was regarded as he stood, dressed in the garb of the wild Indian, with his tomahawk in hand. However, he is a very progressive man, and explained that while he was too old to give up the methods of life which he had always observed, yet his son would be as the civilized Cherokees are. The son was squatted near,

and have failed, and are now very properly discouraged. Stock-raising is the natural industry of the country, and that is the proper pursuit of these people. They are only now recovering by natural increase from the reverses which they suffered in their last outbreak. It is hard for them to start cattle herds, as their ration is insufficient, and one scarcely can expect a hungry man to herd cattle when he needs the beef to appease his hunger. Nevertheless, some men have respectable herds and can afford to kill an animal occasionally without taking the stock cattle. In this particular they display wonderful forbearance, and were they properly rationed for a time and given stock cattle, there is not a doubt but in time they would become self-supporting. The present scheme of taking a few boys and girls away from the camps to put them in school where they are taught English, morals, and trades has nothing reprehensible about it, except that it is absolutely of no consequence so far as solving the Indian problem is concerned. The few boys return to the camps with their English,

their school clothes, and their short hair. They know a trade also, but have no opportunity to be employed in it. They loaf about the forts for a time with nothing to do, and the white men talk pigeon English to them and the wild Indians sneer at them. Their virtues are unappreciated, and, as a natural consequence, the thousands of years of barbarism which is bred in their nature overcome the three little seasons of school training. They go back to the camps, go back to the blanket, let their hair grow, and forget their English.

In a year one cannot tell a schoolboy from any other little savage, and in the whole proceeding I see nothing at all strange.

The camp will not rise to the school-boy, and so Mahomet goes to the mountain. If it comes to pass that the white race desires to aid these Indians to become a part of our social system instead of slowly crushing them out of it, there is only one way to do it. The so-called Indian problem is no problem at all in reality, only that it has been made one by a long succession of acts which were masterly in their imbecility and were fostered by political avarice. The sentiment of this nation is in favor of no longer regarding the aborigines of this country as a conquered race; and except



FREDERIC REMINGTON
AFTER PHOTOGRAPH

CHEYENNE AGENCY.

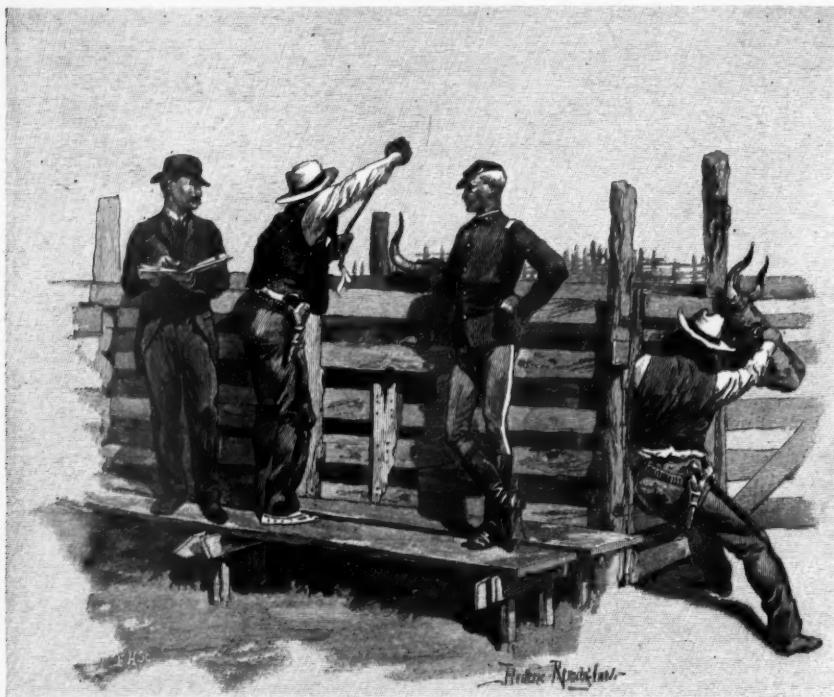
and I believed his statement, as the boy was large of stature and bright of mind, having enjoyed some three years' schooling at a place which I have now forgotten. He wore white men's clothes and had just been discharged from the corps of scouts at Reno. When I asked the boy why he did not plow and sow and reap, he simply shrugged his shoulders at my ignorance, which, in justice to myself, I must explain was only a leading question, for I know that corn cannot be raised on this reservation with sufficient regularity to warrant the attempt. The rainfall is not enough; and where white men despair, I, for one, do not expect wild Indians to continue. They have tried it



AN AGENCY POLICEMAN.

that the great body of our citizens are apathetic of things so remote as these wards of the Government, the people who have the administration of their destinies would be called to account. No one not directly interested ever questioned that the Indian Department should have been attached to the War Department; but that is too patent a fact to discuss. Now the Indian affairs are in so hopeless a state of dry-rot that practical men, in political or in military circles, hesitate to attempt the rôle of reformers. The views which I have on the subject are not original, but are very old and very well understood by all men who live in the Indian countries. They are current among army officers who have spent their whole lives on the Indian frontier of the far West, but are not often spoken, because all men realize the impotency of any attempt to overcome the active work of certain political circles backed by public apathy and a lot of theoretical Indian regenerators. If anything is done to relieve the condition of the Indian tribes it must be a scheme which begins at the bottom and takes the "whole outfit," as a Western man would

say, in its scope. If these measures of relief are at all tardy, before we realize it the wild Indian tribes will be, as some writer has said, "loafers and outcasts, contending with the dogs for kitchen scraps in Western villages." They have all raised stock successfully when not interfered with or not forced by insufficient rations to eat up their stock cattle to appease their hunger, and I have never heard that Indians were not made of soldier stuff. A great many Western garrisons have their corps of Indian scouts. In every case they prove efficient. They are naturally the finest irregular cavalry on the face of this globe, and with an organization similar to the Russian Cossacks they would do the United States great good and become themselves gradually civilized. An irregular cavalry is every year a more and more important branch of the service. Any good cavalry officer, I believe, could take a command of Indians and ride around the world without having a piece of bacon, or a cartridge, or a horse issued by his Government. So far as effective police work in the West is concerned, the corps of Indian scouts do nearly all of that



THE BRANDING CHUTE AT THE BEEF ISSUE.

service now. They all like to be enlisted in the service, universally obey orders, and are never disloyal. But nothing will be done; so why continue this?

For hours we sat in the ramada of the old chief and conversed, and when we started to go I was much impressed by the discovery that the old Indian knew more about Indians, Indian policy, and the tendencies and impulses of the white men concerning his race than any other person I had ever met.

The glories of the reign of an Indian chieftain are past. As his people become more and more dependent on the Government his prestige wanes. For instance, at the time of our visit to this camp the people were at loggerheads regarding the locality where the great annual Sun Dance, or, more literally, "The Big Medicine," should be held. The men of the camp that I visited wanted it at one place, and those of the "upper camp" wanted it at another. The chief could not arrange the matter, and so the solution of the difficulty was placed in the hands of the agent.

The Cheyenne agency buildings are situated about a mile and a half from Fort Sill. The great brick building is imposing. A group of stores and little white dwelling-houses sur-

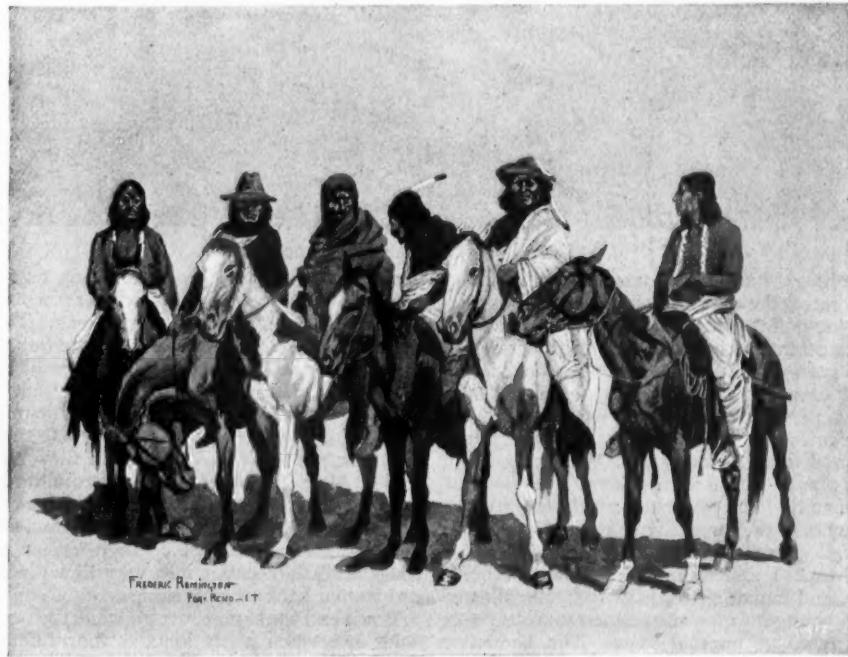
round it, giving much the effect of a New England village. Wagons, saddled ponies, and Indians are generally disposed about the vicinity and give life to the scene. Fifteen native policemen in the employ of the agency do the work and take care of the place. They are uniformed in cadet gray, and with their beaded white moccasins and their revolvers are neat and soldierly looking. A son of old Bent, the famous frontiersman, and an educated Indian do the clerical work, so that the agent is about the only white man in the place. The goods which are issued to the Indians have changed greatly in character as their needs have become more civilized. The hatchets and similar articles of the old traders are not given out, on the ground that they are barbarous. Gay colored clothes still seem to suit the esthetic sense of the people, and the general effect of a body of modern Indians is exceeding brilliant. Arabs could not surpass them in this respect.

They receive flour, sugar, and coffee at the great agency building, but the beef is issued from a corral situated out on the plain at some distance away. The distribution is a very thrilling sight, and I made arrangements to see it by procuring a cavalry horse from Colonel Wade at the fort and by following the ambu-

lance containing an army officer who was detailed as inspector. We left the post in the early morning, and the driver "poured his lash into the mules" until they scurried along at a speed which kept the old troop-horse at a neat pace.

The heavy dew was on the grass, and clouds lay in great rolls across the sky, obscuring the sun. From the direction of the target range the "stump" of the Springfields came to our ears, showing that the soldiers were hard at their devotions. In twos, and threes, and groups, and crowds, came Indians, converg-

be given out. With loud cries the cowboys in the corral forced the steers into the chute, and crowding and clashing they came through into the scales. The gate of the scales was opened and a half-dozen frightened steers crowded down the chute and packed themselves in an unyielding mass at the other end. A tall Arapaho policeman seized a branding-iron, and mounting the platform of the chute poised his iron and with a quick motion forced it on the back of the living beast. With a wild but useless plunge and a loud bellow of pain the steer shrank from the hot contact; but



WAITING FOR THE BEEF ISSUE.

ing on the beef corral. The corral is a great ragged fence made of an assortment of boards, poles, scantling, planks, old wagons, and attached to this is a little house near which the weighing scales are placed. The crowd collected in a great mass near the gate and branding-chute. A fire was burning, and the cattle contractors (cowboys) were heating their branding-irons to mark the "I. D." on the cattle distributed, so that any Indian having subsequently a hide in his possession would be enabled to satisfy roving cattle inspectors that they were not to be suspected of killing stock.

The agent came to the corral and together with the army officer inspected the cattle to

it was all over, and a long black "I. D." disfigured the surface of the skin.

Opposite the branding-chute were drawn up thirty young bucks on their ponies, with their rifles and revolvers in hand. The agent shouted the Indian names from his book, and a very engaging lot of cognomens they were. A policeman on the platform designated a particular steer which was to be the property of each man as his name was called. The Indian came forward and marked his steer by reaching over the fence and cutting off an ear with a sharp knife, by severing the tail, or by tying some old rag to some part of the animal. The cold-blooded mutilation was perfectly shocking, and I turned away in sickened disgust. After all



STEER-HUNTING.

had been marked, the terrified brutes found the gate at the end of the chute suddenly opened by the police guard; but before this had been done a frantic steer had put his head half through the gate, and in order to force him back a red-hot branding-iron was pushed into his face, burning it horribly. The worst was over; the gates flew wide, and the maddened brutes poured forth, charging swiftly away in a wild impulse to escape the vicinity of the crowd of humanity. The young bucks in the group broke away, and each one, singling out his steer, followed at top speed, with rifle or six-shooter in hand. I desired to see the whole proceeding, and mounting my cavalry horse followed two young savages who seemed to have a steer possessed of unusual speed. The lieutenant had previously told me that the shooting at the steers was often wild and reckless, and advised me to look sharp or I might have to "pack a bullet." Puffs of smoke and the "pop! pop!" of the guns came from all over the plain. Now a steer would drop, stricken by some lucky shot. It was buffalo-hunting over again, and was evidently greatly enjoyed by the young men. My two fellows headed their steer up the hill on the right, and when they had gotten him far enough away they "turned loose," as we say. My old cavalry horse began to exhibit a lively interest in the smell of gunpowder, and plunged away until he had me up and in front of the steer and the Indians, who rode on each side. They blazed away at the steer's head, and I could hear a misdirected bullet "sing" by uncomfortably near. Seeing me in front, the steer

dodged off to one side, and the young fellow who was in his way, by a very clever piece of horsemanship, avoided being run over. The whole affair demonstrated to me that the Indian boys could not handle the revolver well, for they shot a dozen rounds before they killed the poor beast. Under their philosophic outward calm I thought I could see that they were not proud of the exhibition they had made. After the killing, the squaws followed the wagons and proceeded to cut up the meat. After it had been divided among themselves, by some arrangement which they seemed to understand, they cut it into very thin pieces and started back to their camps.

Peace and contentment reign while the beef holds out, which is not long, as the ration is insufficient. This is purposely so, as it is expected that the Indians will seek to increase a scant food supply by raising corn. It does not have that effect, however. By selling ponies, which they have in great numbers, they manage to get money; but the financial future of the Cheyennes is not flattering.

Enlistment in the scouting corps at Reno is a method of obtaining employment much sought after by the young men. The camp is on a hill opposite the post, where the white tepees are arranged in a long line. A wall tent at the end is occupied by two soldiers who do the clerical work. The scouts wear the uniform of the United States army, and some of them are strikingly handsome in the garb. They are lithe and naturally "well set up," as the soldiers phrase it. They perform all the duties of sol-

ders; but at some of the irksome tasks, like standing sentry, they do not come out strong. They are not often used for that purpose, however, it being found that Indians do not appreciate military forms and ceremonies.

Having seen all that I desired, I procured passage in the stage to a station on the Santa

Fe Railroad. In the far distance the train came rushing up the track, and as it stopped I boarded it. As I settled back in the soft cushions of the sleeping-car I looked at my dirty clothes and did not blame the negro porter for regarding me with the haughty spirit of his class.

Frederic Remington.

SOMETHING WRONG.

OLD, old Earth! what have *you* to do
With a June in your heart ever fresh and new?
The poets sing, as of very truth,
That June dwells alone in the heart of youth,
And here you are in your eons, Earth,
With as sweet a June as you had at birth.

And God! He is ages and ages older!
And the love of age is paler, colder—
The poets sing, as of very truth—
Than the love that springs in the heart of youth;
So he cannot love, if the songs run true,
As he did when he shaped and fashioned you,
Yet here you are, with your June as fair
As the first that gladdened our parent pair!

Ah! there 's something wrong with the poets' song,
• Or the hearts that to God and his earth belong.

Julia G. Skinner.

ACROSS THE FIELDS TO ANNE.

From Stratford-on-Avon a lane runs westward through the fields a mile to the little village of Shottery, in which is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakspere's sweetheart and wife.

HOW often in the summer-tide,
His graver business set aside,
Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,
As to the pipe of Pan
Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride
Across the fields to Anne!

It must have been a merry mile,
This summer stroll by hedge and stile,
With sweet foreknowledge all the while
How sure the pathway ran
To dear delights of kiss and smile,
Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day,
I wot, they let him go his way,
Nor once looked up, as who should say :
"It is a seemly man."
For many lads went wooing aye
Across the fields to Anne.

The winding path wherelon I pace,
The hedgerows green, the summer's grace,
Are still before me face to face ;
Methinks I almost can
Turn poet and join the singing race
Across the fields to Anne !

The oaks, they have a wiser look ;
Mayhap they whispered to the brook :
"The world by him shall yet be shook,
It is in nature's plan ;
Though now he fleets like any rook
Across the fields to Anne."

And I am sure, that on some hour
Coqueting soft 'twixt sun and shower,
He stooped and broke a daisy-flower
With heart of tiny span,
And bore it as a lover's dower
Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed
She plucked a jasmine's goodliede,
To scent his jerkin's brown instead ;
Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped
Across the fields to Anne ?

Richard E. Burton.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE CHICAGO SURRENDER—CONSPIRACIES IN THE NORTH— LINCOLN AND THE CHURCHES.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE CHICAGO SURRENDER.


HE Democratic managers had called the National Convention of their party to meet on the Fourth of July, 1864, but after the nomination of Frémont at Cleveland and of Lincoln at Baltimore it was thought prudent to postpone it to a later date, in the hope that something in the chapter of accidents might arise to the advantage of the opposition. It appeared for awhile as if this manœuvre were to be successful. As a vessel shows its finest sailing qualities against a head wind, so the best political work is always done in the face of severe opposition; and as the Republican party had as yet no enemy before it, the canvass, during its first months, seemed stricken with languor and apathy. The military situation was far from satisfactory. The terrible fighting in the Wilderness, succeeded by Grant's flank movement to the left, and the culmination of the campaign in the horrible slaughter at Cold Harbor, had profoundly shocked and depressed the country. The movement upon Petersburg, so far without decisive results, had contributed little of hope or encouragement; the campaign of Sherman in Georgia gave as yet no positive assurance of the brilliant result it afterwards attained; the Confederate raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania, in July, was the cause of great annoyance and exasperation.

This untoward state of things in the field of military operations found its exact counterpart in the political campaign. Several circumstances contributed to divide and discourage the Administration party. The resignation of Mr. Chase, on the last day of June, had seemed, to not a few leading Republicans at the North, as a presage of disintegration in the Government; Mr. Greeley's mission to Niagara Falls, in spite of the wise and resolute attitude taken by the President in relation to peace negotiations, had unsettled and troubled the minds of many. The Democratic party, not having as yet appointed a candidate nor formulated a platform, were free to devote all their leisure

to attacks upon the Administration; and the political fusillade continued with great energy through the summer months. The Republicans were everywhere on the defensive, having no objective point of attack in the opposite lines. The rebel emissaries in Canada, being in thorough concert with the leading peace men of the North, redoubled their efforts to disturb the public tranquillity, and not without success. Mr. Davis says of this period:

Political developments at the North favored the adoption of some action that might influence popular sentiment in the hostile section. The aspect of the peace party was quite encouraging, and it seemed that the real issue to be decided in the Presidential election in that year was the continuance or cessation of the war.²

There is a remarkable concurrence between this view of Mr. Davis and that of Mr. Lincoln in a letter to a friend which we have quoted in another place. Referring to the emissaries at Niagara Falls and their interest in the Chicago convention, and also to the expressions used by the Confederate authorities in their conversation with Jaquess, Mr. Lincoln said, "The Presidential contest is between a Union and a Disunion candidate, disunion certainly following the success of the latter!"³

Mr. Thompson, in his report of the operations of the rebel commission in Canada, claims that the results of the Niagara Falls conference were the source of such encouragement to the peace party as to lead them to give up their half-formed project of insurrection in the North-west in the hope of defeating Lincoln at the polls. In the midst of these discouraging circumstances the manifesto of Wade and Davis came to add its depressing influence to the general gloom. It seemed for a time as if this action of two of the most prominent Republicans in either house of Congress would result in a serious defection from the Republican party, though in the end the effect of the demonstration proved inconsiderable.

General McClellan had before this time become the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in the North. It is true he was

² Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," Vol. II., p. 611.

³ Lincoln to Wakeman, July 25, 1864. Unpublished MS.

not the favorite candidate of the Democracy in most of the Western States, but in the powerful States of the seaboard, and especially in the large cities, he was the only person indicated by popular consent among the opposition as the antagonist of Lincoln in the Presidential canvass. His attitude was therefore a matter of grave preoccupation, not only to most of the leading Republicans, but even to the President himself. There have been, in the last twenty years, many conflicting stories in regard to the overtures made to him during this summer; but, so far as can be ascertained, they were all the voluntary acts of over-anxious friends of the President, and made without his knowledge or consent. As early as the month of June, 1863, Mr. Thurlow Weed conceived the idea that it would be of great advantage to the Union cause if General McClellan would take a prominent part in a great war meeting to be held in New York. With the knowledge and approval of the President he approached the general with this purpose; he even suggested to him that the result might be the organization of a movement to make him the Union candidate for the Presidency. We learn from Mr. Weed that General McClellan at first gave a favorable hearing to the proposition, but at the last moment withdrew his consent to preside at the meeting in a letter in which he said: "I am clear in the conviction that the policy governing the conduct of the war should be one looking not only to military success, but also to ultimate reunion, and that it should consequently be such as to preserve the rights of all Union-loving citizens, wherever they may be, as far as compatible with military necessity."¹ The chance of identifying himself with the Union party thus passed away; later in the season he came out in favor of the candidates of the peace faction in Pennsylvania.

An attempt made in July, 1864, by Mr. Francis P. Blair, the elder, to induce McClellan to withdraw from the canvass caused a great deal of gossip at the time, and led to such misstatements and exaggerations that Mr. Blair afterwards published a full and detailed account of his action.² This venerable gentleman, sharing in the apprehension entertained by many as to the divisions and consequent weakness of the Union party, went to New York in the latter part of July "to make an effort at conciliation." "I went on this errand," said Mr. Blair, "without consulting the President, without giving him, directly or indirectly, the slightest intimation of my object, and, of course, without his authority. I apprised no one but my son." He first called upon the leading

editors of the city. Mr. Bryant, though discontented with the Administration, considered Mr. Lincoln, with all his abatements, the only man who could be relied upon for the defense of the Union. Mr. Greeley assured Mr. Blair that "his best efforts would not be wanting to secure the peace of the country through the re-election of the President"; Mr. Bennett of the "Herald" gave his ultimatum in a "raucous Scotch accent"—"Tell him to restore McClellan to the army and he will carry the election by default." Through Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, Mr. Blair had a long and intimate conversation with General McClellan. He began by stating distinctly to him that he had not come from Mr. Lincoln; that he had no authority or even consent from him to make representations or overtures of any sort. He then urged him, with the privilege of age and long friendship, to have nothing to do with the Chicago convention, saying that if he accepted their nomination he would be defeated. He pictured to him the dismal fate that awaits defeated candidates; he urged him to make himself the inspiring center and representative of the loyal Democrats of the North by writing a letter to Lincoln asking to be restored to service in the army, declaring at the same time that he did not seek it with a view to recommend himself to the Presidential nomination. "In case the President should refuse this request," said Mr. Blair, "he would then be responsible for the consequences." General McClellan received this well-meant advice in his customary manner. It is altogether probable that he did not believe a word of Mr. Blair's opening statement that this overture was without the approval or privity of the President. It no doubt seemed to him a political trick to induce him to decline the nomination of which he was already certain. He listened with his habitual courtesy and answered with his habitual indecision. He disclaimed any desire for the Presidential candidacy; he thanked Mr. Blair for his friendly suggestions; he said he would give them deep consideration; that he was called to the country to see a sick child and regretted that he could not talk with him again. Mr. Blair came back from his useless mission and repeated to Mr. Lincoln what he had done, adding that he thought it probable that General McClellan would write to him. The President "neither expressed approval nor disapprobation," says Mr. Blair in his letter, "but his manner was as courteous and kind as General McClellan's had been."

The political situation grew darker throughout the summer. At last, towards the end of August, the general gloom and depression

¹ T. W. Barnes, "The Life of Thurlow Weed," Vol. II., p. 429.

² Letter of F. P. Blair, dated Oct. 5, 1864, in the "National Intelligencer."

enveloped the President himself. The Democrats had not yet selected their candidate nor opened their campaign. As in the field of theology there is no militant virtue unless there is an active evil to oppose, so in that of politics a party without an organized opposition appears to drop to pieces by its own weight. To use Mr. Lincoln's words: "At this period we had no adversary and seemed to have no friends." For a moment he despaired of the success of the Union party in the coming election. He was not alone in this impression. It was shared by his leading friends and counselors. So experienced and astute a politician as Mr. Thurlow Weed wrote on the 22d of August:

When, ten days since, I told Mr. Lincoln that his re-election was an impossibility, I also told him that the information would soon come to him through other channels. It has doubtless ere this reached him. At any rate nobody here doubts it, nor do I see anybody from other States who authorizes the slightest hope of success. Mr. Raymond, who has just left me, says that unless some prompt and bold step be taken all is lost. The people are wild for peace. They are told that the President will only listen to terms of peace on condition that slavery be abandoned. . . . Mr. Raymond thinks that commissioners should be immediately sent to Richmond offering to treat for peace on the basis of Union. That something should be done and promptly done to give the Administration a chance for its life is certain.¹

Mr. Lincoln's action in this conjuncture was most original and characteristic. Feeling that the campaign was going against him, he made up his mind deliberately as to the course he should pursue, and unwilling to leave his resolution to the chances of the changed mood which might follow in the natural exasperation of defeat, he resolved to lay down for himself the course of action demanded by his present conviction of duty. He wrote on the 23d of August the following memorandum:

This morning, as for several days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration;

¹ Weed to Seward, August 22. MS.

² Copied from the MS.

We copy from the MS. diary of one of the President's secretaries under date of November 11, 1864, the following passage relating to this incident: "At the meeting of the Cabinet to-day the President took out a paper from his desk and said: 'Gentlemen, do you remember last summer I asked you all to sign your names to the back of a paper of which I did not show you the inside? This is it. Now, Mr. Hay, see if you can open this without tearing it.' He had pasted it up in so singular a style that it required some cutting to get it open. He then read this memorandum [given in the text above]. The President said: 'You will remember that this was written at the time, six days before the Chicago nominating convention, when as yet we had no adversary and seemed to have no friends. I then solemnly resolved on the course of action indicated in

as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.²

He then folded and pasted the sheet in such manner that its contents could not be read, and as the Cabinet came together he handed this paper to each member successively, requesting them to write their names across the back of it. In this peculiar fashion he pledged himself and the Administration to accept loyally the anticipated verdict of the people against him, and to do the utmost to save the Union in the brief remainder of his term of office. He gave no intimation to any member of the Cabinet of the nature of the paper they had signed until after his triumphant re-election.³

The Democratic convention was finally called to meet in Chicago on the 29th of August. Much was expected from the strength and the audacity which the peace party in the North-west had recently displayed, and the day of the meeting of the convention was actually chosen by rebel emissaries in Canada and their agents in the Western States for an outbreak which should effect that revolution in the North-west which was the vague and chimerical dream that had been so long cherished and caressed in Richmond and Toronto.

About the time of the adjournment of Congress the Democratic members of that body issued an address to their party, which, when read after twenty-five years, shows how blinded by partisan passion these intelligent and well-meaning gentlemen, neither better nor worse in most respects than the rest of their fellow-citizens, had become. They charged in effect that there were only two classes of people supporting the Government—those who were making money out of the war, and the Radical abolitionists; and they called upon the indefinite abstraction which they named "the country" to throw out of office the administration of a Government under favor of which these two classes of men "nestle in power and gratify their unholy greed and their detestable passions." The party of the Union—that is to say, the majority of the people of the country—is

this paper. I resolved in case of the election of General McClellan, being certain that he would be the candidate, that I would see him and talk matters over with him. I would say, "General, the election has demonstrated that you are stronger, have more influence with the American people, than I. Now let us together, you with your influence and I with all the executive power of the Government, try to save the country. You raise as many troops as you possibly can for this final trial, and I will devote all my energies to assist and finish the war."

"Seward said, 'And the general would have answered you, "Yes, yes"; and the next day when you saw him again and pressed these views upon him he would have said, "Yes, yes," and so on forever, and would have done nothing at all.'

"At least," said Lincoln, "I should have done my duty and have stood clear before my own conscience."⁴

called in this address "a nightmare of corruption and fanaticism which is pressing out its very existence." The most remarkable feature of this singular document is its assumption that the people who were trying to save the Union and to reestablish its authority were influenced only by sentimental doctrines and the wild passions of fury and vengeance. "We do not decry theory," these congressmen gravely said; "but we assert that statesmanship is concerned mainly in the domain of the practical, and that in the present imperfect condition of human affairs it is obliged to modify general ideas and adapt them to existing conditions." They called upon the country to sustain this calm and philosophic view of the functions of statesmanship, "to bring the sound elements of society to the surface," to "purge the body politic of its unhealthy elements," and to substitute in places of public trust "just and broad-minded, pure and liberal men, in the place of radicals and corruptionists." This being done, they promised the millennium.

The Democratic National Convention came together at the time appointed, but it is by no means sure that any real and permanent advantage had been gained by the delay. The scheme of the American Knights to inaugurate on that day their counter-revolution had, by the usual treachery of some of its members, been discovered and guarded against by a strong show of force in the city of Chicago, and its execution was postponed until the day of the November election. No great approach to harmony, on the subject of peace or war, had been made in the two months of observation and skirmishing which the managers had allowed themselves. The only manner in which the peace men and the war Democrats could arrive at an agreement was by mutual deception. The war Democrats, led by the delegation from New York, were working for a military candidate; and the peace Democrats, under the redoubtable leadership of Mr. Vallandigham, who had returned from Canada and was allowed to remain at large by the half-contemptuous and half-calculated lenity of the Government he defied, bent all their energies to a clear statement of their principles in the platform.

Mr. August Belmont, a German by birth and the representative of the Rothschilds' banking-house, called the delegates to order, informing them that the future of the Republic rested in their hands. "Four years of misrule," he said, "by a sectional, fanatical, and corrupt party have brought our country to the very verge of ruin." He gravely stated, expecting it to be believed, and apparently believing it himself, that the "results of such a calamity as the reelection of Mr. Lincoln must be the

utter disintegration of our whole political and social system amidst bloodshed and anarchy." This German banker promised the convention that the American people would rush to the support of their candidate and platform, "provided you will offer to their suffrage a tried patriot." This vague reference to McClellan was greeted with applause from the Eastern delegates. Mr. Belmont said: "We are here, not as war Democrats nor as peace Democrats, but as citizens of the great Republic"; and he named as temporary chairman Mr. William Bigler, formerly governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bigler made a brief speech charging upon the Republicans all the woes of the country, and saying that "the men now in authority, because of the feud which they have so long maintained with violent and unwise men of the South, and because of a blind fanaticism about an institution of some of the States in relation to which they have no duties to perform and no responsibilities to bear, are rendered incapable of adopting the proper means to rescue our country from its present lamentable condition."

The usual committees were appointed, and Mr. Vallandigham was presented by his State delegation as a member of the committee on platform. Several resolutions were offered in open convention—one by Washington Hunt of New York suggesting a convention of the States; one by Mr. Price of Missouri for a demonstration in favor of the freedom and purity of the elective franchise; and one by Mr. Long of Ohio, a furious advocate of peace, who had attained the honor of censure by the Congress of the United States, suggested that a committee proceed forthwith to Washington to demand of Mr. Lincoln the suspension of the draft until after the election.

Governor Seymour of New York was chosen permanent chairman of the convention. He made a long and eloquent speech full of abstract devotion to the Union and of denunciation of all the measures that had hitherto been taken to save it. "This Administration," he said, "cannot save this Union if it would. It has, by its proclamations, by vindictive legislation, by displays of hate and passion, placed obstacles in its own pathway which it cannot overcome, and has hampered its own freedom of action by unconstitutional acts." But Mr. Seymour did not mourn as one without hope. He continued: "If the Administration cannot save this Union, we can. Mr. Lincoln values many things above the Union; we put it first of all. He thinks a proclamation worth more than peace; we think the blood of our people more precious than the edicts of the President. . . . We demand no conditions for the restoration of our Union. We are shackled

with no hates, no prejudices, no passions." And so,—as he imagined,—without prejudices, without hatred, and without passion, he went on denouncing his Government and the majority of his fellow-citizens with eloquent fury to the end of his speech. His address was greeted at its close with loud applause, not unmixed with calls on the part of the peace men for Vallandigham. He did not respond at that moment, but the most weighty utterance of the convention was his, nevertheless—the second resolution of the platform, reported by the chairman, Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky. There had been on the organization of the committee a contest between Guthrie and Vallandigham for the chairmanship. "Through the artifices of Cassidy, Tilden, and other New York politicians,"¹ Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky received twelve votes to eight for Vallandigham; but whatever managers may accomplish, the strongest man with the strongest force behind him generally has his way, and when the committee got to work Vallandigham carried too many guns for Guthrie. He wrote, to use his own words,

the material resolution of the Chicago platform, and carried it through the sub-committee and the general committee in spite of the most desperate and persistent opposition on the part of Cassidy and his friends, Mr. Cassidy himself in an adjoining room laboring to defeat it.

This Vallandigham resolution is the only one in the platform worth quoting. All the rest was a string of mere commonplaces declaring devotion to the Union, denouncing interference of the military in elections, enumerating the illegal and arbitrary acts of the Government, expressing the sympathy of the convention with soldiers and sailors and prisoners of war. But the resolution written by Mr. Vallandigham and by him forced upon his party—

Resolved, That this convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity, or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

It is altogether probable that this distinct proposition of surrender to the Confederates

¹ Letter of Vallandigham to the New York "News," Oct. 22, 1864.

might have been modified or defeated in full convention if the war Democrats had had the courage of their convictions; but they were so intent upon the nomination of McClellan that they considered the question of platform as of secondary importance, and these fatal resolutions were therefore adopted without debate, and the convention passed to the nomination of candidates. General McClellan was nominated by Mr. Stockton of New Jersey, followed by S. S. Cox of Ohio; Mr. Saulsbury of Delaware nominated Mr. Powell of Kentucky, who with compliments declined; Mr. Stuart, in behalf of the peace faction from Ohio, nominated Mr. Seymour of Connecticut; and Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky raised the specter of the old-fashioned Democracy in the convention by nominating ex-President Pierce in a speech more amusing than effective. McClellan received 174 votes, but before the result was declared the vote was raised upon revision to 202; Seymour received a little more than one-tenth of that number. Mr. Vallandigham, who had taken possession of the convention through his platform, now adopted the candidate also, and put the seal of his sinister approval upon General McClellan by moving that his nomination be made unanimous, which was done with great cheering. Mr. Wickliffe, the comic old man of the convention, then offered a resolution that General McClellan, immediately after his inauguration in March next, should "open Abraham Lincoln's prison doors and let the captives free." Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Pendleton were the principal names mentioned in the first ballot for Vice-President, but on the second New York changed from Guthrie to Pendleton, and, all the other candidates being withdrawn, he was nominated, unanimously. Pendleton came to the stand and briefly addressed the convention, accepting the nomination and promising to continue "faithful to those principles which lay at the very bottom of the organization of the Democratic party." The convention did not adjourn as usual *sine die*. On the motion of Mr. Wickliffe, who said that "the delegates from the West were of the opinion that circumstances might occur between now and the 4th of March next which would make it proper for the Democracy of the country to meet in convention again," the convention resolved to "remain as organized, subject to be called at any time and place that the Executive National Committee shall designate." The motives of this action were not avowed. It was taken as a significant warning that the leaders of the Democratic party held themselves ready for any extraordinary measures which the exigencies of the time might provoke or invite.

The New Yorkers had, however, the last

word. Mr. Seymour, as Chairman of the Convention, was chairman of the committee to inform McClellan of his nomination, and before he wrote the letter Atlanta had fallen, the tide had turned, and the winds of popular opinion, which had seemed stagnant throughout the midsummer, now began to blow favorably to the national cause. The committee, in their letter dated a week after the convention adjourned, said :

Be assured that those for whom we speak were animated with the most earnest, devoted, prayerful desire for the salvation of the American Union, and preservation of the Constitution of the United States, and that the accomplishment of these objects was the guiding and impelling motive in every mind; and we may be permitted to add that their purpose to maintain the Union is manifested in their selection, as their candidate, of one whose life has been devoted to its cause, while it is their earnest hope and confident belief that your election will restore to our country Union, Peace, and Constitutional Liberty.

The general answered on the same date.¹ He also felt with the New York politicians that the poison of death was in the platform of the convention; that if he accepted it pure and simple the campaign was hopeless; his only possible chance for success was in his war record; his position as a candidate on a platform of dishonorable peace was no less desperate than ridiculous. He, therefore, in his letter of acceptance renewed his assurances of devotion to the Union, the Constitution, the laws, and the flag of his country.

The reestablishment of the Union [he said] in all its integrity is, and must continue to be, the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace, upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such peace, reestablish the Union, and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace. We ask no more. Let me add, what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiment of the convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights. . . . But the Union must be preserved at all hazards. I could not look in the face of my gallant comrades of the army and navy, who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain, that we had abandoned that Union for which we have so often periled our lives. A vast majority of our people, whether in the army and navy or at home, would, as I would, hail with un-

bounded joy the permanent restoration of peace, on the basis of the Union under the Constitution without the effusion of another drop of blood. But no peace can be permanent without union.

Having thus absolutely repudiated the platform upon which he was nominated, he coolly concluded, "Believing that the views here expressed are those of the convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination."

Upon this contradictory body of doctrine McClellan began his campaign. The platform of the convention was the law, his letter was the gospel, and the orators of the party might reconcile the two according to their sympathies or their ingenuity. The Ohio wing had no hesitation in taking its stand. "The Chicago platform," said Mr. Vallandigham, speaking from the same platform with Mr. Pendleton on the 17th of September, "enunciated its policy and principles by authority and was binding upon every Democrat, and by them the Democratic Administration must and should be governed. It was the only authorized exposition of the Democratic creed, and he repudiated all others." And a week afterwards² he went still further and specifically contradicted General McClellan.

The two principal points in his letter of acceptance to which I object were brought before the committee. The one containing the threat of future war was unanimously rejected. The other, to the effect that until the States and people of the South had returned to the Union we would not exhaust these arts of statesmanship, as they are called, received but three votes in that committee, though presented almost in the very words of the letter itself.

CONSPIRACIES IN THE NORTH.

OPPOSITION to the Government by constitutional means was not enough to gratify the vehement and resentful feelings of those Democrats in the North whose zeal for slavery seemed completely to have destroyed in their hearts every impulse of patriotism. They were ready to do the work of the Southern Confederacy in the North, and were alone prevented by their fear of the law. To evade the restraints of justice and the sharp measures of the military administration, they formed throughout the country secret associations for the purpose of resisting the laws, of embarrassing in every way the action of the Government, of communicating information to the rebels in arms, and in many cases of inflicting serious damage on the lives and property of the Unionists. They adopted various names in different parts of the country, but the designation adopted by the society having the largest number of lodges in the different States was the "Knights of the Golden Circle." As fast as one name was discovered and pub-

¹ Sept. 8, 1864.

² At Sidney, Ohio, Sept. 24.

lished it was cast aside and another adopted, and the same organization with the same membership appeared successively under the name we have mentioned and that of "The Order of American Knights," "The Order of the Star," and the "Sons of Liberty." These secret organizations possessed a singular charm to uneducated men, independent of their political sympathies; and this attraction, combined with the fact that they could not in plain daylight inflict any injury upon the Government, drove many thousands of the lower class of Democrats into these furtive lodges. It is impossible to ascertain, with any degree of exactness, the numbers of those who became affiliated with the orders. The numbers claimed by the adepts vary widely. A million was not infrequently the membership of which they boasted. Mr. Vallandigham asserted, in a public speech, that the organized body numbered half a million. Judge Holt, in his official report, accepted this aggregate as being something near the truth. The heaviest force was in Illinois and in Indiana; in Ohio they were also very numerous, and in the border States of Kentucky and Missouri. Their organization was entirely military; the State lodges were commanded by major-generals, the congressional districts by brigadiers, the counties by colonels, and the townships by captains. They drilled as much as was possible under the limitations of secrecy; they made large purchases of arms. General Carrington estimated that 30,000 guns and revolvers were brought into Indiana alone, and the adherents of the order in the State of Illinois were also fully armed. In the month of March, 1864, it was estimated that the entire armed force of the order capable of being mobilized for active service was 340,000 men.¹ It is altogether probable that this estimate was greatly exaggerated; and even if so large a number had been initiated into the order, their lack of drill, discipline, and moral character rendered them incapable at any time of acting as an army. The order was large enough at least to offer the fullest hospitality to detectives and to Union men who volunteered to join with the purpose of reporting what they could to the authorities; so that the Government was speedily put in possession of the entire scheme of organization, with the names of the prominent officers of the order and written copies of their constitutions, oaths, and books of ritual. The constitutions of secret societies are generally valuable only as illustrations of human stupidity, and these were no exception to the rule. Their declaration of principles begins with this lucid proposition: "All men are endowed by the Creator with certain rights; equal

as far as there is equality in the capacity for the appreciation, enjoyment, and exercise of those rights." The institution of slavery receives the approval of this band of midnight traitors in the following muddled and brutal sentences:

In the divine economy no individual of the human race must be permitted to encumber the earth, to mar its aspects of transcendent beauty, nor to impede the progress of the physical or intellectual man, neither in himself nor in the race to which he belongs. Hence a people . . . whom neither the divinity within them nor the inspirations of divine and beautiful nature around them can impel to virtuous action and progress onward and upward, should be subjected to a just and humane servitude and tutelage to the superior race until they shall be able to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization.

They also declare in favor of something they imagine to be the theory of State rights, and also the duty of the people to expel their rulers from the Government by force of arms when they see good reason. "This is not revolution," they say, "but solely the assertion of State rights." Had they been content to meet in their lodges at stated times and bewilder themselves by such rhetoric as this there would have been no harm done; but there is plenty of evidence that the measures they adopted to bring what they called their principles into action were of positive injury to the national welfare. One of their chief objects was the exciting of discontent in the army and the encouraging of desertion; members of the order enlisted with the express purpose of inciting soldiers to desert with them; money and citizens' clothing were furnished them for this purpose; lawyers were hired to advise soldiers on leave not to go back and to promise them the requisite defense in the courts if they got into trouble by desertion. The adjutant-general of Indiana, in his report for 1863, says that the number of deserters and absentees returned to the army through the post of Indianapolis alone, during the last month of 1862, was about 2600. The squads of soldiers sent to arrest deserters were frequently attacked in rural districts by these organized bodies; the most violent resistance was made to the enrollment and the draft. Several enrolling officers were shot in Indiana and in Illinois; about sixty persons were tried and convicted in Indiana for conspiracy to resist the draft.² A constant system of communication with the rebels in arms was kept up across the border; arms, ammunition, and, in some instances, recruits, were sent to aid the Confederates; secret murders and assassinations were not unknown; the plan of establishing a North-western Confederacy in hostility to the East and in alliance with the Southern Confederacy was the favor-

¹ Report of Judge-Advocate General Holt.

² Ibid.

ite dream of the malignant and narrow minds controlling the order. The Government wisely took little notice of the proceedings of this organization. It was constantly informed of its general plans and purposes; the Grand Secretary of the order in Missouri made a full confession of his connection with it. In August a large number of copies of the ritual of the order of American Knights was seized in the office of D. W. Voorhees, a prominent Democratic member of Congress at Terre Haute.¹ A private soldier in the Union army, named Stidger, had himself initiated into the order, and with infinite skill and success rose to a high position in it, becoming Grand Secretary for the State of Kentucky. Thus thoroughly informed of the composition and the purposes of the society, the Government was constantly able to guard against any serious disturbances of the public peace; and whenever the arrest of any of the ringleaders was determined upon, the evidence for their conviction was always overwhelming.

The fullest light was thrown upon the organization and plans of these treasonable orders by the trials of certain conspirators in Indiana in the autumn of 1864. We will make no reference to the testimony of Government detectives who joined the conspiracy with the purpose of revealing its secrets. It is sufficient to quote the unwilling and unquestionably truthful statements of members of the order, brought into court by subpœna. William Clayton,² a farmer of Warren County, Illinois, testified that he was initiated a member of the order of American Knights "at a congregation formed in the timber"; he took a long and bombastic oath, the only significant part of which was the pledge to take up arms if required, in the cause of the oppressed against usurpers waging war against a people endeavoring to establish a government for themselves in accordance with the eternal principles of truth; this, he testified, bound him to assist the South in its struggle for independence. He said he understood the purpose of the order was primarily to beat the Republicans at the polls, and that force of arms was to be resorted to in case of necessity; that they contemplated a rebel invasion in support of these objects; that the understanding was that in case the rebels came into Illinois, they and the brethren of this organization were to shake hands and be friends; that they were to give aid and assistance to the invaders; that death was the penalty for divulging the secrets of the order. Other members testified that they took an oath providing that in case of treachery

they were to be drawn and quartered, their mangled remains to be cast out at the four gates. When these dwellers in prairie villages were asked what they meant by "the four gates," they said they did not know. Clayton further said their objects were "to resist the conscription or anything else that pushed them too hard."³ Another farmer said he joined "because he had been a Democrat all his life"; another, that he "went in out of curiosity"—and this was doubtless a motive with many. In communities where there is little to interest an idle mind these secret mummeries possess a singular attraction. The grips, the passwords, the emblems, formed a great part of whatever temptation the order offered to the rural conspirators. Their favorite cognizance was the oak; not on account of any civic association, but because the word was formed of the initials of the name, "Order of American Knights." Their grand hailing cry of distress was "Oak-houn," the last syllable taken from the name of the South Carolina statesman whose principles they imagined they were putting in operation.

By far the most important witness for the Government was Horace Heffren, a lawyer of Salem, Indiana, a man high in the councils of the order. He was indicted for treasonable practices, and concluded to make a clean breast of it.⁴ He gave an apparently truthful account; detailed the scheme for forming a North-western Confederacy, or, if that failed, for joining the Southern army; the State Government of Indiana was to be seized, Governor Morton was to be held for a hostage or killed. He confirmed the story of the general uprising which was to have taken place on the 16th of August in conjunction with a rebel raid from Cumberland Gap, the great feature of which was the liberation of the Confederate prisoners in Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana. But when the time came the rebels did not, and the conspirators lacked heart for the fight. Vallandigham, the supreme head of the order, was too far away for intelligent and efficient direction. The whole conspiracy was shabby and puerile, although it included many editors and politicians of local standing. They were not all cravens; some of them stood up stoutly before the military commission and defended the cause of the South. "I assert," said one, "that the South has been fighting for their rights as defined in the Dred Scott decision."⁵ But there was very little display of heroism when the time of trial arrived. There was much that was ignoble and sordid; a scramble for the salaried places, a rush to handle the money provided for arms; one man intriguing for a place on the staff "because he had a sore leg"; a cloud of small politicians, who hardly knew whether

¹ Report of Judge-Advocate General.

² Treason trials at Indianapolis, p. 39.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 45. ⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 125. ⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 174.

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they were members or not; "they had heard a ritual read, but paid little attention to it"; they were anxious to be members if the scheme succeeded, and to avoid the law if it failed.

The President's attitude in regard to this organization was one of good-humored contempt rather than anything else. Most of the officers commanding departments, however, regarded the machinations of these dark-lantern knights as a matter of the deepest import. Governor Morton was greatly disquieted by their work in his State, and sent a telegram to the President in January, 1863,¹ expressing his fear that the legislature, when it met, would pass a joint resolution to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy and urge the North-west to dissolve all constitutional relation with the New England States. But when the legislature came together, although it evinced a hearty good-will in giving the governor all the worry and annoyance possible, it took no such overt step of treason as he feared.

Their action was, indeed, sufficiently violent and contumacious. The House of Representatives insolently returned his message to him and passed a resolution accepting in its stead that of the Democratic governor of New York. Measures were introduced to take the military power of the State away from the governor and to confer it upon the Democratic State officers. To defeat these unconstitutional proceedings the Republicans adopted the equally irregular course of abandoning the legislature and leaving it without a quorum; in consequence of which no appropriation bills were passed, and the governor had to appeal to the people of the State for means to carry on the government. These were furnished in part by the voluntary offerings of banks, private corporations, and individuals; but needing a quarter of a million dollars for an emergency, he came to Washington and obtained it from the General Government, by virtue of a statute of July 31, 1861, which set aside two millions for the purchase of munitions of war to be used in States in rebellion or "in which rebellion is or may be threatened." In view of the revolutionary attitude of the legislature, and the known treasonable organization and purposes of the Sons of Liberty, the Secretary of War decided that Indiana was so "threatened," and made Governor Morton a disbursing officer to the amount of 250,000 dollars. It is related that Morton remarked, as he took the warrant, "If the cause failed, they would be called heavily to account for this"; to which Stanton replied, "If the cause fails, I do not wish to live."²

¹ Morton to Stanton, Jan. 3, 1863.

² Henry Wilson. Article E. M. Stanton, "Atlantic Monthly," February, 1870.

³ Rosecrans to Lincoln, June 22, 1864. MS.

General Rosecrans, commanding in Missouri, was thrown into something like panic by the doings of the Knights, and Governor Yates of Illinois shared fully in his trepidation. In June, 1864, the governor and the general joined in an earnest demand that the President should order Colonel Sanderson, of Rosecrans's staff, to Washington for a personal interview upon matters of overwhelming importance. The President was unwilling that either Rosecrans or his subordinate should come to Washington upon this errand, under the temptation to magnify his office by alarming reports. He therefore concluded to send one of his own private secretaries to St. Louis to see precisely what were the facts which had thrown the general commanding into such a state of consternation. Rosecrans then repeated the entire story of the organization of the order of American Knights and the Golden Circle, facts which were already well known to the President and the Secretary of War; but the immediate cause of his excitement was the expected return of Vallandigham, which, he said, was in accordance with the resolution adopted by the order at the convocation held in Windsor, Canada. General Rosecrans thought that his return would be the signal for the rising of the Knights throughout the North-west, and for serious public disorders.

The President, on receiving his secretary's report, declined to order Sanderson to Washington; and in reference to Rosecrans's strict injunctions of secrecy he said that a secret confided on the one side to half a million Democrats, and on the other to five governors and their staffs, was hardly worth keeping. He said the Northern section of the conspiracy merited no special attention, being about an equal mixture of puerility and malice.

General Rosecrans, after he was convinced that the President would not overrule the Secretary of War by ordering Colonel Sanderson to Washington, concluded at last to send his voluminous report in manuscript, accompanying it with the following letter, which we copy as giving in few words the results of his researches:³

Since Major Hay's departure, bearing my letter about the secret conspiracy we have been tracing out, we have added much information of its Southern connexions, operations, uses, and intentions.

We have also found a new element in its workings under the name of McClellan minute men.

The evident extent and anti-national purposes of this great conspiracy compel me to urge the consideration of what ought to be done to anticipate its workings and prevent the mischief it is capable of producing again upon your attention.

Therefore, I have sent the report of Colonel Sanderson with the details of evidence covering a thousand pages of foolscap, by himself, to be carried or forwarded to you by safe hands.

That report and its accompanying papers show,

1. That there exists an oath-bound secret society, under various names but forming one brotherhood both in the rebel and loyal States, the objects of which are the overthrow of the existing national Government and the dismemberment of this nation.

2. That the secret oaths bind these conspirators to revolution and all its consequences of murder, arson, pillage, and an untold train of crimes, including assassination and perjury, under the penalty of death to the disobedient or recusant.

3. That they intend to operate in conjunction with rebel movements this summer to revolutionize the loyal States, if they can.

4. That Vallandigham is the Supreme Commander of the Northern wing of this society, and General Price, of the rebel army, the Supreme Commander of the Southern wing of the organization. And that Vallandigham's return was a part of the programme well understood both North and South, by which the revolution they propose was to be inaugurated.

5. That this association is now and has been the principal agency by which spying and supplying rebels with means of war are carried on, between the loyal and rebel States, and that even some of our officers are engaged in it.

6. That they claim to have 25,000 members in Missouri, 140,000 in Illinois, 100,000 in Indiana, 80,000 in Ohio, 70,000 in Kentucky, and that they are extending through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland.

Besides which prominent and general facts, the names of members, mode of operating, and other details appear fully, showing what a formidable power and what agencies for mischief we have to deal with.

With this synopsis of the report it is respectfully submitted with the single remark—that whatever orders you may deem best to give, it must be obvious to your Excellency that leading conspirators like Chas. L. Hunt and Dr. Shore of St. Louis, arrested for being implicated in the association, cannot be released without serious hazard to the public welfare and safety.

From first to last these organizations were singularly lacking in energy and initiative. The only substantial harm they did was in encouraging desertions and embarrassing and resisting the officers concerned in the enrollment and the draft. The toleration with which the President regarded them, and the immunity which he allowed them in their passive treason, arose from the fact that he never could be made to believe that there was as much crime as folly in their acts and purposes. Senator McDonald reports that the President once said to him when he was asking the pardon of some of these conspirators condemned by military commission, "Nothing can make me believe that one hundred thousand Indiana Democrats are disloyal." They were sufficiently disloyal to take all manner of oaths against the Government; to be ready in their secret councils to declare they were ready to shed the last drop

of their blood to abolish it; to express their ardent sympathy with its enemies and their detestation of its officers and supporters. But this was the limit of their criminal courage. Shedding the last drop of one's blood is a comparatively easy sacrifice—it is shedding the first drop that costs; and these rural Cataillines were never quite ready to risk their skins for their so-called principles. All the attempts against the public peace in the free States and on the Northern border proceeded not from the resident conspirators, but from desperate Southern emissaries and their aiders and abettors in the British provinces, and even these rarely rose above the level of ordinary arson and highway robbery.

The case of the *Chesapeake* was one of the most noteworthy of these incidents. Two Canadians named Braine and Parr resolved, in the latter part of 1863, to start on a privateering enterprise on their own account. Parr, though born in Canada, had lived for several years in Tennessee; and Braine, who had been arrested and confined in Fort Warren, had been released from that prison on his claim, presented by the British minister, that he was a British subject. Their sole pretension to Confederate nationality was the possession of commissions in the Confederate navy prepared *ad hoc*. They enlisted a dozen men, all British subjects, and purchased in New York the arms and equipment they required for their enterprise, and took passage on board the United States merchant steamer *Chesapeake*, which left New York on the 5th of December, bound for Portland, Maine. On the morning of the 8th they assaulted the officers and crew of the *Chesapeake*, capturing her after a struggle of only a few minutes' duration, killing one and wounding two of her officers.¹ They took the *Chesapeake* into the Bay of Fundy and there delivered her into the hands of a man calling himself Captain Parker of the Confederate navy, who afterwards turned out to be an Englishman whose name was Vernon Locke, and who had come out in a pilot boat to meet her. Feeling now secure in the possession of her new nationality, she went to Sambro Harbor, Nova Scotia, to receive the fuel and supplies necessary to enable her to prosecute her voyage to the Confederate States. While she lay there, the United States gun-boat *Ella and Annie* entered the harbor; and, says Mr. Benjamin, whose righteous indignation was evidently aroused by the proceedings, "with that habitual contempt of the territorial sovereignty of Great Britain and of her neutral rights which characterizes our enemies," recaptured the prize and left the British port with the

¹ Benjamin to Holcombe, Feb. 15, 1864. MS. Confederate Archives.

purpose of taking the *Chesapeake* to the United States; but meeting on the way a superior officer of the United States navy, the captain of the *Ella and Annie* was ordered by him to return to Halifax to restore the *Chesapeake* to the jurisdiction of Great Britain. This was done, and the few pirates who had been captured in the *Chesapeake* were delivered up. The case was taken at once into the courts and was promptly and properly decided, so far as the vessel was concerned, by her delivery to her rightful owners; but before this decision was made known at Richmond, the Confederate Government, seeing in the case a possibility of profit to their cause, dispatched to Halifax Professor J. P. Holcombe, said to be the most accomplished international lawyer in the Confederacy, to take charge of the case. During the professor's transit, however, by way of Wilmington and Bermuda, the case had come to its natural close, and on arriving at Halifax he found his occupation gone. He was compelled to report to the department that every man concerned in the capture of the *Chesapeake*, with the single exception of the Canadian-Tennessean just mentioned, was a British subject.¹ He also found that the captors had been guilty of stealing and peddling the cargo and pocketing the proceeds, and that the antecedents of the so-called Confederate officers involved were most disreputable. He seemed greatly disappointed to find that this gang of murderers and thieves were not high-minded and honorable gentlemen, and therefore concluded to make no demand upon the British authorities for the restitution of the stolen ship. He remained for some time in Halifax enjoying the hospitality of the colonial sympathizers with the South, and then proceeded to join the other secession emissaries in Canada who were engaged in equally congenial enterprises.

The principal agent of the Confederates in Canada was Jacob Thompson, late Secretary of the Interior in the administration of Buchanan, whose dishonorable administration of that important office has already been mentioned. He had sunk into appropriate insignificance, even among his own associates, after the war began; had been captured by General Grant on the Mississippi River in a ridiculous attempt at playing the spy under a flag of truce,² and, after being released with contemptuous forbearance, had gone to Canada, under instructions from the rebel Government, to do what damage he could in connection with the refugees and escaped prisoners who fringed the Northern frontier during the last two years of the war. He immediately placed himself in communication with the disloyal Democrats of the Northern States, and through them and a band of refugees who at once gathered about

him in Canada for employment began a series of operations which, for their folly no less than their malignity, would be incredible if they were not recorded in the report which Thompson himself, with amazing moral obtuseness, wrote of his mission on the 3d of December, 1864.³ He states that immediately on his arrival in Canada he put himself in communication with the leading spirits of the Sons of Liberty. He was received among them with cordiality, and the greatest confidence was extended to him. They became convinced, during the summer of 1864, that their efforts to defeat the election of Mr. Lincoln were hopeless. "Lincoln had the power," he said, "and would certainly reelect himself," and there was no hope but in force. The belief was entertained and freely expressed that by a bold, vigorous, and concerted movement the three great North-western States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio could be seized and held. This would naturally involve the accession of Missouri and Kentucky to the Confederacy, and this, in sixty days, would end the war. It was resolved to hold a series of peace meetings in Illinois for the purpose of preparing the public mind for such a revolt. The first of these meetings was to be held at Peoria, and "to make it a success," says Thompson, "I agreed that so much money as was necessary would be furnished by me." It was held, and was decidedly successful. But he pretends that the Niagara Falls conference and Lincoln's letter, "To whom it may concern," shook the country to such an extent that the leading politicians conceived the idea that Lincoln might be beaten at the ballot box on such an issue. "The nerves of the leaders," he says, "thereupon began to relax." The seizure of arms at Indianapolis, the arrests of leading supporters at Louisville, the unsympathetic attitude of Mr. McDonald, the Democratic candidate for governor of Indiana, all tended to discourage the ringleaders; and the day fixed for the revolt, which was to have been the 16th of August, passed by with no demonstration. "The necessity of pandering to the military feeling which resulted in the nomination of McClellan totally demoralized," says Thompson, "the Sons of Liberty."

Convinced that there was nothing to be expected from the coöperation of Northern Democrats, Thompson fell back once more upon his gang of escaped prisoners and other loose fish in Canada. The next scheme adopted by him was ingenious and audacious and not without possibilities of success. He determined to cap-

¹ Holcombe to Benjamin, April 1, 1864.

² "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," I., p. 462.

³ Thompson to Benjamin, Dec. 3, 1864. MS. Confederate Archives.

ture the war steamer *Michigan*, plying on Lake Erie, and with her to liberate the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island; the prisoners were then to march upon Cleveland, attacking that town by land and by water, and thence march through Ohio to gain Virginia. A man named Cole, formerly one of Forrest's troopers, was sent round the lakes as a deck passenger to inform himself thoroughly of the approaches to the harbors, the depositories of coal, the stations and habits of the *Michigan*. He performed his duty with energy and efficiency and with great satisfaction and amusement to himself. He invented an oil corporation of which he was president and board of directors, opened an office in Buffalo, and used a good deal of Thompson's money in making the acquaintance of the officers of the *Michigan*. The 19th of September was the day fixed for the attempt upon the *Michigan*, Cole having contrived to have himself invited to dine with the officers of the vessel on that day. A Virginian named John Yates Beall was assigned the more difficult and dangerous part of the enterprise. He, with twenty-five Confederates, took passage from Sandwich, in Canada, on board the *Philo Parsons*, an unarmed merchant vessel plying between Detroit and Sandusky; they were all armed with revolvers, and had no trouble in taking possession of the steamer and robbing the clerk of what money he had. They soon afterwards fell in with another unarmed steamer, the *Island Queen*, scuttled her, and then steered for Sandusky Bay to join Cole and the boats he had prepared in an attack upon the *Michigan*. But the plan miscarried. The military, aware of Cole's intentions, had captured him; and Beall, missing the signals which had been agreed upon, did not dare to proceed in the enterprise alone. He therefore returned to Sandwich, and his crew scattered through Canada. Beall was not content with the failure of this enterprise, and later in the season, in the middle of December, he was caught in the State of New York near the Suspension Bridge in an attempt to throw a passenger train from the West off the railroad track for the purpose of robbing the express company.¹ This was the third attempt which he had made to accomplish this purpose. He was in citizen's dress, engaged in an act of simple murder and robbery, yet he imagined that the fact that he had a Confederate commission in his pocket would secure him against punishment in case of capture. He was tried by court martial and sentenced to death. Mr. Jefferson Davis took the same view of the talismanic character of the Confederate commission upon which Beall had relied, and issued a manifesto assuming

the responsibility of the act and declaring that it was done by his authority. There was great clamor in regard to the case, and many people of all parties pleaded with Mr. Lincoln to commute the sentence of Beall. A petition in this cause was signed by most of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives and by many Republicans. But the Judge-Advocate General reported that "Beall, convicted upon indubitable proof as a spy, guerrillero, outlaw, and would-be murderer of hundreds of innocent persons traveling in supposed security upon one of our great thoroughfares, fully deserved to die a felon's death, and the summary enforcement of that penalty was a duty which government owed to society."

Loath as Mr. Lincoln was at all times to approve a capital sentence, he felt that in this case he could not permit himself to yield to the promptings of his kindly heart. He sent a private message to General Dix, saying he would be glad if he would allow Beall a respite of a few days to prepare himself for death, but positively declined to interfere with the sentence, and Beall was hung in the latter part of February. The Virginia Senate made his case their own, and recommended, by resolutions of the 3d of March, the adoption of such steps as might be necessary in retaliation for the offense committed by the authorities of the United States.

Under Thompson's orders the large prison camps in the North had been thoroughly examined with a view of effecting the release of the Confederate prisoners confined in them. But the attempts at different places were given up for one reason or another, and it was resolved to concentrate all the efforts of the conspirators upon Camp Douglas at Chicago. A large number of rebels and their sympathizers were gathered together in that city, and the plan for taking the prison camp with its ten thousand Confederate prisoners was matured, and was to have been put into execution on the night of election day, taking advantage of the excitement and the crowds of people in the streets to surprise the camp, release and arm the prisoners of war, cut the telegraph wires, burn the railway stations, and seize the banks and stores containing arms and ammunition. It was hoped that this would excite a simultaneous rising of the Sons of Liberty throughout the State, and result in the release of the Confederate prisoners in other camps. But the plot, as usual, was betrayed by repentant rebels who were in the most secret councils of the conspirators. Shortly after midnight on the 7th of November, Colonel Sweet, commanding Camp Douglas, trapped in their various hiding-places and took prisoners all the leaders of the contemplated attack, among them Morgan's ad-

¹ General Orders No. 17, Feb. 21, 1865. Case of J. Y. Beall.

jutant-general, St. Leger Grenfell, Colonel Marmaduke, a brother of the rebel general, the commanding officer of the Sons of Liberty in the State, and several other officers of the rebel army who were escaped prisoners. In one house they found two cartloads of revolvers loaded and capped, two hundred stands of muskets loaded, and a large amount of ammunition.¹

Mr. Thompson hesitated at nothing which he thought might injure the people of the United States. Any villain who approached him with a project of murder and arson was sure of a kindly reception. "Soon after I reached Canada," he says, "a Mr. Minor Major visited me and represented himself as an accredited agent from the Confederate States to destroy steamboats on the Mississippi River, and that his operations were suspended for want of means. I advanced to him \$2000 in Federal currency, and soon afterwards several boats were burned at St. Louis, involving an immense loss of property to the enemy. . . . Money has been advanced to a Mr. Churchill of Cincinnati to organize a corps for the purpose of incendiaryism in that city. I consider him a true man; and although as yet he has effected but little, I am in constant expectation of hearing of effective work in that quarter." Another miscreant of the same type, named Colonel Martin, who brought an unsigned letter from Jefferson Davis to Thompson, expressed a wish to organize a corps to burn New York City. "He was allowed to do so," says Mr. Thompson, "and a most daring attempt has been made to fire that city, but their reliance on the Greek fire has proved a misfortune. It cannot be depended on as an agent in such work. I have no faith whatever in it, and no attempt shall hereafter be made under my general directions with any such material." A party of eight persons, mostly escaped prisoners, were sent to New York to destroy that city by fire. One of them named Kennedy was captured, tried, and hung. Before his execution he confessed that he had set fire to four places: Barnum's Museum, Lovejoy's Hotel, Tammany Hotel, and the New England House; "the others," he said, with a certain sense of wrong, "only started fires where each was lodging, and then ran off. Had they all done as I did, we would have had thirty-two fires and played a huge joke on the fire department." This stupid tool of baser men escaped to Canada; but relying, as Beall did, on his commission as a captain in the Confederate army, he started once more for the Confederacy by way of Detroit, and was arrested by detectives in the railway station. He had taken on a new name and a new

character; and in his trial, among the evidence he brought forward which he thought would insure his immunity, was a pledge given to the transportation agent in Canada to return with all due diligence to the Confederacy. Even after his sentence he had no realization of the crime he had committed. He wrote to the President arguing, as a matter of law, that death was too severe a penalty for arson, and suggesting that there was no need of punishing him as an example, since the execution of Beall had already served that purpose.

If Mr. Thompson is to be believed it would appear that his adherents in Canada were not altogether under discipline, and that they sometimes took the opportunity to indulge in occasional burglaries and murders on their own account. He said in his official report that he knew nothing of the St. Albans affair until after it was over. This was a crime of unusual atrocity, and bade fair, for the moment, to involve the most serious consequences. A party of Confederate thieves, some twenty or thirty strong, came over the border from Canada on the 19th of October, and entering the village of St. Albans in Vermont, they robbed the banks of some fifty thousand dollars, accompanying this crime with entirely uncalled for cruelty, firing upon the unarmed citizens, killing one man and wounding three; they also burned one of the hotels in the place. The *razzia* was over in less than an hour, and the band, who had stolen horses enough in the vicinity to mount them all, immediately returned to Canada. It seemed at first as if the Canadian authorities intended to arrest the criminals and hold them for punishment, and Mr. Seward, two days afterwards, expressed his gratification to the British legation at Washington for this prompt and apparently satisfactory proceeding. As it turned out, however, he spoke too quickly, for Judge Coursol discharged the criminals from custody and restored to them the money they had stolen. As soon as this intelligence reached New York, General Dix, outraged beyond endurance by the iniquity of the act, without consultation with the Government issued an order directing all military commanders on the frontier in case of further acts of depredation and murder to shoot down the murderers, or the persons acting under commissions from the rebel authorities at Richmond; and further instructing them that if it should be necessary, with a view to their capture, to cross the border between the United States and Canada, to pursue them wherever they might take refuge, and on no account to surrender them to the local authorities, but to send them to the headquarters of the Department of the East for trial and punishment by martial law. The

¹ Colonel Sweet's report to General Cook, Nov. 7, 1864.

President, who felt no less keenly than General Dix the wrong and outrage committed by these rebel murderers and the Canadian authorities who seemed to be protecting them, nevertheless declined to allow any subordinate to embroil the country with a foreign nation in this way;¹ and in spite of General Dix's vehement defense of what he called "the right of hot pursuit," the President required him to revoke the instructions quoted. The British Government directed Lord Monck, the Governor-General of Canada, to be guided by the decision of the proper legal authorities in the provinces whether persons in custody ought or ought not to be delivered up under the treaty of extradition, saying that in case the decision should have been that they ought to be delivered, the Government would approve Lord Monck's acting on this decision; and in case of the contrary decision, the Government suggested that they should be put upon trial on the charge of misprision and violation of the royal prerogative by levying war from her Majesty's dominions against a friendly power. The criminals whom Judge Coursol had released were again captured; the Canadian Parliament reproved the action of Coursol and suspended him from office. The prisoners having been again arrested, the matter was heard before Mr. Justice Smith of Montreal, who again discharged them, on the ground that Young, the ringleader of the party, bore a commission in the Confederate army;² that Mr. Clement C. Clay, an associate of Thompson's as Confederate commissioner, was aware of Young's purpose and gave him a check for four hundred dollars for his expenses. "The attack on St. Albans," he said, "must therefore be regarded as a hostile expedition, undertaken and carried out under the authority of the so-called Confederate States by one of the officers of their army." The prisoners, he held, had not acquired any domicile in Canada nor lost their national character by their residence there. The Government of Canada was not satisfied with this pettifogging plea and again arrested the prisoners; but the war having now come to an end, the case was languidly prosecuted and the criminals received no punishment. The Canadian authorities, however, desiring to maintain amicable relations with the United States and to do substantial justice in the case in spite of the courts, refunded the fifty thousand dollars stolen by the raiders, and an attempt

was made in the provincial legislature to pass a law which should prevent the setting on foot of such unlawful expeditions from Canadian soil in the future.

LINCOLN AND THE CHURCHES.

In a conflict which was founded upon the quickened moral sense of the people it was not strange that the Government received the most earnest support from the churches. From one end of the loyal States to the other all the religious organizations, with few exceptions, moved by the double forces of patriotism and religion, ranged themselves upon the side of the Government against the rebellion. A large number of pulpits in the North had already taken their places as tribunes for the defense of popular freedom, and it was from them that, at the menace of war, the first cry of danger and of defiance rang out. Those ministers who had for years been denouncing the encroachments of slavery did not wait for any organized action on the part of their colleagues, but proclaimed at once in a thousand varying tones that peace was "a blessing worth fighting for." The more conservative churches were but little in the rear of the more advanced. Those who had counseled moderation and patience with the South on account of the divided responsibility for slavery which rested on both halves of the nation speedily felt the sense of release from the obligations of brotherhood when the South had repudiated and renounced them, and rallied to the support of the insulted flag with an earnestness not less ardent, and more steadily trustworthy, than that of the original antislavery clergy. As the war went on, and as every stage of it gave a clearer presage of the coming destruction of slavery, the deliverances of the churches became every day more and more decided in favor of the national cause and the downfall of human bondage. To detail the thousand ways in which the churches testified their support of the national cause, to give even an abstract of the countless expressions of loyalty which came from the different religious bodies of the country, would occupy many volumes; we can only refer briefly to a few of the more important utterances of some of the great religious societies.

In all the church conventions which met after the President's preliminary proclamation of the 22d of September, 1862, that act of liber-

¹ This order of General Dix gave great satisfaction at Richmond. An official of the Confederate War Department entered in his diary December 19: "General Dix orders his military subordinates to pursue any rebel raiders even into Canada and bring them over. So light may come from that quarter. A war with England would be our peace."

² There is an entry in "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary,"

December 15, which would indicate that Young's commission was spurious or prepared after the fact: "A letter from G. N. Sanders . . . asks copies of orders, to be certified by Secretary of War, commanding the raid into Vermont, the burning, pillaging, etc., to save Lieutenant Young's life. I doubt if such written orders are in existence—but no matter."

ation was greeted with the heartiest expressions of approval and support. The Baptist Convention of New York declared that "While we see with the profoundest sorrow thousands of husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons falling on the battlefield, considering the interests to be preserved and transmitted to future generations we cannot regard the sacrifice of treasure and of life too much for the object to be secured." They denounced "human slavery as the procuring cause of the rebellion now raging among us"; they declared that "the spirit of the age, the safety of the country, and the laws of God require its entire removal." The American Baptist Missionary Union had, in the spring of 1862, adopted with unanimity resolutions characterizing "the war now waged by the National Government to put down the unprovoked and wicked rebellion that has risen against us, and to establish anew the reign of order and of law, as a most righteous and holy one, sanctioned alike by God and all right-thinking men"; expressing their opinion that "the principal cause and origin of this attempt to destroy the Government has been the institution of slavery," and that a safe, solid, and lasting peace could not be expected short of its complete overthrow. The next year they declared that the developments of the past year had only tended to deepen their conviction of these truths, which they solemnly reiterated and affirmed. They referred to the "fatal and suicidal blows" inflicted upon slavery by the slaveholders' rebellion, and said that "for thus overruling what appeared at first to be a terrible national calamity, to the production of results so unexpected and glorious, their gratitude and adoration are due to that wonder-working God who still maketh the wrath of men to praise him, while the remainder of wrath he restrains." They approved the President's proclamation and the acts of Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories, and hailed the dawn of that glorious day when "liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." In severe and dignified language they expressed their gratitude for whatever measure of sympathy they had received from abroad, but at the same time declared that the United States asked no assistance from other nations, and would brook no intervention or interference. In October, 1864, at a meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, in Worcester, Massachusetts, the venerable Albert Barnes was granted leave to introduce, without reference to a committee, a series of resolutions expressing the hearty sympathy of the Board in the efforts to suppress the rebellion; hoping for the deliverance of the world from the oppression of slavery; and

gratefully acknowledging "the divine interposition in the success which has attended the arms of the nation as an indication that we shall again be one people, united under one glorious Constitution, united in our efforts to spread the Gospel around the world." These resolutions were adopted unanimously with great enthusiasm, the audience rising to their feet and singing the national anthem.

The State conferences of the Congregational churches passed similar resolutions from time to time. As a specimen of all we give an abstract of the resolutions of the Conference of Massachusetts in 1864. "The chief hope of rebellion is in the sympathy and distraction of a divided North, and the surest and shortest way to peace is not to recall our armies and to relax our grasp upon the enemy, but to present a united and loyal front and an unconquerable determination to prosecute the war till the power of the Government meets no longer armed resistance." They disclaim any feeling of despondency or of impatience, "believing that God is on our side," and interpret hopefully the divine delays which have "led to more and more radical and precious resolutions and deliverances," and assert roundly and with undaunted courage that "there can be no effectual reestablishment of the national authority by any negotiation which confesses the inability of the Government to subdue rebellion by force of arms and proposes terms of peace to rebels still flying the flag of defiance."

It was not only in New England that the Congregational churches maintained this stern and patriotic attitude. The General Association of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania came boldly forward in the autumn of 1864, and, discarding all pretenses of non-partisanship or neutrality, declared for the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln in these unqualified words:

As the momentous issues of this long and deadly contest are approaching their solution in a combined struggle in the field and at the polls, we will sustain with our votes the brave and noble men who are defending our liberties with their lives, and will animate our fellow-citizens by every consideration of religious hope and duty, of devotion to country and to liberty, to make the decision of the people on the 8th of November final and fatal to the hopes of traitors in arms and conspirators in political councils. Our hopes for the preservation of our liberties as a nation, and for the complete emancipation of the African race in the South, depend, under God, upon sustaining the Government in upholding the integrity of the Union throughout all the trials and doubts of the war, and in that policy which looks to the abandonment of slavery as the condition of permanent union and peace.

The German Reformed Synod passed ear-

nest resolutions urging upon their clergy and laity to continue to labor and pray for the success of the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion, and to restore peace and union. These resolutions were reiterated from year to year in every State where this church had an organization in existence. The Lutheran General Synod which met at York in 1864 passed resolutions denouncing slavery, setting forth "the necessity of its forcible suppression, the righteousness of the war which is waged by the Government of the United States for the maintenance of the national life, and the duty of every Christian to support it by the whole weight of his influence, his prayers, and his efforts." The Moravian Synod also denounced slavery and considered an earnest support of the Constitution and the laws a religious duty, and expressed its willingness "to render all the aid in its power to subdue unrighteous rebellion, and extend the rightful authority of the Government over every portion of our country."

One of the most weighty utterances of any religious organization during the war was that of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, which met at Columbus, Ohio, in the spring of 1862. Important as was this deliverance from the sanction which it carried, as the utterance of one of the most considerable religious organizations in the country, it was no less significant as the work of the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge of Kentucky, who held a position second to none in the border States in character, in political influence, and in social connections. This remarkable paper began with the praise of peace, but, in striking contrast to the many craven pleas based upon this theme during the war, it threw the blame of the violation of peace upon the disloyal and traitorous attempt to overthrow the National Government by military force.

This whole treason [the report continues], rebellion, anarchy, fraud, and violence, is utterly contrary to the dictates of natural religion and morality, and is plainly condemned by the revealed will of God. It is the clear and solemn duty of the National Government to preserve, at whatever cost, the National Union and Constitution, to maintain the laws in their supremacy, to crush force by force, and to restore the reign of public order and peace to the entire nation by whatever lawful means are necessary thereunto. And it is the bounden duty of the people who compose this great nation, each one in his several place and degree, to uphold the Federal Government and every State Government and all persons in authority, whether civil or military, in all their lawful and proper acts, unto the end hereinbefore set forth.

The report denounces treason, rebellion, and anarchy as sinful, and gravely deprecates the

conduct of the Southern synods in encouraging them. The concluding section says:

We record our gratitude to God for the prevailing unity of sentiment and general internal peace which have characterized the Church in the States that have not revolted, embracing a great majority of ministers, congregations, and people under our care. It may still be called with emphasis a loyal, orthodox, and pious church, and all its acts and works indicate its right to a title so noble. Let a spirit of quietness, of mutual forbearance, and of ready obedience to authority, both civil and ecclesiastical, illustrate the loyalty, the orthodoxy, and the piety of the Church. . . . In the name and by the authority of the Lord Jesus we earnestly exhort all who love God or fear his wrath to turn a deaf ear to all counsels and suggestions that lead toward a reaction favorable to disloyalty, schism, or disturbance, either in the Church or in the country. In all these respects we must give account to God in that great day, and it is in view of our own dread responsibility to the Judge of quick and dead that we now make this deliverance.

This austere and unqualified declaration of loyalty, this denunciation of a treason which was at that hour lifting a defiant and almost triumphant head through a great part of the Union, was adopted by a majority which, under the circumstances, is surprising. Two hundred and six ministers and ruling elders voted for it; only twenty voted against it; less than one in ten failed to rise to that height of moral and political duty. The keynote thus early set governed this powerful Church throughout the war. Its General Assembly, meeting at Newark, New Jersey, in 1864, adopted a long and most energetic report, declaring that

the time has at length come, in the providence of God, when it is his will that every vestige of human slavery among us should be effaced, and that every Christian man should address himself with industry and earnestness to his appropriate part in the performance of this great duty. . . . Under the influence of the most incomprehensible infatuation of wickedness, those who are most deeply interested in the perpetuation of slavery have taken away every motive for its further toleration.

An attempt was made at the meeting of the Synod of New York to censure this action of the General Assembly of the Church, but it was voted down by a majority of six to one. The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church passed equally strong and uncompromising resolutions:

Believing it to be a duty especially incumbent on the Church to let her light shine, we trust that all the preachers of the Gospel, of every denomination, will hear and obey God's voice, now calling upon them louder than ever before to open their mouth in behalf of the dumb.

The Reformed Presbyterian Church, commonly called the "Scotch Covenanters," ad-

dressed the President by committee in 1862, beginning with the proud boast that "this Church, true to its high lineage and ancient spirit, does not hold within its pale a single secessionist or sympathizer with rebellion in these United States." They congratulated him upon the antislavery measures of the Government and urged him,

by every consideration drawn from the Word of God and the present condition of our bleeding country, not to be moved from the path of duty on which he has so auspiciously entered, either by the threats or blandishments of the enemies of human progress, nor the fears of timid friends.

Two years later they met and declared that—

It is the duty of the Church of Christ to encourage and sustain the Government of the country in all that they do for the honor of God, the freedom of the enslaved, the mitigation of the inevitable evils of war, and the preservation, at all hazards, of the national life, integrity, and power.

The New School Presbyterians also lifted their voice with equal energy and clearness against the rebellion and in favor of the Government. At their General Assembly each year during the war they adopted resolutions of the most uncompromising loyalty, and on several occasions addressed the President personally with messages full of ardent devotion and high encouragement. They said :

Since the day of your inauguration, the thousands of our membership have followed you with unceasing prayer, besieging the throne of grace in your behalf. . . . When we look at the history of your administration hitherto, and at the wonderful way in which the people have been led under your guidance, we glorify God in you.¹

A year later² they embodied their sentiments of loyalty to the Union and opposition to slavery in a forcible series of resolutions, which were brought to Washington and presented to the President by a committee of which Mr. John A. Foote, a brother of the admiral, was chairman. The President replied:

It has been my happiness to receive testimonies of a similar nature from, I believe, all denominations of Christians. . . . This to me is most gratifying, because from the beginning I saw that the issues of our great struggle depended on the divine interposition and favor. . . . As a pilot, I have used my best exertions to keep afloat our Ship of

¹ Cincinnati, May 22, 1862. McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 469.

² Philadelphia, May 27, 1863.

³ In an address delivered by Dr. J. P. Newman in New Orleans, March 23, 1864, he makes this well-founded claim: "The Methodist Church has been unanimous and zealous in the defense of the Union. Her bishops, her ministers, and her laity have nobly responded to the call of their country in this hour of her peril. The voice of Simpson has been heard pleading

State, and shall be glad to resign my trust at the appointed time to another pilot more skillful and successful than I may prove. In every case and at all hazards, the Government must be perpetuated. Relying as I do upon the Almighty Power, and encouraged as I am by these resolutions which you have just read, with the support which I receive from Christian men, I shall not hesitate to use all the means at my control to secure the termination of this rebellion, and will hope for success.

Of the firm and loyal attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church this resolution of the Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania may serve as an example:

We hereby declare our unfaltering allegiance to the Government of the United States, and we pledge it our willing devotion and service; and as a body of Christians we will pray that, in God's own time and way, this rebellion may be put down; that oppression and slavery in all its forms may be done away; that freedom of body and mind, political and religious, may everywhere prevail; that the emancipated negroes, whom God in his providence is committing to our care, may be the objects of our liberal and Christian regard and instruction; that war may soon cease throughout all our borders, and that our now lacerated country may again be so united that from the lakes on the North to the gulf on the South, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there shall be one Union, one Government, one flag, one Constitution, the whole culminating in that higher glory which shall make this nation Emmanuel's land—a mountain of holiness and a dwelling-place of righteousness.

No church was more ready or powerful in its support of the Government than the widespread Methodist Episcopal Church. From the beginning it took ground firmly and unanimously for the national cause; the Western armies especially were filled with the young and vigorous fighting men of that connection. To a committee of the General Conference of 1864, the President said:

Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greatest numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other. God bless the Methodist Church. Bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who in this our great trial giveth us the churches.³

eloquently for the union of the country. Ames, as patriotic as wise, has not hesitated to lend his aid to our unfortunate prisoners in Richmond and to give his sons to the army. Janes has found no narrow field for his philanthropic heart in the labors of the Christian Commission. All our church papers and periodicals have given an uncompromising, zealous, persistent support to the Government, and have thrown the whole weight of their influence, intelligent as it was potent, on the side of the Union."

These energetic expressions of loyalty were not confined to the Protestant churches alone. Archbishop Hughes in New York gave his great personal and ecclesiastical influence to the support of the Government, and Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati took occasion, in recommending the observance of Thanksgiving Day, 1864, to his people, to urge upon them the cause of the country.

We confess [he says] that it has greatly pained us to hear that certain rash, irreverent, and thoughtless men of our communion have denounced and abused the Government, the Administration, and their abettors. Now God commands us to bless, and curse not. And when bad men cursed the supporters of the Government, did they not reflect that they cursed the more than hundreds of thousands of Catholic voters and Catholic soldiers of our army who defend that Government in the field? Did they not reflect that its downfall would be hailed with acclamation by our own hereditary oppressors across the ocean? Did they reflect that if political salvation is ever to reach a far-distant and beloved island, it must come to it from these United States which they would sever?

"The Administration did not commence this war," the archbishop said, and went on in his address to contrast the conduct of the National Government with that of the rebellion.

It is time [he said, in conclusion] that all should rally around the powers which the Apostle commanded us to obey, and thus, presenting an undivided front to the enemy, reestablish the Union, without which there can be no panacea, present or prospective, for the ills we suffer.

The Society of Friends occupied a peculiar relation to the war. By the two leading tenets of their religion they were drawn in different ways; they were intensely opposed both to slavery and to war. While, therefore, they were ready to favor every act of Mr. Lincoln's administration which promised to abridge the power and shorten the duration of slavery, they were placed in a cruel dilemma when called upon to take part in the only measures by which the country could be preserved, and the predominance of a government based upon slavery prevented. The result was as might readily be imagined. Human nature asserted itself in the midst of that serious and tranquil communion as everywhere else, and the Friends acted each according to his individual bent. In the words of the address of the Yearly Meeting of 1864:

Many of our young men, overcome by the spirit of war, rushed into the conflict where some of them found an early death, some purchased their release from the draft by the payment of money; others remained steadfast to their faith in the hour of trial, thereby subjecting themselves to the penalty for desertion.

Those who entered the army illustrated in their plain speech and quiet courage the virtues of their lineage no less than those who, refusing to bear arms, bore uncomplainingly all that the law could inflict upon them by way of punishment for their contumacy. But the Society, as a body, remained outwardly true to both articles of its creed and protested constantly against both slavery and the war which it caused. The Yearly Meeting of 1862 greeted with hearty approval the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, while praying that the effusion of blood might be stayed; and that of 1864, while "appreciating the difficulties that surround those upon whom rests the responsibility of guiding the nation through the awful perils of civil war," and declining to "enter into judgment with those who differed" from them, still persisted in their dignified petition to the President and to Congress that they might not be compelled to offend their own consciences by complying with the law requiring military service.

Mr. Lincoln's attitude in relation to this question was especially delicate. Himself of Quaker ancestry, he felt a peculiar sympathy with their scruples, and yet he could not legally relieve them from their liabilities, and he clearly perceived the impolicy of recommending to Congress any specific measure of relief. He heard and answered their addresses with the greatest patience and respect, and intervened with his prerogative on occasions of peculiar hardship. We owe to these complications two or three letters, which strikingly exhibit his quick sympathies, his keen sense of justice, and his profound religious feeling. To the Quakers of Iowa, who had sent him an address through Senator Harlan, he wrote:

It is most cheering and encouraging for me to know that in the efforts which I have made, and am making, for the restoration of a righteous peace to our country, I am upheld and sustained by the good wishes and prayers of God's people. No one is more deeply than myself aware that without his favor our highest wisdom is but as foolishness, and that our most strenuous efforts would avail nothing in the shadow of his displeasure. It seems to me that if there be one subject upon which all good men may entirely agree, it is in imploring the gracious favor of the God of nations upon the struggle our people are making for the preservation of their precious birthright of civil and religious liberty.¹

To the Quakers of Rhode Island, in answer to a letter, he said:

Engaged as I am, in a great war, I fear it will be difficult for the world to understand how fully I appreciate the principles of peace inculcated in this letter and everywhere by the Society of Friends.²

¹ Lincoln to Iowa Quakers, Jan. 5, 1862. Unpub. MS.

² Letter to Dr. S. B. Tobi, March 19, 1862. Lincoln, Unpublished MS.

But one of the most significant of the President's letters, in which he expresses with less than his usual reserve his idea of the moral and religious bearings of the great conflict, was written to Mrs. Gurney, the wife of the eminent English preacher of the Society of Friends, in the autumn of 1864. It shows in a singularly touching and instructive way how the ancestral faith of the Quaker survived in this son of a pioneer, commander-in-chief of a million of men engaged in one of the most destructive wars of modern times :

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND : I have not forgotten — probably never shall forget — the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon, two years ago ; nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of this country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this ; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom, and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best lights he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay. Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn, and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and believing it I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

Your sincere friend,
A. LINCOLN.

The most important agencies through which the mingled patriotism and religion of the country lent their assistance to the armies of the Union were the Sanitary Commissions and the Christian Commission. The former collected and disbursed not less than \$5,000,000 in cash and \$9,000,000 in supplies for the benefit of the armies in the field and the sick and wounded in the hospitals, while the Christian Commission raised some \$4,500,000, not only for this purpose, but also to extend to the soldiers the benefits and consolations of religion in cases where the overworked army chaplains found the complete fulfillment of these offices beyond their powers. The Sanitary Fairs throughout the country were remarkable exhibitions of the patriotism and philanthropy of the people. They were carried on to a great

extent by the women of the country, and the quickening of the national spirit by these concerted efforts was of more importance to the Union cause than even the vast sums of money which were produced ; though these were unprecedented in the annals of charity. The fair at New York realized \$1,300,000, nearly all of which was clear profit. On every great battlefield of the war, even before the thunder of the artillery was silenced, the trains of these great organizations were upon the field and their members were engaged caring for the wounded, bearing away the sick, praying with the dying, and receiving their last messages ; while in every village of the North gentle and patriotic women were constantly employed making ready the stores of luxuries and delicacies dispensed by charitable agents at the front.

In the work of these beneficent agencies the President took a profound interest. He frequently consulted with Dr. Bellows and Mr. Stuart as to the best means of carrying on their work. Being requested to preside at a meeting of the Christian Commission held in Washington on the 22d of February, 1863, he wrote :

While for reasons that I deem sufficient I must decline to preside, I cannot withhold my approval of the meeting and its worthy objects. Whatever shall be, sincerely and in God's name, devised for the good of the soldiers and seamen in their hard spheres of duty can hardly fail to be blessed. And whatever shall tend to turn our thoughts from the unreasoning and uncharitable passions, prejudices, and jealousies incident to a great national trouble such as ours, and to fix them on the vast and long-enduring consequences, for weal or for woe, which are to result from the struggle, and especially to strengthen our reliance on the Supreme Being for the final triumph of the right, cannot but be well for us all. The birthday of Washington and the Christian Sabbath coinciding this year, and suggesting together the highest interests of this life and of that to come, is most propitious for the meeting proposed.

The cause of the rebellion was adopted and carried on by the churches in the South, if not with more zeal and determination, at least with greater vehemence at the beginning than was shown by the religious organizations of the North. Even before the war began the State Convention of Baptists in Alabama¹ made haste to rush into secession, saying that "the Union had failed in important particulars to answer the purpose for which it was created," and that they held themselves "subject to the call of proper authority in defense of the sovereignty of Alabama, and of her right as a sovereignty to withdraw from the Union." Several of the Presbyterian Synods of the South went headlong into the rebellion before the close of the

¹ November, 1860.

year 1860, and others followed their example in the autumn meeting of 1861. They formed their General Assembly of the Southern Confederacy on the 4th of December of that year. Even before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln the Protestant Episcopal Convention of several States formally withdrew from the Union, and that fiery soldier-priest Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, commanded the clergy to shift their public prayers from the President of the United States to that of the Confederate States, and announced in a pastoral letter that "Our separation from our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has been effected because we must follow our nationality. . . . Our relations to each other hereafter will be the relations we now both hold to the men of our mother church in England." Unable to restrain his ardor within the limits of the church militant, he exchanged his crozier for a sword and died by a cannon shot on the Georgia hills.

At the session of the first General Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Augusta an address was adopted congratulating the Church in the Confederate States upon the unity which existed in its councils, upon its promise of growth and expansion, and upon the fact that the leading minds of the new republic were of their own communion; they called upon the Church to make strenuous efforts in behalf of the slaves of the South, and gently advocated such an arrangement of their peculiar institution as not to violate the right of marriage among the blacks. "Hitherto," they say, "we have been hindered by the pressure of Abolitionists; now that we have thrown off from us that hateful and infidel pestilence, we should prove to the world that we are faithful to our trust, and the Church should lead the hosts of the Lord in this work of justice and mercy." Feeble efforts in this direction were made by churches in other communions in the South, but strong opposition was at once developed. In the Transylvania Presbytery it was argued that "Though the matter presented was one of undoubted grievance, involving a sin which ought to be purged away, yet, to prevent agitation in the Church at such a time of intense political strife, there must be no intermeddling," and a resolution in favor of the solemnization of matrimony among slaves was

laid upon the table, nearly every member of the Presbytery voting against it.¹

The Methodist Church in the South had separated from their brethren in the North fifteen years before the war on the question of slavery, and a portion of their clergy and laity when the war broke out naturally engaged in it with their accustomed zeal; but they were by no means unanimous, even within the seceding States, and the organization was virtually wrecked by the war.²

As the national authority began to be re-established throughout the States in rebellion, not the least embarrassing of the questions which generals in command were called upon to decide was that of the treatment of churches whose pastors were openly or covertly disloyal to the Union. There was no general plan adopted by the Government for such cases; in fact, it was impossible to formulate a policy which should meet so vast a variety of circumstances as presented themselves in the different regions of the South. The Board of Missions of the Methodist Church sent down some of their ablest ministers, with general authority to take charge of abandoned churches, and to establish in them their interrupted worship. The mission boards of other denominations took similar action, and the Secretary of War³ gave general orders to the officers commanding the different departments to permit ministers of the gospel bearing the commission of these mission boards to exercise the functions of their office and to give them all the aid, countenance, and support which might be practicable. But before and after these orders there was much clashing between the military and the ecclesiastical authorities, which had its rise generally in the individual temperaments of the respective generals and priests. There was an instance in one place where a young officer rose in his pew and requested an Episcopal minister to read the prayer for the President of the United States, which he had omitted. Upon the minister's refusal the soldier advanced to the pulpit and led the preacher, loudly protesting, to the door, and then quietly returning to the altar himself read the prayer—not much, it is to be feared, to the edification of the congregation. General Butler arrested a clergyman in Norfolk, and placed him at hard labor on the public works for disloyalty

¹ McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 548.

² At a convention of loyal ministers and laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church held at Knoxville, August, 1864, it was resolved that the loyal members of the conference have a just claim to all the church property; that they really constitute the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the Holston Conference; that they propose, at the earliest day practicable, to transfer the same to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States; and

that the ministers be instructed to propose to their congregations to unite *en masse* with that church. Their report states "that there are in the bounds of the Holston Conference 120 preachers known to be loyal, and 40 others supposed to be true to the Union; and it is thought, therefore, that the work of reconstruction will be easily accomplished." [McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 546.]

³ March 10, 1864. McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 522.

in belief and action ; but the President reversed this sentence and changed it to one of exclusion from the Union lines.¹ The Catholic Bishop of Natchez having refused to read the prescribed form of prayer for the President, and having protested in an able and temperate paper against the orders of the commanding general in this regard, the latter ordered him to be expelled from the Union lines, although the order was almost immediately rescinded. General Rosecrans issued an order² in Missouri requiring the members of religious convocations to give satisfactory evidence of their loyalty to the Government of the United States as a condition precedent to their assemblage and protection. In answer to the protestations which naturally resulted from this mandate he replied that it was given at the request of many loyal church members, both lay and clerical ; that if he should permit all bodies claiming to be religious to meet without question, a convocation of Price's army, under the garb of religion, might assemble with impunity and plot treason. He claimed that there was no hardship in compelling the members of such assemblages to establish their loyalty by oath and certificate, and insisted that his order, while providing against public danger, really protected the purity and the freedom of religion.

In the course of these controversies between secessionist ministers and commanding generals an incident occurred which deserves a moment's notice, as it led to a clear and vigorous statement from Mr. Lincoln of his attitude in regard to these matters. During the year 1862 a somewhat bitter discussion arose between the Rev. Dr. McPheeers of the Vine Street Church in St. Louis and some of his congregation in regard to his supposed sympathies with the rebellion. Looking back upon the controversy from this distance of time it seems that rather hard measure was dealt to the parson ; for although, from all the circumstances of the case, there appears little doubt that his feelings were strongly enlisted in the cause of the rebellion, he behaved with so much discretion that the principal offenses charged against him by his zealous parishioners were that he once baptized a small rebel by the name of Sterling Price, and that he would not declare himself in favor of the Union. The difference in his church grew continually more flagrant and was entertained by interminable letters and statements on both sides, until at last the provost-marshall intervened, ordering the arrest of Dr. McPheeers, excluding him from his pulpit, and taking the control of his church out of the hands of its trustees. This action gave rise to extended comment, not

only in Missouri, but throughout the Union. The President, being informed of it, wrote³ to General Curtis disapproving the act of the provost-marshall, saying, in a terse and vigorous phrase, which immediately obtained wide currency, "The United States Government must not, as by this order, undertake to run the churches. When an individual in a church, or out of it, becomes dangerous to the public interest he must be checked ; but let the churches, as such, take care of themselves." But even this peremptory and unmistakable command did not put an end to the discussion. Taking the hands of the government away from the preacher did not quench the dissensions in the church, nor restore the pastor to the position which he occupied before the war ; and almost a year later some of the friends of Dr. McPheeers considered it necessary and proper to ask the intervention of the President to restore to him all his ecclesiastical privileges in addition to the civil rights which they admitted he already enjoyed. This the President, in a letter⁴ of equal clearness and vigor, refused to do. "I have never interfered," he said, "nor thought of interfering, as to who shall, or shall not, preach in any church ; nor have I knowingly or believably tolerated any one else to so interfere by my authority" ; but he continues, "If, after all, what is now sought is to have me put Dr. McPheeers back over the heads of a majority of his own congregation, that too will be declined. I will not have control of any church on any side." The case finally ended by the exclusion of Dr. McPheeers from his pulpit by the order of the presbytery having ecclesiastical authority in the case.

In this wise and salutary abstention from any interference with the churches, which was dictated by his own convictions as well as enjoined by the Constitution, the President did not always have the support of his subordinates. He had not only, as we have seen, to administer occasional rebukes to his over-zealous generals, but even in his own Cabinet he was sometimes compelled to overrule a disposition to abuse of authority in things spiritual. Several weeks after he had so clearly expressed himself in the McPheeers case, he found, to his amazement, that the Secretary of War had been giving orders virtually placing the army in certain places at the disposition of a Methodist bishop for the enforcement of his ecclesiastical decrees. He addressed to Mr. Stanton a note of measured censure,⁵ which was followed by an order from the War Department explaining and modifying the more objectionable features of the

¹ Report of Judge-Advocate General, April 30, 1864.
² March 7, 1863. ³ Jan. 2, 1863. ⁴ Dec. 22, 1863.

⁵ "After having made these declarations in good faith and in writing, you can conceive of my embar-

former document. The Secretary explained that his action had no other intention than to furnish "a means of rallying the Methodist people in favor of the Union, in localities where the rebellion had disorganized and scattered them."¹ This explanation was not entirely satisfactory to the President, but he thought best to make no further public reference to the matter. Scarcely was this affair disposed of when a complaint was received from Memphis of some interference by the military with a church edifice there. Mr. Lincoln made upon the paper this peremptory indorsement: "If the military have military need of the church building, let them keep it; otherwise, let them get out of it, and leave it and its owners alone, except for the causes that justify the arrest of any one."² Two months later the President, hearing of further complications in the case, made still another order, which even at the risk of wearying the reader we will give, from his own manuscript, as illustrating not only his conscientious desire that justice should be done, but also the exasperating obstacles he was continually compelled to surmount, in those troubled times, to accomplish, with all the vast powers at his disposition, this reasonable desire.

I am now told that the military were not in possession of the building; and yet that in pretended execution of the above they, the military, put one set of men out of and another set into the building. This, if true, is most extraordinary. I say again, if there be no military need for the building, leave it alone, neither putting any one in or out of it, except on finding some one preaching or practicing treason, in which case lay hands upon him, just as if he were doing the same thing in any other building, or in the streets or highways.³

He at last made himself understood and his orders respected; yet so widespread was the tendency of generals to meddle with matters beyond their jurisdiction, that it took three years of such vehement injunctions as these to teach them to keep their hands away from the clergy and the churches.

Lincoln had a profound respect for every form of sincere religious belief. He steadily refused to show favor to any particular denomination of Christians; and when General Grant issued an unjust and injurious order against the Jews, expelling them from his department, the President ordered it to be revoked the moment it was brought to his notice.⁴

He was a man of profound and intense religious feeling. We have no purpose of at-

tempting to formulate his creed; we question if he himself ever did so. There have been swift witnesses who, judging from expressions uttered in his callow youth, have called him an atheist, and others who, with the most laudable intentions, have remembered improbable conversations which they bring forward to prove at once his orthodoxy and their own intimacy with him. But leaving aside these apocryphal evidences, we have only to look at his authentic public and private utterances to see how deep and strong in all the latter part of his life was the current of his religious thought and emotion. He continually invited and appreciated, at their highest value, the prayers of good people. The pressure of the tremendous problems by which he was surrounded; the awful moral significance of the conflict in which he was the chief combatant; the overwhelming sense of personal responsibility, which never left him for an hour—all contributed to produce, in a temperament naturally serious and predisposed to a spiritual view of life and conduct, a sense of reverent acceptance of the guidance of a Superior Power. From that morning when, standing amid the falling snowflakes on the railway car at Springfield, he asked the prayers of his neighbors in those touching phrases whose echo rose that night in invocations from thousands of family altars, to that memorable hour when on the steps of the Capitol he humbled himself before his Creator in the sublime words of the second inaugural, there is not an expression known to have come from his lips or his pen but proves that he held himself answerable in every act of his career to a more august tribunal than any on earth. The fact that he was not a communicant of any church, and that he was singularly reserved in regard to his personal religious life, gives only the greater force to these striking proofs of his profound reverence and faith.

In final substantiation of this assertion, we subjoin two papers from the hand of the President, one official and the other private, which bear within themselves the imprint of a sincere devotion and a steadfast reliance upon the power and benignity of an overruling Providence. The first is an order which he issued on the 16th of November, 1864, on the observance of Sunday:

The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observ-

which may be made to his taking such possession and control. "What is to be done about it?" [Lincoln to Stanton, MS., Feb. 11, 1864.]

¹ Lincoln to Hogan, Feb. 13, 1864.

² Lincoln MS., March 4, 1864.

³ Lincoln MS., May 13, 1864.

⁴ War Records, Vol. XVII., pp. 424, 530.

ance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. "At this time of public distress [adopting the words of Washington in 1776] men may find enough to do in the service of their God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." The first General Order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicated the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended. "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."¹

The date of this remarkable order leaves no possibility for the insinuation that it sprung from any political purpose or intention. Mr. Lincoln had just been re-elected by an overwhelming majority; his party was everywhere triumphant; his own personal popularity was unbounded; there was no temptation to hypocrisy or deceit. There is no explanation of the order except that it was the offspring of sincere conviction. But if it may be said that this was, after all, an exoteric utterance, spring-

1 General McDowell used to tell a story which illustrates Mr. Lincoln's Sabbatarian feeling. The President had ordered a movement which required dispatch, and in his anxiety rode to McDowell's headquarters to inquire how soon he could start. "On Monday morning," said McDowell; "or, by pushing things, perhaps Sunday afternoon." Lincoln, after a moment's thought, said, "McDowell, get a good ready and start Monday." [Herman Haupt, MS. Memoirs.]

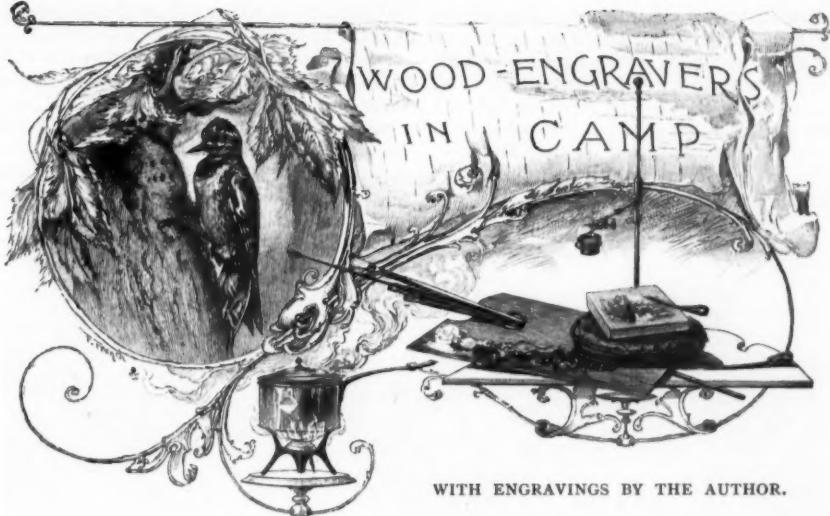
ing from those relations of religion and good government which the wisest rulers have always recognized in their intercourse with the people, we will give one other document, of which nothing of the sort can be said. It is a paper which Mr. Lincoln wrote in September, 1862, while his mind was burdened with the weightiest question of his life, the weightiest with which this century has had to grapple. Wearied with all the considerations of law and of expediency with which he had been struggling for two years, he retired within himself and tried to bring some order into his thoughts by rising above the wrangling of men and of parties, and pondering the relations of human government to the Divine. In this frame of mind, absolutely detached from any earthly considerations, he wrote this meditation. It has never been published. It was not written to be seen of men. It was penned in the awful sincerity of a perfectly honest soul trying to bring itself into closer communion with its Maker.

The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both *may* be and one *must* be wrong. God cannot be *for* and *against* the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect his purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By his mere great power on the minds of the now contestants, he could have either *saved* or *destroyed* the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, he could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds.

TO A PAINTER. (J. A. B.)

POET, whose golden songs in silence sung
 Thrill from the canvas to the hearts of men,—
 Sweet harmonies that speak without a tongue,
 Melodious numbers writ without a pen,—
 The great gods gifted thee and hold thee dear;
 Placed in thy hand the torch which genius lit,
 Touched thee with genial sunshine, and good cheer,
 And swift heat lightnings of a charming wit
 Whose shafts are ever harmless, though so bright;
 Gave thee of all life's blessings this, the best,—
 The true love of thy kind,—for thy delight.
 So be thou happy, poet-painter blest,
 Whose gentle eyes look out, all unaware,
 Beneath the brow of Keats, soft-crowned with shadowy hair.

Celia Thaxter.



WITH ENGRAVINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

ROM a friend and fellow-craftsman, who was the owner and inventor of a camping-car, a small company of wood-engravers had received invitations to a novel camping-out excursion.

Hungering for the woods and fields we hurried away, each by himself, as opportunity offered, to seek the unknown regions of Hockanum, near Northampton, Massachusetts.

Night had come before I reached Northampton, and as no one met me at the station, I went no farther that night. But I took the road again at an early hour the next morning, and rode through a mysterious land where the fog hid all but the gray roadway under the feet of our horse, whose head and ears, almost lost in the fog, stretched outward in the distance in an alarming manner.

For fully two miles we sped on across a level sandy road without seeing a solitary object, animate or inanimate, until we came at last to a clump of trees close to the narrow roadway, and then, with a sudden dip down a sandy bank, I found myself on the shore of the Connecticut River. Before me was a rickety-looking gang-plank reaching from the sand to a flat-bottomed and open scow. This was Hockanum ferry. By the roadside and in reach from the carriage was a tin horn, or trumpet, hanging upon a stake, like an extinguisher upon a candle, and a blast upon this instrument is regarded as a peremptory summons by the ferryman.

The ferryman and his assistant soon appeared, and we pushed out upon the mysterious waste. I could see nothing beyond the gray and steam-

ing water, and was glad when we grounded upon the sand. From the ferry it was but a short walk up to the tavern.

Standing for a moment hesitatingly upon the piazza, after repeated knocking at the open doorway, which brought no response, and straining my eyes at the fog beyond, I saw coming out of the dimness the outline of a barn and, taking shape gradually, the ponderous and portly form of a man, who was engaged in greasing the axles of a wagon. The fog so narrowed and circumscribed the visible world that what remained was of immense importance to me, and the presence of mine host, whom I found this man to be, was hailed with pleasure. He explained that my friends were in camp upon the mountain right above us, and he pointed over his shoulder up towards the omnipresent screen of the fog, shutting out mountain and the blue heavens beyond. But he said he was going to the camp soon, and we made our way to the house, where I found a surprisingly good breakfast awaiting me.

After our pleasant repast Edwards was ready to go to the camp, and we went to the doorway. Walking out upon the piazza, another and an entirely different world was before me. I could hardly believe my eyes. Such a revelation—light, brilliancy, sweetness, everywhere. Out of a moving, vapory atmosphere rushed swiftly as a swallow's flight bits of blue sky and fragments of mountain.

The cozy old hotel, sitting calmly and peacefully by the highway, with its well-worn drive to the hospitable entrance; the heavy and

comfortable arm-chairs upon the piazza; the curious watering-trough under an apple tree on the opposite side of the road; the fields stretching away up the slope; and, finally, off towards the East, the thin gray silhouette of Mount Holyoke—all made a beautiful picture. The sun was still behind Holyoke, and its rays reached only a portion of the mountain and the foothills. A point where

lily gracefully raised its golden chalice, opening to catch the early sunbeams.

Nearer the wheelway and upon the outer edges of the public road, where the plowshare never disputes their right to the soil, grew a perfect tangle of wild-flowers, a "ribbon border" which no landscape gardener could match in beauty with all the choice plants which the floriculturists can supply. There rose



THE LILY POND.

the sun touched into life every treetop, and the still fleeing remnants of vapor gave motion, grace, and beauty to every object over which their trembling shadows passed, was a group of trees which came down or projected below the main line of the forest. Silvered by the light in which they were bathed, they seemed to rush joyously out from the dimness of the mist, if not with hand-clapping and laughter, yet with rustle of leaves and song of bird.

Then I thought of Kingsley somewhere up there in his car. I knew he could tell me all about the mysteries of those woods, and I sprang with eagerness into the wagon beside my portly landlord and we were away.

For a few hundred yards we kept the main road through the dewy and fragrant meadow, which stretched away in soft undulations of verdure, flicked and bespangled with myriads of white daisies, to the calm blue river beyond. In gorgeous raiment, the beautiful orange field-

the beautiful milkweed, with great balls of pink bloom, overgrown and fantastically wreathed about with the tendrils of the wild morning-glory, whose pinkish white flowers modestly greeted the light, and there Johns-wort, meadow rue, and, queen of all, the purple Eupatorium, blessed the wayfarer with a smile; and woven among this mazy tangle in countless and astonishing numbers were the delicate and fragile spider-webs, later in the day invisible, but now, when countless drops of dew were strung like pearls upon their silken threads, adding to this charming wealth of beauty the last touch of delicacy and refinement. Countless bees were busy among the blossoms, and dainty humming-birds fearlessly thrust their long and slender tongues into the honeyed depths of the yellow lily as we passed. Turning sharply into a well-worn byway or lane we left the meadow-land and began the ascent of the foothills.

At the angle of the roads I saw supported upon the top of a post a small oblong box

with an odd-shaped opening upon the perpendicular side to admit the hand. From its shape, when seen at a distance, it suggested a shrine. In answer to my queries, Mr. Edwards told me that it was a letter-box. There is no post-office in Hockanum, and similar boxes are posted at different points about the place. Whenever the inhabitants go to Hadley or Northampton they consider it their duty to get the Hockanum mail, and on their way home to sort and distribute it to these wayside post-offices. From this point the delivery of the mail becomes very complex and hazardous. Every one who happens along stops to examine the mail and takes along anything "going up his way."

"There it is," said my guide at last, with a sweeping and ponderous gesture; and, sure enough, just up there in the edge of the wood was what seemed a veritable gipsy camp. We continued our way through many wrenchings and twistings of the buggy, over stones and unevennesses which threatened momentarily to upset us. At last we were at the camp. The picturesque car was drawn up amid huge fragments of trap-rock overarched by lordly chestnut trees, interspersed with dark and somber pines.

Here we found Kingsley,—hospitable, cordial, enthusiastic Kingsley,—who had slept the sleep of the just all through that early morning entirely unconscious of wood nymphs or fog.

There stretching out before us lay the beautiful Connecticut, winding its calm and peaceful way towards the sea, with its border of farm-lots distinctly marked in different shades of green and yellow. At the south was Mount Tom, at the north were Sugar-Loaf and Toby, with a ridge of blue hills beyond Northampton binding them together. Old Hadley, Hatfield, and Northampton, with their white painted spires pointing heavenward, lay below us. There was no longer any mystery about the valley, for the sun had sought out every nook and corner, and its hidden secrets stood revealed.

The car was a wonder to me at first, with its snug and well-contrived accommodations for painting or for engraving on wood, and its careful provision for the exigencies of life in camp.

I shall always remember the experience of those happy days, which brought me much nearer to the heart of nature than I had ever been before, and gave a new and sharper edge to my desire to convey to others—not as a mere interpreter, but at first hand, through the medium of my craft—some of the impressions which it was my pleasure to receive from the environments of that place. When the company was fully gathered about our camp-fire at night there was everything that could be



A HOCKANUM WILD-FLOWER.

desired for good-fellowship and friendly and healthful criticism.

At that hour we always related the experiences of the day. Sometimes one of our number would read to us, and while the stars looked down upon our company, and the lights in the farmhouses shone out here and there in the valley below, and the sheen lay upon the river, we welcomed Fra Lippo Lippi, and involuntarily made room for him upon the chestnut log beside us.

One day my wandering footsteps led me to a black, unpainted house standing upon a hill-side apart from the highway and somewhat hidden by a gnarly and unkept orchard growth, its own somber hue tending to make it invisible against the dark gray of the mountain beyond. There was a small barn a few paces in the rear, with bare earth about the doorway, a few chickens and a garden patch, and a somewhat uncared-for and forlorn-looking cow grazing in the lot. This was the habitation of the "old residenter." In front of the door stood a wheelbarrow loaded with fresh-cut grass from the roadside, with which the cow's poor picking in the meager home lot was to be eked out; and by it, with bent back and his hands upon his hips in attitude of rheumatic repose, stood the old residenter. He was friendly and courteous enough, but there was a dullness in his manner which I think I understood, for I knew that he had been ambitious in his younger days—had staked all his little wealth in a scheme for making money, and had failed, and was now poor as well as old. It is a simple story and the amount of money involved was comparatively small, but it had been raked together and saved up with much care and hardship and was his all.



THE OLD RESIDENTER.

I tried to draw him out, but he seemed not inclined to talk much except in answer to my questions. He told me that he could remember when wild turkeys were plenty about the mountain, and spoke of the building-bee when the neighbors assembled to aid in the first house-building venture. I asked him if there were many of them there that day, and he replied, "Quite a bunch on 'em."

Upon the wall in his little lonesome cottage was a rude pine shingle with a drawing upon it in red chalk. The old man was proud of the notice I took of this rude picture, and with great pride he told me that a little grandson did it, and related how "the little fellah sat down and took the chalk and drawed it right out of his head." To his mind this was ample evidence of genius,

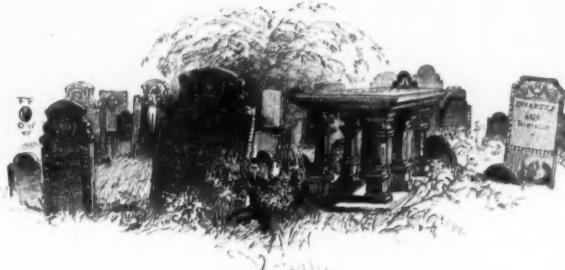
and he was convinced that the lad's father had made a mistake in making a farmer of the boy, as "he ought to have made *picters* for a livin'."

I had some difficulty in persuading the old man to wear his cap while posing for me. He thought his "best hat" would be "more scrumptious," and he shuffled off to bring it, in spite of my explanation that I wanted him in his every-day attire. He brought in a very ancient black derby hat with a high crown and flat rim, and about three sizes too small for him. It perched upon the top of his head in a comical fashion, and to me this attempt to look dressed up in his picture was really pathetic.

I have also the pleasure of introducing Aunt Drusilla, a charming old lady of Hockanum, who has seen the snows of more than eighty winters come and go and has had in her life much of hardship and care. She has always lived in this farming community, limited in this world's comforts and knowing nothing of its luxuries—rearing children and ending in widowhood, and yet carrying this weight of years in calmness and peace. Gentle, refined, and lady-like in her manner; tender-hearted, with a ready tear of sympathy; and yet with light-heartedness, always ready to laugh when laughter is in order—a serene old age. There is one odd thing about Aunt Drusilla: she is very, very

of medicine, and said he could cure paralysis. His own life for the last score of years was the best proof of his skill in the treatment of heart disease and various other ailments, for Dr. —— had told him just twenty years before that he could not live the year out, as his heart, his spine, his liver, and his kidneys were affected, not to mention his spleen.

He was a good deal of a moralist; but, judging from some of his reminiscences, he had taken up the cause of morality rather late in life. He was a great temperance reformer and lost no opportunity to drop a good temperance lesson, and we freely overlooked his occasional visits to the hotel for a glass of "tonic bitters" which the precarious state of his health rendered necessary, and which his strong temperance views forbade others to indulge in. The tobacco habit was his one acknowledged weakness. But he wished he had never touched it; it had been a curse to that valley; for as soon as the farmers began to raise it they had grown extravagant and reckless with their money, and the weed had sapped the life out of the soil. He discoursed upon the sharp and pithy letters which he was wont to write to such of the local papers as did not find his caustic utterances of truth too strong food for them. When I asked him to pose for me he declined, saying he had no money; but when



IN THE GRAVEYARD AT HATFIELD.

deaf, and yet she can hear music, while harsher and more discordant sounds are inaudible.

One morning there came toiling slowly up the steep ascent, with bent back and with one hand upon his hip and the other grasping a stout stick, the form of an old man. He accosted us with much civility and examined our sketches with intelligent interest. He was decidedly garrulous. He had seen something of the world—had been to the war in the capacity of a hospital nurse, and in the same capacity had served in the Northampton lunatic asylum, and on account of his superior trustworthiness had been the custodian of the key to Dr. ——'s wine cellar.

He laid claim to a considerable knowledge

told that I would pay him instead of asking pay he consented, and while he sat and smoked the despised tobacco he entertained me with bits of savory gossip, each incident related pointing a moral. He quoted with great fluency, in support of his theories of religion, politics, morality, and temperance, such great authorities as Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, and Wendell Phillips, and drew upon Holy Writ with great volubility. In spite of his vagaries I enjoyed the Professor, as they call him, and I hope he will successfully cope with his physical disabilities for many years to come.

One day, as I sat in the old cemetery at Hatfield sketching the gravestones, an old man with a long white beard came and mowed

the scanty and coarse grass which grew among the graves. He was a silent and picturesque figure swinging his scythe, reminding me of the dread Reaper "reaping among the wheat." I desired him to pose for me, but he said he was "too busy." Later in the day he came with Uncle Moses to gather the harvest which "God's acre" had yielded, Uncle Moses furnishing a horse and a hay-rack for the purpose. The headstones, some of which were very old,

and turn abruptly to the right into the road. My heart stood still as Uncle Moses, from his elevated perch on top of the load, chirruped to his horse and went with a rush over the bank. The wagon swayed and gave a dangerous lurch as it turned into the highway, and for a second two of the wheels left the ground, the loose hay at the sides and on the top of the load bounded upwards, and so did Uncle Moses for a second; but they came down in the right



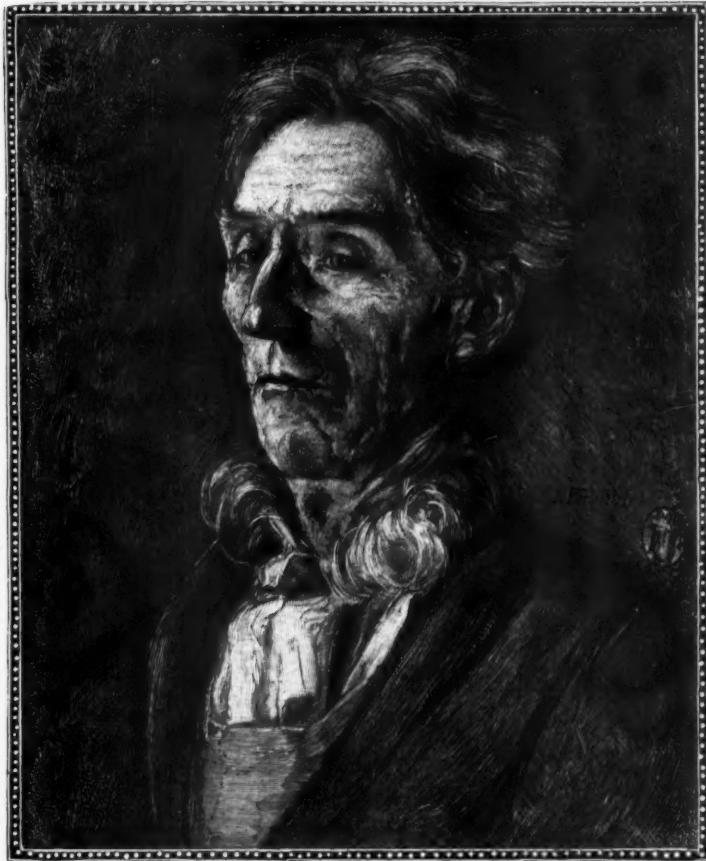
AUNT DRUSILLA.

were scattered at irregular intervals about the ground, sometimes very near together and sometimes quite widely separated, and it was interesting to watch these two old men as they calculated the space through which to drive and the possibility of turning around in order to get out again. The mower went ahead and reported the prospect, but always in a guarded manner, as if not wishing to take the responsibility. Uncle Moses, of course, was on the hay in the cart, and used his head independently as to turning this way or that, and with many soothing words to Dolly.

The cart was successfully worked around among the headstones, but the most difficult feat was to come, for in getting out of the yard it was necessary to plunge down a bank

place, and I drew a long breath of relief when Uncle Moses was once more safely outside that cemetery.

As a result of the happy days passed in the engravers' camp, and under the helpful influence of mutual sympathy and aims, we decided to form ourselves into a little clique, or guild, with a device or sign manual to mark our original work; and it seemed a happy thought when Kingsley proposed the woodpecker. The woodpecker was over our heads in a chestnut tree engraving upon the wood his own designs, and his presence in camp was looked upon as a good omen. It was decided hereafter to place his likeness with the initials O. W. W. ("Original Workers on Wood") on our original cuts, and it is hoped that our work in this



UNCLE MOSES.

direction shall represent the precious qualities which *ought* to flow from the direct and untrammelled expression of one's own chosen and best-loved themes.

For my own part I have tried to introduce, to such as may care to know them, some of the old and fast-disappearing types of a sturdy race who have lived untrammelled by the mandates of fashion, and who have preserved their independent and original character, both in its inward being and its outward expression. I have done this work without one moment of careless or flippant thoughtlessness; and while I am deeply conscious of the faults of technique, I hope I have atoned for them in some measure by the earnest purpose which has actuated me in the delineation of these faces. The unaffected beauty of the young girl, whose beaming face I can liken only to the

daisies and wild-flowers of her native soil, reminds me of little country maids with whom I used to trudge merrily to school in summer and winter — those glorious New Hampshire winters, when with the snow waist-deep upon the ground, and hiding out of sight the old stone walls, I used to draw the little sleds uphill, and think them never so light as when their fair owners were seated upon them. Not one wrinkle upon the faces of these time-worn veterans has been traced by me without increasing my respect for my rude New England forefathers, for I see in them that which reminds me of dear old friends and neighbors of my boyhood days; and if in these faulty attempts at delineation of character I can awaken in others a corresponding respect for "Old Hayseed," as we sometimes hear him thoughtlessly called, this work will not have been done in vain.

Frank French.

ORIGINALITY IN WOOD-ENGRAVING.

WITH ENGRAVINGS BY THE AUTHOR.



THE revival of interest in American wood-engraving during the last twenty years has brought about much discussion in regard to its position among the graphic arts. We are told, upon the best authority, what qualities are inherent in the wood, what is suitable in subject and drawing, and what is legitimate and illegitimate in technique. We are also gravely assured that a neglect of these well-defined lines of expression leads to a decadence of all that is truly beautiful in the art. There is an assumption that what has been best in the past must be the authority for the future, no matter what conditions arise to revolutionize and widen the sphere of its usefulness. We are also instructed that the province of wood-engraving should be confined to reproduction, or the interpreting of artistic thought at second hand, and any departure from the beaten track should be regarded as a temerity punishable with stripes rather than encouraged with approval. All of the traditions and habits inherent in the profession are reverently promulgated, and all of the textures necessary for the printing of fifty years ago are tenaciously insisted upon. All this in spite of the fact that modern machinery has made a new era in the printing of illustrations, as complete of its kind as that incident to the conditions of present warfare in contrast with the old methods of the past—in spite of the fact that in the best of Turkey boxwood we have a material capable of the most exquisite finish, and responsive to any texture or instrument known to the engraver. It is capable of holding its sharpness and delicacy, down to the finest touch, through a limited edition on a hand-press, just the same as an etching or a steel plate. And yet such is the power of habit and tradition that it would be exceedingly difficult to have publicly acknowledged what would be freely admitted in private—that the fine Japan proof is fully equal in quality to that of a high-class etching. Seemingly the first proofs from the wood-engraving should settle its position among the graphic arts, just as the best prints settle the rank of the etching or the steel-engraving. On the contrary, the enormous edition from an electro-plate of the engraving fixes its position and relegates it to the realm of the commonplace.

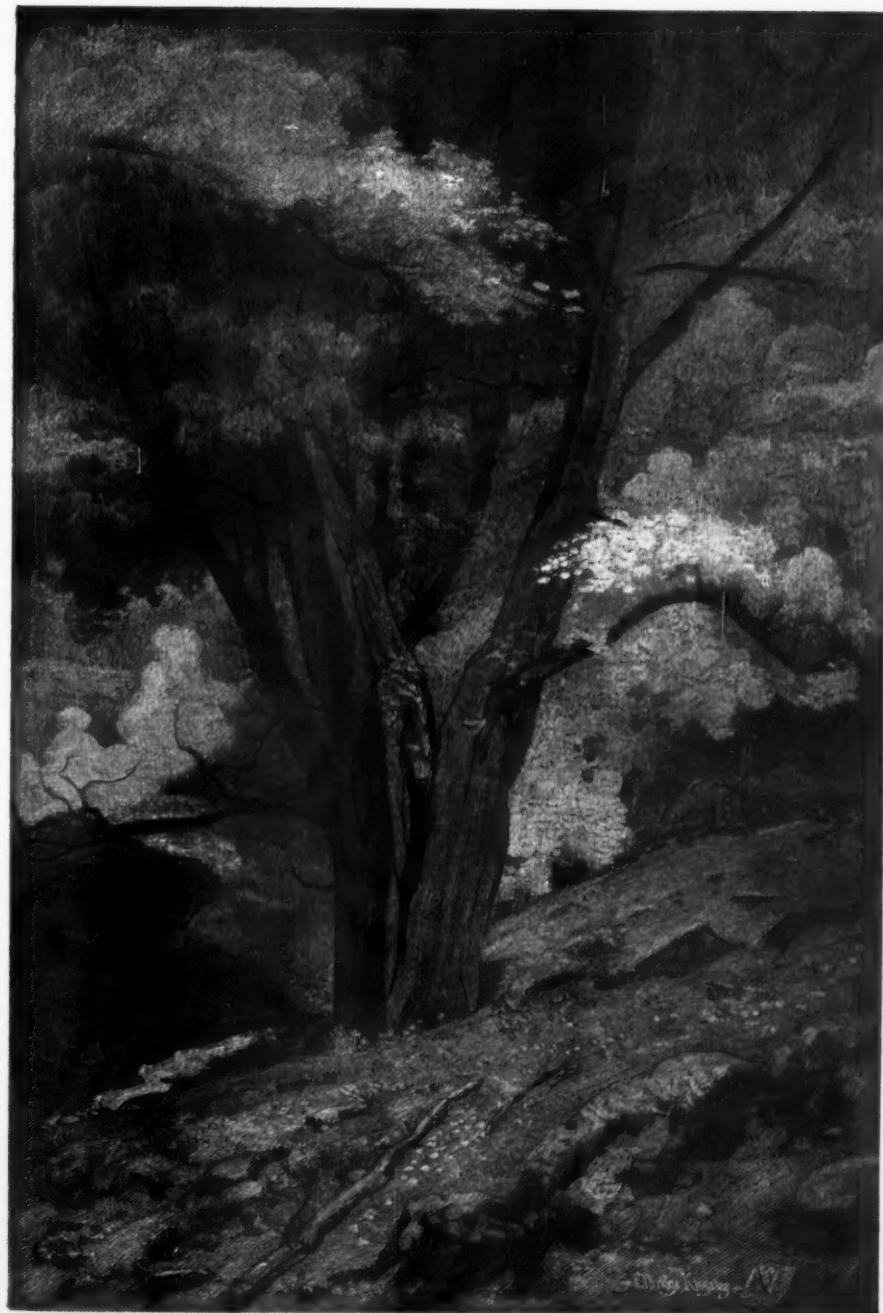
To illustrate more fully how the purpose or aim of a given work dominates the result, we have only to consider and put in sharp con-

trast two methods of treatment—the one for the etcher and the other for the engraver.

The etcher is encouraged in every possible way to put his personality into the handling of his subject, whether it be an original or a reproduction from another artist. Every inducement is made to have him assume the position of an artist; at least in the sense of being master of the color scheme of his black and white reproduction. Fullness of modeling or exactness of detail is not expected; but only the suggested abbreviation, dashed with a personality that distinguishes his work from that of another man. Even the dominating of the printer, while inking his plate so that each impression shall be unlike another, is regarded a merit and paid for accordingly.

This artistic atmosphere and treatment is supposed to bring something unique and rare, and undoubtedly does bring to each representative impression the best impulse of the moment. It would seem that such methods would destroy all faithfulness in reproductive work; yet, on the contrary, if the artist loves his copy, it is the only way to reproduce its quality. The personal friends of an etcher and his market combine to make him a law unto himself in his method of producing a result.

Without claiming for the wood-engraver such entire consideration, there is much in the plan which recommends itself if we are to have artistic results. There is an assumption in the beginning that we are dealing with a highly imaginative organization, capable of being attracted in some special direction of art, and able to reproduce it through training already established. In the past, and to a great extent in the present, a contrary environment is the lot of a wood-engraver. It is assumed in the beginning that he has not the feeling and imagination of an artist, although he may habitually produce better quality than his copies call for. He is hedged in by mechanical influences that sap the enthusiasm and deaden the ambition; he is harassed till, like a fox chased by the hounds, he would fain give up the merit of his own production and escape to a burrow of peaceful oblivion. And all this because the result must stand the strain of thousands of impressions and because the end is purely commercial, no matter how highly artistic the beginning. These conditions can be changed only when the public recognize and value the engraver's first proofs and the putting of his position on a par with that



OLD MAPLE TREE AT WHATELY GLEN.

of the etcher — this view of the case to be taken upon the supposition that the engraver has the will power to dominate his own plate, using his copy as an inspiration. If, on the contrary, mechanical exactness is the purpose, then all departments concerned in the matter can fall into line with the precision of parade, and a result may be counted upon with ease and certainty. Many artists are looking for such a millennium, when the engraver shall become an electric machine controlled by a button, and themselves produced as in a mirror — forgetting that they themselves would not make an exact copy of their own work, even the same size as the original.

Through such influences art departments are obliged to constitute themselves into halls of judgment, with the elusive and ever-changing standards of the artist on the one hand and the needs of the printer and the pockets of the publisher on the other. It is small credit to those most interested if the whole matter does not take refuge in a process that shall grind with delightful monotony and uniformity all coming to its mill, and with a great saving of conscience and responsibility. If the pages of the great publications should sparkle with the variety and change of such a system, a like machine might be used with profit on the paintings and etchings gathered at exhibitions. It would only be necessary to decide upon a standard, and then bring all work to its measure of perfection.

Many artists may justly feel that they are better reproduced by mechanical means than by engraving. This may be true if they can make the textures necessary entirely themselves; if not, they are dependent on a monotonous texture that is entirely mechanical, thus antagonizing one of the most important principles of their daily teaching and practice — that is, that "nature does not repeat herself, and no one given surface of a picture should be like another." Thus, how can a harmony, made up of many notes, be best produced by a machine having only one note or texture? The result can only be a shadow of the original — a mere lifeless corpse.

This cannot be entirely true of the engraver's work, no matter how poor, because his personality is bound to show itself in some shape, giving change and variety in contrast with that of another. He cannot get rid of his method any more than of his handwriting. It is a part of himself, and in it is the very element needed for the vitality of an engraving. Indeed, the feelings and ambitions of prominent engravers for personal expression should be exactly the same as those which govern painters and workers in all departments of creative art. And also, each important en-

graver is pretty sure to become a specialist, strong in certain directions while weak in others, just the same as his brethren of the brush and pencil.

Much confusion arises in the inquiring mind concerning this matter, because of the disagreements of professional criticism. The narrowest comments come from where we have the right to expect the broadest and most helpful judgments, so that, unconsciously, and with entire honesty, the engraver's own technique and manner become the yardstick with which to measure everybody else. The only true position for the outsider to take is to regard every prominent engraver as a specialist and judge him upon his own ground. Even then, comparatively speaking, every man's life is made up largely of failures. Only a very few examples reach the high-water mark that gives character to an artist's reputation.

Of course a large share of illustrations used in connection with relief printing have only a matter-of-fact purpose. Many artists also lean to the scientific phase of their art, requiring, with perfect reason, a more colorless medium than the specialist engraver can give. Here mechanical exactness is the better expression. If, however, the demand is in the direction of color, textures, and values, or in the line of tone harmonies, where no part is an exact repetition of another, then the mechanical rendition will destroy the whole sentiment of the picture. It may be scientifically exact and yet have nothing in common with the original. Artists of such subjects cannot possibly find infallibility in reproduction, even if they controlled every stage of the work themselves, because it is not a matter of reason and formula, but of feeling and impulse. Some of the most important work of this kind assumes many phases while in the hands of the engraver. The copy may be a painting that undergoes many changes while the engraving is progressing. When finished, the two results are sure to be unlike in the scientific sense of the term, and yet so near together in quality that the artist may feel himself better rendered than were possible by any other means. It is a species of legerdemain in which present results are only stepping-stones to higher excellence. There is no accepting of standards at a given time, either in exactness of form or in harmony of color. If the engraver is to accomplish anything here he must work in the same spirit as the artist, or not at all. He must mount the steed of his own technique, unfettered by leash or rein, and chase a leader, perhaps mighty in creative force, yet as fickle as the wind. There is no exact classification of the results till long after the actors are dead — either for the artist or for the engraver. Never-



MORNING FROM THE SHADOW OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

theless, here is the germ of originality for wood-engraving; and if the engraver loves his subject, he will put life and vitality into his production, no matter what may be his method of producing it.

The foregoing naturally leads to the consideration of the engraver as an original worker on wood, both as to the conception of his subject and its execution. Here again the habits and training of his profession and the custom of his patrons tend to force him to continue in the safe routine of copying an established artistic reputation. It requires some daring for an engraver of small means to produce an engraving that he can call entirely his own, because of the uncertainty of its market. He knows very well that its success is more a question of reputation than of merit, and the matter is discussed and settled by his patrons long before his work begins, leading naturally to the conclusion that copying is the only field for wood-engraving.

It is true the old method of drawing upon the wood has become somewhat obsolete, and photography has brought almost every kind of artistic expression to the proper size of the wood block, which convenience the engraver can use for his own work as well as for that of another. Yet habit and want of time often turn the best of conveniences into a snare. Many paintings are reproduced upon the false values of the photograph, without a careful study of the original at all, and of course an engraver can bring a poor result from exactly the same causes. Every inducement seems to come forward for the earliest and simplest way of reaching a result, and the temper of the American people reaches out for the best art by buying it outright, or inventing a method of producing it quickly and cheaply; anything rather than the plodding industry that builds a life work upon character and experience; anything rather than allow the human element to grow and ripen, to settle its own destiny when life is done. Artist friends criticize and say, "Why do you so?" to the efforts of the original engraver, and then commit the same faults in their own work with impunity. If an engraver succeeds in producing a result equal to the ordinary engraving by the professional artist and his engraver, immediately his work is a challenge and his standard is moved up. He must draw like a Meissonier as well as be a great colorist. Of course if reputation and method are forgotten the result can be judged upon its merits, relegating the whole question to ordinary art standards.

This opens the controversy upon what is good and what is worthless in art, a matter which has never been settled, and never will be while the world stands.

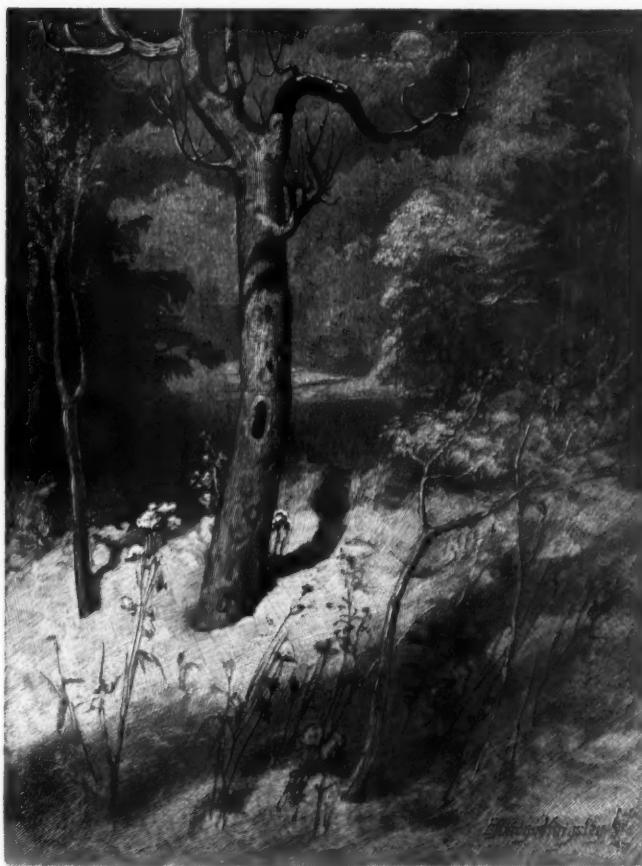
There can be found only a few salient points for the artist or the engraver to settle upon. There is no question but that a perfect engraving should combine perfect drawing, harmonious color, and the best of technique with the graver. Yet this can never be, except in theory, while human nature remains what it is; and, indeed, there is no sensible reason why it should be expected. When the greatest reputations in the world of art are analyzed we find that perfection in all directions is but a popular fancy. True, a great mind will seize the essentials and express itself so as to be understood and remembered; while it is equally true that a small mind will spend its whole force over the grammar of its language, and after all have nothing worthy of expression. To illustrate this idea we have but to call to mind a few names of totally different characteristics in the long line of great reputations in the world of art.

In spite of volumes of eulogy, Turner did not draw in the sense that Meissonier would attach to the term; neither did the great Barbizon school of French painters paint to satisfy the technical standards of their own schools of art. They simply had the power to select from nature the qualities they loved best, the technical power to express themselves in harmony with their own feelings, and to express themselves so that future listeners should make no mistake as to the message sent or the personality of the expression. The greatest reputations have been born independent of existing schools of training and thought; nay, to a large extent they have arisen in spite of them.

Perhaps it is not necessary that the engraver follow the painter in all his methods of drawing, sketching, and painting, yet it may be the best way. Many spend as much time with the brush as with the graver. The essential point is to be at home with what one has to say, either by painting or by engraving upon the spot. It is perfectly feasible to engrave under the shadow of the trees in pleasant summer weather, but it does not follow that a winter scene must be produced while the artist is freezing to death in a snow bank.

The writer of this article has found it necessary to leave the city and spend a part of his time in his childhood home for rest and inspiration, and this time has mainly been spent in painting for use in engraving afterward.

Away up the Connecticut Valley, beyond Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, in a little basin surrounded by hills, nestles the quiet village of Old Hadley—old in the sense of having a history in the beginning of the nation, and connecting directly with the mother country through a Puritan ancestry; and old in the sense of preserving intact much of the tradition



A WINTER IDYL.

and appearance of two hundred years ago. Here are the same houses where the regicides found a refuge, and in sight are the same forest-covered hills where the Indians lurked in ambush, and to this day in going up and down the broad streets can be seen traces of the quaint manners of the Puritan forefathers.

At this moment from a front window can be seen one of the fairest scenes upon which the sun ever shone. It is midwinter, and the ground and trees are covered with freshly fallen snow. A wide street lined with scattered cottages and trees makes up the foreground. In the middle distance the meadows stretch away level as a floor across the Connecticut River to the foothills of Mount Holyoke. The long, cold, blue mountain range rises like a walled precipice sheer from the valley, its rocky sides partly clothed with somber evergreen forests. In the streets of the town the graceful elm is found at its best, drooping under its

burden of clinging white. Each sidewalk shows a double column, rearing their magnificent plumes to the sky. The air is soft, and a faint haze is stealing along the surface of the snow. For an hour not a human being appears; only now and then a faint bit of curling smoke rises above a roof to show that life is within. Over all the setting sun is sending its yellow light, making exact counterparts of the trees in long blue shadows across the street. The eastern sky at the horizon is heavy with purple clouds, and just above is a clear sky of a most delicate green, deepening to a blue-black at the zenith. In the midst of the clear space rides the full moon, faintly emerging and touching the green with a silver rim. She is only waiting for the golden sunlight to weaken in order to show her power. Every house, tree-trunk, and hillock in front gleams like gold, while on the shadow side the roofs and treetops are flooded with silver light. Each luminary is



OLD HADLEY STREET.

throwing out side by side color harmonies of indescribable beauty.

Almost in a moment the scene changes. The sun drops its light, a cloud drifts across the moon, the wind rises and shakes the whiteness from the trees, and sends the drifts scurrying against the window panes. All is darkness and gloom. This is New England in winter.

In the warmer season the picture changes. The spring loosens the ice-bound rivulets, and they flood the valleys with water till the lowlands are a vast lake. Then the buds begin to swell, and by the time the waters have abated, the long meadows are tremulous in the most delicate greens and olives. Billow upon billow arises to meet the eye till lost in the distant blue of the hills. All nature is dancing in the glad sunshine and bowing to the gentle breezes. The song birds are filling the air with music, and the meadow carpets are strewn with brilliant colored flowers.

But it is an autumn picture from the shadow of Mount Holyoke that enchains the imagination, and the experience is held in fond remembrance for many a long year afterward. From early dawn till nearly noon the northern slope of the mountain is in deep shadow, while the valley below is bathed in sunshine. The ground may be white with frost, the air chilly, and

the climb up the jagged rocks toilsome, but when a comfortable outlook is reached the discomfort is forgotten as the gorgeous panorama unfolds itself. A long serpentine wreath of fog may be rising from the bosom of the Connecticut, hiding the distant towns and villages. Puffs of steam and smoke are shooting up through the vapor, showing the beginning of day at the mills. Perhaps a breeze, like an invisible tongue, will thrust aside the fog for a moment and disclose a portion of the cold, steel-like surface of the river, or it may uncover the brow of Mount Tom and let the sunlight in. All up and down the ragged eastern slope the golden light plays, unable to loosen the cold grip of the fog at the base. So we have a mountain hanging in mid-air like a jewel. Soon the all-powerful sun asserts himself, and in faintly rosy tints the spires and roofs of Northampton begin to flash out from the mists against a background of purple hills, with a crown of fleecy clouds overhead. Presently the sun and wind together drive the flying mists down the valley, and far away we can discern the shadow line of the mountain upon which we stand creeping nearer and nearer. Within its limit at our feet the frost rests upon the landscape like a shroud; beyond the line in the warmth and sunshine the

most gorgeous coloring is springing into life. Far away the river is merrily coming down the valley, flashing like a silver thread, and by its side are trooping serried armies of brilliant trees. Gold and crimson maples spring into life one after another out of the shadows, till the foot-hills are reached, when the more somber forest trees take their places.

But the impression on the mind, as the eye sweeps away to the north for twenty miles, is as if all the armies of the earth were out in the splendor of holiday parade. Only it is so very peaceful—so peaceful that hours pass unnoticed by the unconscious observer. The sun wheels on its course, the mountain reverses

its shadow, a path of streaming light dips into the river below,—is gone,—twinkling stars come out, and the dream is over.

The relation of such impressions to engraving on wood may not appear at first, but one engraver, at least, thinks he cannot engrave well without such experiences. And if other engravers become of like mind and love the Connecticut Valley, it is no assumption for them to find expression through the channel of their own profession. Each one will find material to build according to his liking, and the public in choosing from the results will, in the main, deal with it upon the same principle.

Elbridge Kingsley.

PAINTER-ENGRAVING.

WITH ENGRAVINGS BY THE AUTHOR.


LL the arts are but the means for expressing thought, and that art is most valuable which interposes fewest obstacles between the thought and its ultimate expression, and receives most readily and retains longest the impress of individuality.

In the more fundamental arts, sculpture, music, and painting of fixed pictures, these attributes do not change greatly; but in the multiplying arts, where the final result is influenced by intermediate operations, their possibilities may be vastly augmented and their value greatly increased by refinements in those operations, so that an art which under certain conditions could not be made available for the ready fixing of refined thought may, when those conditions are improved, become very valuable for such use.

Among the graphic arts none has so long held its position or has had so wide an influence as relief engraving, remaining the same in principle since the first line was cut, nearly two thousand years ago. The development of its possibilities has been coincident with improvements in printing, but the direction of its use has been largely influenced by its adaptability to definite representation in small size, and the consequent convenience in the distribution of its results. During this century it has gained steadily in public estimation and extended use, until, at the present day, it is called upon in supplement to descriptive writing not only to represent the landscapes, archi-

ecture, costumes, and customs of every country, but to give a comprehensive idea of the world's work in science, applied arts, and industries, invention, manufacture, transportation, and communication: this it does so successfully that there seems little in the natural or economic life of the universe that cannot be clearly pictured on the page which may be held in the hand of the fireside reader. Its value as a means of distributing information is well known and appreciated, but its artistic possibilities have not been so carefully studied and are not so well understood.

An art which has done so much and has done it so well may reasonably be looked to to do much more; because what it has accomplished in representing numberless forms, textures, and qualities in the widely varying subjects of descriptive illustration indicates its susceptibility to mental control; and if this susceptibility is sufficiently delicate, and it does not oppose too serious obstacles in manipulation, it is valuable as a means of artistic expression.

The reason that it has not been heretofore made use of for this purpose, except in isolated instances, may be found in the fact that the influencing adjuncts of paper-making and printing had not been sufficiently perfected and brought into harmony to make such work possible; and for the want of these favorable conditions neither the public nor the workers in the art have recognized its possibilities.

After the improvements in paper-making and printing referred to, the chief of these has been the reproductive engraving of paintings. In this work the attempt has been made—

and in many instances very successfully—not only to represent the composition, tones, and values of a picture, but to give also an unmistakable impression of the painter's individuality.

Such work is a much subtler test of the possibilities of an art than any of the tasks of descriptive illustration, and the success of relief engraving in it indicates its adaptability to still better uses, or that it would be equally and

in any case where real sympathy is lacking, the operation of trying to establish it can never be a pleasant one: the artistic temperament rebels at it; and to turn from it towards original work which occupies other faculties, and has the delight of personal discovery, is only a natural result, and is in line with the best development of the art.

But such a turning, in these days of high standards of execution in specialties, requires



THE WATER NYMPH.

perhaps more readily responsive under the more direct influence of thought in the doing of work at first hand.

The best, or ideal, results in reproductive engraving can be achieved only when the painter and the engraver are thoroughly in sympathy. As no one engraver can be thus in sympathy with many artists, differing greatly as they do in character and temperament, it follows that the best reproductive work of any one engraver must be very limited in quantity unless he can by cultivation and some degree of self-abrogation establish such a bond. Cultivation may bring just appreciation and respect for work, but such reproductive work requires the engraver to feel more than this: he must bend his own likings to those of the painter, endeavor to see from his point of view, and feel his enthusiasms; and just in proportion as he is able to do this cordially and completely, and also to adapt his own technique to his assumed character, will be his success or his lack of it. Some can do this more readily than others, but

some courage, because of the possibility of a loss in execution through lack of concentration. Concentration of effort within narrow limits surely favors the greatest accomplishment of work in quantity and in quality so far as workmanship in technique goes, but breadth of cultivation just as surely favors the best accomplishment in all things where vigorous mental comprehension and delicate apprehension in the use of means influence most the expression of thought.

As it is more difficult always to know what treatment will most adequately express thought than it is to acquire skill in workmanship, it follows that to acquire a knowledge of more than one method of work and to make use of it is not always a scattering of energies; inasmuch as what is lost in mere skill of workmanship is gained through a broadening of the mental horizon and the acquiring of a more refined insight. Nor does it follow that there is necessarily a real loss in technique in the use of one means by acquiring another, for the

manipulation of mediums incident to one method of work always furnishes suggestions for management in another, which makes technique in either the readier servant of thought, and consequently more valuable than if it had gained in finish of workmanship.

This truth should not be lost sight of in estimating the true value of technique in painter-engraving, because an exhibition of the engraver's skill as a workman may rightly be subordinated to his desires as an artist, whenever, by so doing, a gain may be made of directness in expressing his thought. It is by reason of a gain in directness, which is the desideratum in all the arts, that painter-engravers find ground to stand on.

Engraving, in common with all branches of the art of *picturé-making*, interposes so many obstacles between the thought and its ultimate expression that at best the thought itself is more or less warped, changed, and made to conform to the means of expression. But in original work the influence is as direct as it can ever be. The hand is controlled by the brain which originates the thought, and makes every touch under its influence; and such touches are more vital and have more value than any others can have.

Men who wish the encouragement of example in doing original work will find it in the careers of the few who have placed their names highest on the list of engravers during the past three centuries, for they were original workers, or painter-engravers. And while the circumstances which controlled them are very different from those which control engravers of the present day, it is worth while to study the men and their work, and, if possible, understand why it is better than that of other men; for it goes without saying, or ought to, that an artist has but one point to consider—always how to make his work better; because if it can only be good enough, all other problems solve themselves.

In the study of the abler painter-engravers it is very difficult to analyze and differentiate their work justly; that is, to know what portion of credit should be given to them as artists and what as engravers. To take an example: Dürer and Rembrandt—if, for the sake of study, Rembrandt may be classed with the engravers in his graphic work—represent very widely different extremes in mental habits and technical methods. Much credit is given Dürer as an engraver which should be given him as an artist. To do his engraving would be not at all a difficult task to a modern engraver, while no engraver of the present day, and perhaps no artist, could equal his sturdy drawing.

On the other hand, Rembrandt was inimitable in his touch and management of line as an engraver. His mastery of treatment was so

great, that in considering his work it is impossible to separate the skill of the touch itself from the thought which inspired the picture, or to imagine what his work would be if divorced from the extreme mental control and skill of hand which enabled him to express his ideas so charmingly. No photographic, mechanical, or other reproductive work whatsoever could have reproduced his paintings and given them the same value, or anything like it, which his own graphic work has; and if Rembrandt is to be shown in graphic work at all, nothing could induce one to give up what Rembrandt did in it himself.

In their use of the graphic arts probably Rembrandt and Dürer were alike influenced by a desire to distribute their work more widely than they could do by painting; but their choice of methods of work was fixed by their mental characteristics and by the different possibilities in etching and relief engraving at that time.

Dürer understood the vigorous qualities of the wood or relief engraving, but had not compassed its possibilities of refinement; nor could they have been compassed until improvements in printing had made it possible to show slight differences of tone and texture. Rembrandt delighted in atmosphere and in strong light and shade, or full chiaroscuro, and could secure those qualities with the needle and plate, but the limitations of printing made it impossible to secure these in relief engraving in his day—if, indeed, it had been thought of. The method of printing from the etched plate remains much the same as in Rembrandt's time, but in the printing from the relief plate and in the consequent development and refinement in its engraving, there has been a vast change since his time or the time of Dürer. It is now quite possible to print relief engravings done in full chiaroscuro, to represent almost any conceivable texture, and with any degree of refinement reasonable for a picture in black and white.

If the possibilities of the art at the present day, or in the very near future, could have been developed in Rembrandt's time, they would have delighted him, and made engraving as available for his purposes as it was for Dürer's. These developments place relief engraving among the arts which can be used as a means of artistic expression by men of very varied temperaments, and opens for it, owing to its peculiar characteristics, a wide field not occupied by any other art.

In considering relief engraving as a means of artistic expression the science of the art becomes of great importance: wherein it differs from other methods of picture-making in this can, perhaps, best be ascertained by comparison.



C. L. C.

NIGHT MOTHS.

The painter uses infinitesimal particles of color, which, for convenience, are manipulated in water or oil as a vehicle. These particles, which are too minute to be distinguished

individually by the eye, can with the brush be agglomerated in masses, or spread in films of any thinness. The painter has no thought for each particle of color, but only for the effect on

the eye of multitudes of them combined, or in juxtaposition. In practice it is possible to modify effects by glazing, or superimposing films of color over previous painting, to mass painting over painting, or to scrape away first paintings and repaint entirely, so that, with these possibilities of change in mind, the painter in oil works freely and without trepidation.

In the graphic arts there is no method which makes use of granulations so minute as to be indistinguishable to the eye, excepting photogravure. The similarity in size of the particles of color and the granules of ink would make it seem possible that photogravure is akin to painting, but for this reason it is not: multitudes of particles of varied and harmonious color have a charm for the eye which multitudes of granules of ink of one color have not; and where only one color is to be used some charm of treatment must be substituted for the lacking charm of color, if an equal degree of interest is maintained.

In relief engraving there are but two values to work with, absolute black and absolute white. A white touch remains always a white touch without modification, and all effects, textures, tones, and values are secured by shaping and arranging those white touches or lines and the black spaces between them. Every touch retains its shape as first made and its relation to every other touch with the utmost obstinacy, so that the engraver has but one shot; he must either by acquired knowledge or by intuition know what relation each touch made will bear to all of its fellows and what influence it will have on them, and secure his tones, values, and textures the first time, for no radical change can be made.

The engraver therefore works under much greater nervous strain than the painter, and it would at first seem that an art compelling such

precision could never respond readily to artistic impulses. Analogy will perhaps serve to show how it may. In music, where every note is an arbitrary quantity, it is possible so to combine and arrange them with regard to their relations and the influence of one note upon another as to delight the senses by endless variety and gradation of impression; just so it is possible to combine and arrange touches in white and black, understanding their relations and influences upon one another, as to represent all textures and gradations, and secure harmony and that variety in treatment which gives the charm of endless suggestion.

Owing to the long-continued use of relief engraving for the purposes of cheaper illustration, with all the concomitant unhappy influences of poor printing and of paper ill suited to the requirements of the plates, the public have fixed for it a standing lower than etching or than some of the other graphic arts. Even engravers themselves have been slow to take advantage of all possibilities of hand printing and to study the adaptability of various kinds of papers for proofs of different subjects, as is done in the printing of etchings; but already this is changing. The importation of the peculiar and very beautiful Japanese papers which can be used in hand printing, made by hand from the fiber of the mulberry tree, gives the opportunity for new and very charming effects in proofs from relief plates. The value of these is beginning to be recognized, and the art dealers already have in their portfolios proofs from a few plates, done by American and French engravers. The qualities of these proofs are being studied by connoisseurs; and when the possibilities of the art are recognized by the engravers and by the public, relief engraving will take its rightful place as one of the most comprehensive, vital, and interesting of the graphic arts.

W. B. Closson.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY THE AUTHOR.


INGSLEY'S car, the center of so much that is promising in the future of wood-engraving in this country, is in Whately Glen, near the old mill, Kingsley and I having lingered on into October to catch some of the autumn glory.

It is inclement and cold. The wind has as much to do, perhaps, with our selection of subjects as good taste has. Yet, when the sun breaks through the clouds and warms awhile the steep hillside, there is a shrillness added to

the whistle of the wind very like the "frying" of the cicada—a very small fry, proportioned to the supply of heat; and, near by, three times to-day have I heard the tree-toad croak, blue-birds in abundance, and the goldfinch with her young "Che-dink, che-dink," all day long.

It is some compensation that we have acquired a sensuous liking for wetness and the feeling of cold. Then the S—s, who own the place, mother and sons, do what they can to make our lot endurable, and at the week's end the daughter of the house rides up from

Hadley, bringing news of the world and an evening of pure delight to us car-dwellers.

This evening, while we have talked liberally of all masters, we have read Emerson's essay "Art," and "Wood Notes," and, from Browning, "Saul."

We cannot sleep now for winged thoughts which pervade our narrow dwelling-place.

school of the great English engravers, John Thompson, Williams, Orrin Smith, John Jackson, and last but greatest, W. J. Linton.

I had learned very little of engraving before I learned that this last great name had an especial cult which embraced nearly all the engravers in America. His "Infant Hercules" (I believe), after Reynolds, and his "Virgin



AUTUMN HILLSIDE.

We talk, in our little way, on lofty themes, and grow warm with the sense of nature's close and personal relationship to us. We open the door and look out into the night. The hoarfrost sparkles like diamonds on the tangle of brown weeds and the interlacing boughs, refracting the rays of the great, round moon we do not see. Far across the lake-like pond, the crystal clearness of whose waters we know, the maples burn in orange and crimson flame, and Indian Hill rounds his great bare bosom up against the sky. We nature-lovers of the block and burin resent the charge of being mere poachers in the domain of poetry and art.

It is nearly forty years since, with hopeful elation, I left scenes similar to these to go to the far-off town to learn the art of wood-engraving. I found, 't is true, little to encourage lofty aspirations in the work then given me to do. But there was a beacon star in the

and Child," after a cartoon by Raphael, and later "The Haunted House," hung in every engraving office in the land. Linton was the center and soul of whatever was progressive in wood-engraving then. He meant art to us, and the lines he cut were, in lieu of nature, our wonder and our study. Each newly landed English engraver was pestered with questions concerning the tools he used and his manner of working. According as rumor fixed either, we changed our own implements or methods.

But little was ascertained, however, until one of our own artists, who stood very high among the craft, visited England. On his return we were told many things of artists whose names were household words with us, but nothing so delightful and surprising as of Linton, who, he said, had been very courteous to him, and had shown him many helpful things about his drawing.

It cannot be realized now what an effect that candid admission, by one of the "superior beings" himself, had upon an engraver. The idea came naturally then that Linton's distinctive merit was not a matter of tools, but of art culture.

Soon after the great man himself came and made his home among us. We have seen his "Lake Country," the illustrations to Bryant's "Flood of Years," and his paintings at the Academy,—of which institution he was made a member,—and we know he was an artist. He worked with his graver, using just the same kind of intelligence that he used when working with his brush. His bitterest opponent in

the so-called "new school of engravers" most heartily would desire, I know, that he were now a young man leading in the present advance of the art he has done so much to establish.

Those who have learned his lesson know that the study of drawing, painting, modeling, or whatever brings skill to the hand and quickness to the perception, is the best way to study engraving. Let art be your master. Then live by flowery banks of rivers, in the bowers of the wood-god, in the starry realm of poesy, or in this wheeled temple sacred to the woodpecker, and be sure even the engraver's work will show the world something of these blest abodes.

John P. Davis.

THE PETER-BIRD.

WHEN summer's birds are bringing
Their clear, concerted singing,
Singing gladder, gladder, gladder in their glees;
When finches and the thrushes
Make vocal all the bushes,
And the lark his note of morning welcome
frees—
I hear no meter sweeter
Than "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

How good to lie and listen,
Where brooks in summer glisten,
As they ripple, ripple, ripple to the seas;
Where faintly in the pebbles
They play their pretty trebles
In the plaintive, sad and tender minor keys;
But they can play no meter
Like "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When softly at the nooning
I hear the clover crooning,
Of its nectar, nectar, nectar, and the
bees;
When corn a-field is drying,
And fading blades are flying
With a floating pennon-rustle in the breeze,
Oh sweet it is, but sweeter
Is "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When summer's joy is over
And bees have robbed the clover,
Leaving odor, only odor, to appease;
When red autumnal juices
Make music in their sluices
As the fruity currents gurgle from their lees;
The wine-tide sings not sweeter
Than "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

Henry Thompson Stanton.

BROOK SONG.

BROOK, would thou couldst flow
With a music all thine own—
Thy babble of music alone—
Not a word of the Long Ago
In thy brawling down below,
Not a sigh of the wind by thee—
The wind in the willow tree!

Or, Brook, if thou couldst go,
As once, in the prime of May,
For a whole long holiday,
When the cowslips down below—
And the violets—watched thy flow,
With the babble of two by thee,
And the wind in the willow tree!

O Brook, if thou couldst so
Make a living music and sing
Of a faded, bygone Spring,
And down by the violets flow
With that babble of Long Ago,
I would listen forever to thee
And the wind in the willow tree.

James Herbert Morse.

THE "HAUNTED HOUSE" IN ROYAL STREET.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

I.

AS IT STANDS NOW.



WHEN you and —— make that much-talked-of visit to New Orleans, by all means see early whatever evidences of progress and aggrandizement her hospitable citizens wish to show you; New Orleans belongs to the living present, and has serious practical relations with these United States and this great living world and age. And yet I want the first morning walk that you two take together and alone to be in the old French Quarter. Go down Royal street.

You shall not have taken many steps in it when, far down on the right-hand side, where the narrow street almost shuts its converging lines together in the distance, there will begin to rise above the extravagant confusion of intervening roofs and to stand out against the dazzling sky a square, latticed remnant of a belvedere. You can see that the house it surmounts is a large, solid, rectangular pile, and that it stands directly on the street at what residents call the "upper, river corner," though the river is several squares away on the right. There are fifty people in this old rue Royale who can tell you their wild versions of this house's strange true story against any one who can do this present writer the honor to point out the former residence of Sieur George, Madame Délicieuse, or Dr. Mossy, or the unrecognizably restored dwelling of Madame Delphine.

I fancy you already there. The neighborhood is very still. The streets are almost empty of life, and the cleanliness of their stone pavements is largely the cleanliness of disuse. The house you are looking at is of brick, covered with stucco, which somebody may be lime-washing white, or painting yellow or brown, while I am saying it is gray. An uncovered balcony as wide as the sidewalk makes a deep arcade around its two street sides. The last time I saw it, it was for rent, and looked as if it had been so for a long time; but that proves nothing. Every one of its big window-

shutters was closed, and by the very intensity of their rusty silence spoke a hostile impenetrability. Just now it is occupied.

They say that Louis Philippe, afterwards king of the French, once slept in one of its chambers. That would have been in 1798; but in 1798 they were not building such tall buildings as this in New Orleans — did not believe the soil would uphold them. As late as 1806, when 'Sieur George's house, upon the St. Peter street corner, was begun, people shook their heads; and this house is taller than 'Sieur George's. I should like to know if the rumor is true. Lafayette, too, they say, occupied the same room. Maybe so. That would have been in 1824-25. But we know he had elegant apartments, fitted up for him at the city's charge, in the old Cabildo. Still —

It was, they say, in those, its bright, early days, the property of the Pontálbas, a noble Franco-Spanish family; and I have mentioned these points, which have no close bearing upon our present story, mainly to clear the field of all mere they-says, and leave the ground for what we know to be authenticated fact, however strange.

The entrance, under the balcony, is in Royal street. Within a deep, white portal, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with ornaments, two or three steps, shut off from the sidewalk by a pair of great gates of open, ornamental iron-work with gilded tops, rise to the white door. This also is loaded with a raised work of urns and flowers, birds and fountains, and Phœbus in his chariot. Inside, from a marble floor, an iron-railed, winding stair ("said the spider to the fly") leads to the drawing-rooms on the floor even with the balcony. These are very large. The various doors that let into them, and the folding door between them, have carved panels. A deep frieze covered with raised work — white angels with palm branches and folded wings, stars, and wreaths — runs all around, interrupted only by high, wide windows that let out between fluted Corinthian pilasters upon the broad open balcony. The lofty ceilings, too, are beautiful with raised garlandry.

Measure one of the windows — eight feet across. Each of its shutters is four feet wide.

Look at those old crystal chandeliers. And already here is something uncanny—at the bottom of one of these rooms, a little door in the wall. It is barely a woman's height, yet big hinges jut out from the jamb, and when you open it and look in you see only a small dark place without steps or anything to let you down to its floor below, a leap of several feet. It is hardly noteworthy; only neither you nor—can make out what it ever was for.

The house is very still. As you stand a moment in the middle of the drawing-room looking at each other you hear the walls and floors saying those soft nothings to one another that they so often say when left to themselves. While you are looking straight at one of the large doors that lead into the hall its lock gives a whispered click and the door slowly swings open. No cat, no draft, you and—exchange a silent smile and rather like the mystery; but do you know? That is an old trick of those doors, and has made many an emotional girl smile less instead of more; although I doubt not any carpenter could explain it.

I assume, you see, that you visit the house when it is vacant. It is only at such times that you are likely to get in. A friend wrote me lately: "Miss—and I tried to get permission to see the interior. Madame said the landlord had requested her not to allow visitors; that over three hundred had called last winter, and had been refused for that reason. I thought of the three thousand who would call if they knew its story." Another writes: "The landlord's orders are positive that no photographer of any kind shall come into his house."

The house has three stories and an attic. The windows farthest from the street are masked by long, green latticed balconies or "galleries," one to each story, which communicate with one another by staircases behind the lattices and partly overhang a small, damp, paved court which is quite hidden from outer view save from one or two neighboring windows. On your right as you look down into this court a long, narrow wing stands out at right angles from the main house, four stories high, with the latticed galleries continuing along the entire length of each floor. It bounds this court on the southern side. Each story is a row of small square rooms, and each room has a single high window in the southern wall and a single door on the hither side opening upon the latticed gallery of that floor. Wings of that sort were once very common in New Orleans in the residences of the rich; they were the house's slave quarters. But certainly some of the features you see here never were common—locks seven inches across; several windows without sashes, but with sturdy iron gratings and solid iron shutters. On the fourth floor

the doorway communicating with the main house is entirely closed twice over, by *two pairs* of batten shutters held in on the side of the main house by iron hooks eighteen inches long, two to each shutter. And yet it was through this doorway that the ghosts—figuratively speaking, of course, for we are dealing with plain fact and history—got into this house.

Will you go to the belvedere? I went there once. Unless the cramped stair that reaches it has been repaired you will find it something rickety. The newspapers, writing fifty-five years ago in the heat and haste of the moment, must have erred as to heavy pieces of furniture being carried up this last cramped flight of steps to be cast out of the windows into the street far below. Besides, the third-story windows are high enough for the most thorough smashing of anything dropped from them for that purpose.

The attic is cut up into little closets. Lying in one of them close up under the roof maybe you will still find, as I did, all the big iron keys of those big iron locks down-stairs. The day I stepped up into this belvedere it was shaking visibly in a squall of wind. An electric storm was coming out of the north and west. Yet overhead the sun still shone vehemently through the rolling white clouds. It was grand to watch these. They were sailing majestically hither and thither southward across the blue, leaning now this way and now that like a fleet of great ships of the line manoeuvering for position against the dark northern enemy's already flashing and thundering onset. I was much above any neighboring roof. Far to the south and south-west the newer New Orleans spread away over the flat land. North-eastward, but near at hand, were the masts of ships and steamers, with glimpses here and there of the water, and farther away the open breadth of the great yellow river sweeping around Slaughterhouse Point under an air heavy with the falling black smoke and white steam of hurrying tugs. Closer by, there was a strange confusion of roofs, trees, walls, vines, tiled roofs, brown and pink, and stuccoed walls, pink, white, yellow, red, and every sort of gray. The old convent of the Ursulines stood in the midst, and against it the old chapel of St. Mary with a great sycamore on one side and a willow on the other. Almost under me I noticed some of the semicircular arches of rotten red brick that were once a part of the Spanish barracks. In the north the "Old Third" (third city district) lay, as though I looked down upon it from a cliff—a tempestuous gray sea of slate roofs dotted with tossing green tree tops. Beyond it, not far away, the deep green, ragged line of cypress swamp half encircled it and gleamed weirdly under a sky packed with

dark clouds that flashed and growled and boomed and growled again. You could see rain falling from one cloud over Lake Pontchartrain; the strong gale brought the sweet smell of it. Westward, yonder, you may still descry the old calaboose just peeping over the tops of some lofty trees; and that bunch a little at the left is Congo Square; but the old calaboose — the one to which this house was once strangely related — is hiding behind the cathedral here on the south. The street that crosses Royal here and makes the corner on which the house stands is Hospital street; and yonder, westward, where it bends a little to the right and runs away so bright, clean, and empty between two long lines of groves and flower gardens, it is the old Bayou Road to the lake. It was down that road that the mistress of this house fled in her carriage from its door with the howling mob at her heels. Before you descend from the belvedere turn and note how the roof drops away in eight different slopes; and think — from whichever one of these slopes it was — of the little fluttering, beforked lump of terrified childhood that leaped from there and fell clean to the paved yard below. A last word while we are still here: there are other reasons — one, at least, besides tragedy and crime — that make people believe this place is haunted. This particular spot is hardly one where a person would prefer to see a ghost, even if one knew it was but an optical illusion; but one evening, some years ago, when a bright moon was mounting high and swinging well around to the south, a young girl who lived near by and who had a proper skepticism for the marvels of the gossips passed this house. She was approaching it from an opposite sidewalk, when, glancing up at this belvedere outlined so loftily on the night sky, she saw with startling clearness, although pale and misty in the deep shadow of the cupola, — "It made me shudder," she says, "until I reasoned the matter out," — a single, silent, motionless object; the figure of a woman leaning against its lattice. By careful scrutiny she made it out to be only a sorcery of moonbeams that fell aslant from the farther side through the skylight of the belvedere's roof and sifted through the lattice. Would that there were no more reality to the story before us.

II.

MADAME LALAURIE.

ON the 30th of August, 1831, before Octave d'Armas, notary, one E. Soniat Dufossat sold this property to a Madame Lalaurie. She may have dwelt in the house earlier than this, but here is where its tragic history begins. Madame Lalaurie was still a beautiful and most

attractive lady, although bearing the name of a third husband. Her surname had been first McCarty, — a genuine Spanish-Creole name, although of Irish origin, of course, — then Lopez, or maybe first Lopez and then McCarty, and then Blanque. She had two daughters, the elder, at least, the issue of her first marriage.

The house is known to this day as Madame Blanque's house, — which, you notice, it never was, — so distinctly was she the notable figure in the household. Her husband was younger than she. There is strong sign of his lesser importance in the fact that he was sometimes, and only sometimes, called doctor — Dr. Louis Lalaurie. The graces and graciousness of their accomplished and entertaining mother quite outshone his step-daughters as well, as him. To the frequent and numerous guests at her sumptuous board these young girls seemed comparatively unanimated, if not actually unhappy. Not so with their mother. To do her full share in the upper circles of good society, to dispense the pleasures of drawing-room and dining-room with generous frequency and captivating amiability, was the eager pursuit of a lady who nevertheless kept the management of her money affairs, real estate, and slaves mainly in her own hands. Of slaves she had ten, and housed most of them in the tall narrow wing that we have already noticed.

We need not recount again the state of society about her at that time. The description of it given by the young German duke whom we quoted without date in the story of "Salome Müller" belongs exactly to this period. Grymes stood at the top and front of things. John Slidell was already shining beside him. They were co-members of the Elkin Club, then in its glory. It was trying energetically to see what incredible quantities of Madeira it could drink. Judge Mazereau was "avocat-général" and was being lampooned by the imbecile wit of the singers and dancers of the calinda in Congo Square. The tree-planted levee was still populous on summer evenings with promenaders and loungers. The quadroon caste was in its dying splendor, still threatening the moral destruction of private society, and hated — as only woman can hate enemies of the hearthstone — by the proud, fair ladies of the Creole pure-blood, among whom Madame Lalaurie shone brilliantly. Her elegant house, filled with "furniture of the most costly description," — says the "New Orleans Bee" of a date which we shall come to, — stood central in the swirl of "downtown" gaiety, public and private. From Royal into Hospital street, across Circus street — rue de la Cirque — that was a good way to get into Bayou Road, white, almost as snow, with its smooth, silent pavement of powdered

shells. This road followed the slow, clear meanderings of Bayou St. Jean, from red-roofed and embowered suburb St. Jean to the lake, the swamp of giant, grizzly bearded cypresses hugging it all the way, and the whole five miles teeming with gay, swift carriages, some filled with smokers, others with ladies and children, the finest equipage of all being, as you may recollect, that of John Fitz Miller. He was at that very time master of Salome Müller, the pure white slave, and of "several others fairer than Salome." He belongs in the present story only here in this landscape, and here not as a typical, but only as an easily possible, slaveholder. For that matter, Madame Lalaurie, let it be plainly understood, was only another possibility, not a type. The moral of the two stories—if you care to consider it—is the same: a public practice is answerable for whatever can happen easier with it than without it, no matter whether it must, or only may, happen. However, morals can wait: a regular feature of that bright afternoon throng was Madame Lalaurie's coach with the ever-so-pleasant Madame Lalaurie inside and her sleek black coachman on the box. —

"Think," some friend would say, as he returned her courteous bow—"think of casting upon that woman the suspicion of starving and maltreating her own house-servants! Look at that driver; his skin shines with good keeping. The truth is those jealous Americans"—

There was intense jealousy between the Americans and the Creoles. The Americans were just beginning in public matters to hold the odds. In private society the Creoles still held power, but it was slipping from them even there. Madame Lalaurie was a Creole. Whether Louisiana or St. Domingo born was no matter; she should not be criticized by American envy! Nor would the Creoles themselves go nosing into the secretest privacy of her house.

"Why, look you, it is her common practice, even before her guests, to leave some wine in her glass and hand it, with some word of kindness, to the slave waiting at her back. Thin and hollow-chested—the slaves? Yes, to be sure; but how about your rich uncle, or my dear old mother; are they not hollow-chested? Well!"

But this kind of logic did not satisfy everybody, not even every Creole; and particularly not all her neighbors. The common populace too had unflattering beliefs.

"Do you see this splendid house? Do you see those attic windows? There are slaves up there confined in chains and darkness and kept at the point of starvation."

A Creole gentleman, M. Montreuil, who seems to have been a neighbor, made several attempts to bring the matter to light, but in

vain. But rumors and suspicious indications grew so rank that at length a prominent citizen, an "American" lawyer, who had a young Creole studying law in his office, ventured to send him to the house to point out to Madame Lalaurie certain laws of the State. For instance there was Article XX. of the old Black Code: "Slaves who shall not be properly fed, clad, and provided for by their masters, may give information thereof to the attorney-general," — *no laughing in court!* — "or to the Superior Council, or to all the other officers of justice of an inferior jurisdiction, and may put the written exposition of their wrongs into their hands; upon which information, and even *ex officio*, should the information come from another quarter, the attorney-general shall prosecute said masters," etc. But the young law student on making his visit was captivated by the sweetness of the lady whom he had been sent to warn against committing unlawful misdemeanors, and withdrew filled with indignation against any one who could suspect her of the slightest unkindness to the humblest living thing. And yet the public ear was soon to be shocked by the indisputable fact of a sudden, violent, horrible death on those premises, of which the amiable and captivating Madame Lalaurie was the direct and responsible cause.

III.

A TERRIBLE REVELATION.

THE house that joined Madame Lalaurie's premises on the eastern side had a staircase window that looked down into her little courtyard. One day all by chance the lady of that adjoining house was going up those stairs just when the keen scream of a terrified child resounded from the next yard. She sprung to the window, and, looking down, saw a little negro girl about eight years old run wildly across the yard and into the house with Madame Lalaurie, a cowhide whip in her hand, following swiftly and close upon her.

They disappeared; but by glimpses through the dark lattices and by the sound of the tumult, the lady knew that the child was flying up stairway after stairway, from gallery to gallery, hard pressed by her furious mistress. Soon she heard them rise into the belvedere and the next instant they darted out upon the roof. Down into its valleys and up over its ledges the little fugitive slid and scrambled. She reached the sheer edge, the lady at the window hid her face in her hands, there came a dull, jarring thud in the paved court beneath, and the lady, looking down, saw the child lifted from the ground and borne out of sight, limp, silent, dead.

She kept her place at the window. Hours passed, the day waned, darkness settled down.

Then she saw a torch brought, a shallow hole was dug,—as it seemed to her; but in fact a condemned well of slight depth, a mere pit, was uncovered,—and the little broken form was buried. She informed the officers of justice. From what came to light at a later season, it is hard to think that in this earlier case the investigation was more than superficial. Yet an investigation was made, and some legal action was taken against Madame Lalaurie for cruelty to her slaves. They were taken from her and—liberated? Ah! no. They were sold by the sheriff, bid in by her relatives, and by them sold back to her. Let us believe that this is what occurred, or at least was shammed; for unless we do we must accept the implication of a newspaper statement of two or three years afterwards, and the confident impression of an aged Creole gentleman and notary still living who was an eye-witness to much of this story, that all Madame Lalaurie ever suffered for this part of her hideous misdeeds was a fine. Lawyers will doubtless remind us that Madame Lalaurie was not legally chargeable with the child's death. The lady at the window was not the only witness who might have been brought. A woman still living, who after the civil war was for years a domestic in this "haunted house," says her husband, now long dead, then a lad, was passing the place when the child ran out on the roof, and he saw her scrambling about on it seeking to escape. But he did not see the catastrophe that followed. No one saw more than what the law knows as assault; and the child was a slave.

Miss Martineau, in her short account of the matter, which she heard in New Orleans and from eye-witnesses only a few years after it had occurred, conjectures that Madame Lalaurie's object in buying back these slaves was simply to renew her cruelties upon them. But a much easier, and even kinder, guess would be that they knew things about her that had not been and must not be told, if she could possibly prevent it. A high temper, let us say, had led her into a slough of misdoing to a depth beyond all her expectation, and the only way out was on the farther side.

Yet bring to bear all the generous conjecture one can, and still the fact stands that she did starve, whip, and otherwise torture these poor victims. She even mistreated her daughter for conveying to them food which she had withheld. Was she not insane? One would hope so; but we cannot hurry to believe just what is most comfortable or kindest. That would be itself a kind of "emotional insanity." If she was insane, how about her husband? For Miss Martineau, who was told that he was no party to her crimes, was misinformed;

he was as deep in the same mire as passive complicity could carry him. If she was insane her insanity stopped abruptly at her plump, well-fed coachman. He was her spy against all others. And if she was insane, then why did not her frequent guests at table suspect it?

All that society knew was that she had carried her domestic discipline to excess, had paid dearly for it, and no doubt was desisting and would henceforth desist from that kind of thing. Enough allowance can hardly be made in our day for the delicacy society felt about prying into one of its own gentleman or lady member's treatment of his or her own servants. Who was going to begin such an inquiry—John Fitz Miller?

And so time passed, and the beautiful and ever sweet and charming Madame Lalaurie—whether sane or insane we leave to the doctors, except Dr. Lalaurie—continued to drive daily, yearly, on the gay Bayou Road, to manage her business affairs, and to gather bright groups around her tempting board, without their suspicion that she kept her cook in the kitchen by means of a twenty-four-foot chain fastened to her person and to the wall or floor.

And yet let this be said to the people's credit, that public suspicion and indignation steadily grew. But they were still only growing when one day, the 10th of April, 1834, the aged cook,—she was seventy,—chained as she was, purposely set the house on fire. It is only tradition that, having in a dream the night before seen the drawing-room window curtains on fire, she seized the happy thought and made the dream a reality. But it is in the printed record of the day that she confessed the deed to the mayor of the city.

The desperate stratagem succeeds. The alarm of fire spreads to the street and a hundred men rush in, while a crowd throngs the streets. "Those who rush in are of all classes and colors," says "The Courier" of next day; but "No, no!" says a survivor of to-day who was there and took part; "we would n't have allowed that!" But some are neighbors, some friends, some strangers. One is M. Montreuil, the gentleman who has so long been watching his chance to bring the law upon the house and its mistress. Young D—, a notary's clerk, is another. And another is Judge Canonge—Aha! And there are others of good and well-known name!

The fire has got a good start; the kitchen is in flames; the upper stories are filling with smoke. Strangers run to the place whence it all comes and fall to fighting the fire. Friends rally to the aid of Monsieur and Madame Lalaurie. The pretty lady has not lost one wit—it is at her very best. Her husband is as passive as ever.

"This way," she cries; "this way! Take this — go, now, and hurry back, if you please. This way!" And in a moment they are busy carrying out, and to places of safety, plate, jewels, robes, and the lighter and costlier pieces of furniture. "This way, please, gentlemen; that is only the servants' quarters."

The servants' quarters — but where are the servants?

Madame's answers are witty but evasive. "Never mind them now — save the valuables!"

Somebody touches Judge Canonge — "Those servants are chained and locked up and liable to perish."

"Where?"

"In the garret rooms."

He hurries towards them but fails to reach them, and returns, driven back and nearly suffocated by the smoke. He looks around him — this is no sketch of the fancy; we have his deposition sworn before a magistrate next day — and sees some friends of the family. He speaks to them:

"I am told" — so and so — "can it be? Will you speak to Monsieur or to Madame?" But the friends repulse him coldly.

He turns and makes fresh inquiries of others. He notices two gentlemen near him whom he knows. One is Montreuil. "Here, Montreuil, and you, Fernandez, will you go to the garret and search? I am blind and half smothered." Another — he thinks it was Felix Lefebre — goes in another direction, most likely towards the double door between the attics of the house and wing. Montreuil and Fernandez come back saying they have searched thoroughly and found nothing. Madame Lalauree begs them, with all her sweetness, to come other ways and consider other things. But here is Lefebre. He cries, "I have found some of them! I have broken some bars, but the doors are locked!"

Judge Canonge hastens through the smoke. They reach the spot.

"Break the doors down!" Down come the doors. The room they push into is a "den." They bring out two negresses. One has a large heavy iron collar at the neck and heavy irons on her feet. The fire is subdued now, they say, but the search goes on. Here is M. Guillotte; he has found another victim in another room. They push aside a mosquito-net and see a negro woman, aged, helpless, and with a deep wound in the head.

Some of the young men lift her and carry her out.

Judge Canonge confronts Doctor Lalauree again:

"Are there slaves still in your garret, Monsieur?" And the doctor "replies with insulting

tone that 'There are persons who would do much better by remaining at home than visiting others to dictate to them laws in the quality of officious friends.'"

The search went on. The victims were led or carried out. The sight that met the public eye made the crowd literally groan with horror and shout with indignation. "We saw," wrote the editor of the "Advertiser" next day, "one of these miserable beings. The sight was so horrible that we could scarce look upon it. The most savage heart could not have witnessed the spectacle unmoved. He had a large hole in his head; his body from head to foot was covered with scars and filled with worms! The sight inspired us with so much horror that even at the moment of writing this article we shudder from its effects. Those who have seen the others represent them to be in a similar condition." One after another, seven dark human forms were brought forth, gaunt and wild-eyed with famine and loaded with irons, having been found chained and tied in attitudes in which they had been kept so long that they were crippled for life.

It must have been in the first rush of the insidie strong to follow these sufferers into the open air and sunlight that the quick-witted Madame Lalauree clapped to the doors of her house with only herself and her daughters — possibly the coachman also — inside, and nothing but locks and bars to defend her from the rage of the populace. The streets under her windows — Royal street here, Hospital yonder — and the yard were thronged. Something by and by put some one in mind to look for buried bodies. There had been nine slaves besides the coachman; where were the other two? A little digging brought their skeletons to light — an adult's out of the soil, and the little child's out of the "condemned well"; there they lay. But the living seven — the indiscreet crowd brought them food and drink in fatal abundance, and before the day was done two more were dead. The others were tenderly carried — shall we say it? — to prison! — to the calaboose! Thither "at least two thousand people" flocked that day to see, if they might, these wretched sufferers.

A quiet fell upon the scene of the morning's fire. The household and its near friends busied themselves in getting back the jewelry, plate, furniture, and the like, the idle crowd looking on in apathy and trusting, it may be, to see arrests made. But the restoration was finished and the house remained close barred; no arrest was made. As for Dr. Lalauree, he does not appear in this scene. Then the crowd, along in the afternoon, began to grow again; then to show anger and by and by to hoot and groan, and cry for satisfaction.

IV.

THE LADY'S FLIGHT.

THE old Bayou Road saw a strange sight that afternoon. Down at its farther end lay a little settlement of fishermen and Spanish moss gatherers, pot-hunters, and shrimpers, around a custom-house station, a lighthouse, and a little fort. There the people who drove out in carriages were in the habit of alighting and taking the cool air of the lake, and sipping lemonades, wines, and ices before they turned homeward again along the crowded way that they had come. In after years the place fell into utter neglect. The customs station was removed, the fort was dismantled, the gay carriage people drove on the "New Shell Road" and its tributaries, Bienville and Canal streets, Washington and Carrollton avenues, and sipped and smoked in the twilights and starlights of Carrollton Gardens and the "New Lake End." The older haunt, once so bright with fashionable pleasure-making, was left to the sole illumination of "St. John Light" and the mongrel life of a bunch of cabins branded Crabtown, and became, in popular superstition at least, the yearly rendezvous of the voodoo. Then all at once in latter days it bloomed out in electrical, horticultural, festal, pyrotechnical splendor as "Spanish Fort," and the carriages all came rolling back.

So, whenever you and — visit Spanish Fort and stroll along the bayou's edge on the fort side, and watch the broad schooners glide out through the bayou's mouth and into the open water, you may say: "Somewhere just along this bank, within the few paces between here and yonder, must be where *that* schooner lay, moored and ready to sail for Mandeville the afternoon that Madame Lalaurie, fleeing from the mob," etc.

For on that afternoon, when the people surrounded the house, crying for vengeance, she never lost, it seems, her cunning. She and her sleek black coachman took counsel together, and his plan of escape was adopted. The early afternoon dinner-hour of those times came and passed and the crowd still filled the street, but as yet had done nothing. Presently, right in the midst of the throng, her carriage came to the door according to its well-known daily habit at that hour, and at the same moment the charming Madame Lalaurie, in all her pretty manners and sweetness of mien, stepped quickly across the sidewalk and entered the vehicle.

The crowd was taken all aback. When it gathered its wits the coach-door had shut and the horses were starting. Then her audacity was understood.

"She is getting away!" was the cry, and

the multitude rushed upon her. "Seize the horses!" they shouted, and dashed at the bits and reins. The black driver gave the word to his beasts, and with his coach whip lashed the faces of those who sprung forward. The horses reared and plunged, the harness held, and the equipage was off. The crowd went with it.

"Turn the coach over!" they cry, and attempt it, but fail. "Drag her out!"

They try to do it, again and again, but in vain; away it rattles! Away it flashes! down Hospital street, past Bourbon, Dauphine, Burgundy, and the Rampart, with the crowd following, yelling, but fast growing thin and thinner.

"Stop her! Stop her! Stop that carriage! Stop that *carriage*!"

In vain! On it spins! Out upon the Bayou Road come the patterning hoofs and humming wheels—not wildly driven, but just at their most telling speed—into the whole whirling retinue of fashionable New Orleans out for its afternoon airing. Past this equipage; past that one; past half a dozen; a dozen; a score! Their inmates sit chatting in every sort of mood over the day's sensation, when—what is this? A rush from behind, a whirl of white dust, and—"As I live, there she goes now, on her regular drive! What scandalous speed! and—see here! they are after her!" Past fifty gigs and coaches; past a hundred; around this long bend in the road; around that one. Good-bye, pursuers! Never a chance to cut her off, the swamp forever on the right, the bayou on the left; she is getting away, getting away! the crowd is miles behind!

The lake is reached. The road ends. What next? The coach dashes up to the bayou's edge and stops. Why just here? Ah! because just here so near the bayou's mouth a schooner lies against the bank. Is Dr. Lalaurie's hand in this? The coachman parleys a moment with the schooner-master and hands him down a purse of gold. The coach-door is opened, the lady alights, and is presently on the vessel's deck. The lines are cast off, the great sails go up, the few lookers-on are there without reference to her and offer no interruption; a little pushing with poles lets the wind—just suppose there had been none!—fill the canvas, and first slowly and silently, and then swiftly and with a grateful creaking of cordage and spars, the vessel glides out past the lighthouse, through the narrow opening, and stands away towards the northern horizon, below which, some thirty miles away, lies the little watering-place of Mandeville with roads leading as far away northward as one may choose to fly. Madame Lalaurie is gone!

The brave coachman—one cannot help admiring the villain's intrepidity—turned and

drove back towards the city. What his plan was is not further known. No wonder if he thought he could lash and dash through the same mob again. But he mistook. He had not reached town again when the crowd met him. This time they were more successful. They stopped the horses — killed them. What they did with the driver is not told; but one can guess. They broke the carriage into bits. Then they returned to the house.

They reached it about 8 o'clock in the evening. The two daughters had just escaped by a window. The whole house was locked and barred; "hermetically sealed," says "L'Abeille" of the next morning. The human tempest fell upon it, and "in a few minutes," says "The Courier," "the doors and windows were broken open, the crowd rushed in, and the work of destruction began." In a single hour everything movable disappeared or perished. The place was rifled of jewelry and plate; china was smashed; the very stair-balusters were pulled piece from piece; hangings, bedding, and table linen were tossed into the streets; and the elegant furniture, bedsteads, wardrobes, buffets, tables, chairs, pictures, "pianos," says the newspaper, were taken with pains to the third-story windows, hurled out and broken — "smashed into a thousand pieces" — upon the ground below. The very basements were emptied, and the floors, wainscots, and iron balconies damaged as far as at the moment they could be. The sudden southern nightfall descended, and torches danced in the streets and through the ruined house. The débris was gathered into hot bonfires, feather-beds were cut open, and the pavements covered with a thick snow of feathers. The night wore on, but the mob persisted. They mounted and battered the roof; they defaced the inner walls. Morning found them still at their senseless mischief, and they were "in the act of pulling down the walls when the sheriff and several citizens interfered and put an end to their work."

It was proposed to go at once to the houses of others long suspected of like cruelties to their slaves. But against this the highest gentility of the city alertly and diligently opposed themselves. Not at all because of sympathy with such cruelties. The single reason has its parallel in our own day. It was the fear that the negroes would be thereby encouraged to seek by violence those rights which their masters thought it not expedient to give them. The movement was suppressed, and the odious parties were merely warned that they were watched.

Madame Lalaurie, we know by notarial records, was in Mandeville ten days after, when she executed a power of attorney in favor of

her New Orleans business agent, in which act she was "authorized and assisted by her husband, Louis Lalaurie." So he disappears.

His wife made her way to Mobile — some say to the North — and thence to Paris. Being recognized and confronted there, she again fled. The rest of her story is tradition, but comes very directly. A domestic in a Creole family that knew Madame Lalaurie — and slave women used to enjoy great confidence and familiarity in the Creole households at times — tells that one day a letter from France to one of the family informed them that Madame Lalaurie, while spending a season at Pau, had engaged with a party of fashionable people in a boar-hunt, and somehow meeting the boar while apart from her companions had been set upon by the infuriated beast, and too quickly for any one to come to her rescue had been torn and killed. If this occurred after 1836 or 1837 it has no disagreement with Harriet Martineau's account, that at the latter date Madame Lalaurie was supposed to be still "skulking about some French province under a false name."

The house remained untouched for at least three years, "ornamented with various writings expressive of indignation and just punishment." The volume of "L'Abeille" containing this account seems to have been abstracted from the city archives. It was in the last week of April or the first week of May, 1836, that Miss Martineau saw the house. It "stands," she wrote about a year later, "and is meant to stand, in its ruined state. It was the strange sight of its gaping windows and empty walls, in the midst of a busy street, which excited my wonder, and was the cause of my being told the story the first time. I gathered other particulars afterwards from eye-witnesses."

So the place came to be looked upon as haunted. In March, 1837, Madame Lalaurie's agent sold the house to a man who held it but a little over three months and then sold it at the same price that he had paid — only fourteen thousand dollars. The notary who made the earlier act of sale must have found it interesting. He was one of those who had helped find and carry out Madame Lalaurie's victims. It did not change hands again for twenty-five years. And then — in what state of repair I know not — it was sold at an advance equal to a yearly increase of but six-sevenths of one per cent. on the purchase price of the gaping ruin sold in 1837. There is a certain poetry in notarial records. But we will not delve for it now. Idle talk of strange sights and sounds crowded out of notice any true history the house may have had in those twenty-five years, or until war had destroyed that slavery to whose horridest possibilities the gloomy pile, even when restored and renovated, stood a ghost-

ridden monument. Yet, as we shall see, its days of dark romance were by no means ended.

V.

A NEW USE.

THE era of political reconstruction came. The victorious national power decreed that they who had once been master and slave should enter into political partnership on terms of civil equality. The slaves grasped the boon; but the masters, trained for generations in the conviction that public safety and private purity were possible only by the subjection of the black race under the white, loathed civil equality as but another name for private companionship, and spurned, as dishonor and destruction in one, the restoration of their sovereignty at the price of political copartnership with the groveling race they had bought and sold, subjected easily to the leash and lash.

What followed took every one by surprise. The negro came at once into a larger share of power than it was ever intended he should or expected he would attain. His master, related to him long and only under the imagined necessities of plantation government, vowed the issue must and should be, not How shall the two races share public self-government in prosperous amity? but, Which race shall exclusively rule the other, race by race?

The necessities of national authority tipped the scale, and the powers of legislation and government and the spoils of office tumbled, all together, into the freedman's ragged lap. Thereupon there fell upon New Orleans, never well governed at the best, a volcanic shower of corruption and misrule.

And yet when history's calm summing-up and final judgment comes, there must this be pointed out, which was very hard to see through the dust and smoke of those days: that while plunder and fraud ran riot, yet no serious attempt was ever made by the freedman or his allies to establish any un-American principle of government, and for nothing else was he more fiercely, bloodily opposed than for measures approved by the world's best thought and in full harmony with the national scheme of order. We shall see now what these things have to do with our strange true story.

In New Orleans the American public school system, which recognized free public instruction as a profitable investment of the public funds for the common public safety, had already long been established. The negro adopted and enlarged it. He recognized the fact that the relation of pupils in the public schools is as distinctly a public and not a private relation as that of the sidewalk, the market, the public park, or the street-car. But recognizing also the

impracticabilities of place and time, he established separate schools for whites and blacks. In one instance, however, owing mainly to smallness of numbers, it seemed more feasible to allow a common enjoyment of the civil right of public instruction without separation by race than to maintain two separate schools, one at least of which would be very feeble for lack of numbers. Now, it being so decided, of all the buildings in all New Orleans which one was chosen for this experiment but the "haunted house" in Royal Street!

I shall never forget the day—although marked by no startling incident—when I sat in its lofty drawing-rooms and heard its classes in their annual examination. It was June, and the teachers and pupils were clad in recognition of the special occasion and in the light fabrics fitted to the season. The rooms were adorned with wreaths, garlands, and bouquets. Among the scholars many faces were beautiful, and all were fresh and young. Much Gallic blood asserted itself in complexion and feature, generally of undoubted, unadulterated "Caucasian" purity, but sometimes of visible and now and then of preponderating African tincture. Only two or three, unless I have forgotten, were of pure negro blood. There, in the rooms that had once resounded with the screams of Madame Lalaurie's little slave fleeing to her death, and with the hootings and maledictions of the enraged mob, was being tried the experiment of a common enjoyment of public benefits by the daughters of two widely divergent races, without the enforcement of private social companionship.

From such enforcement the school was as free as any school is or ought to be. The daily discipline did not require any two pupils to be social, but only every one to be civil, and civil to all. These pages are written, however, to tell a strange true story, and not to plead one cause or another. Whatever the story itself pleads, let it plead. Outside the "haunted house," far and near, the whole community was divided into two fiercely hostile parties, often at actual war with each other, the one striving to maintain government upon a co-citizenship regardless of race in all public relations, the other sworn to make race the supreme, sufficient, inexorable condition of supremacy on the one part and subjection on the other. Yet for all this the school prospered.

Nevertheless, it suffered much internal unrest. Many a word was spoken that struck like a club, many a smile stung like a whip-lash, many a glance stabbed like a knife; even in the midst of recitations a wounded one would sometimes break into sobs or silent tears while the aggressor crimsoned and palpitated with the proud indignation of the master caste. The

teachers met all such by-play with prompt, impartial repression and concentration upon the appointed duties of the hour.

Sometimes another thing restored order. Few indeed of the pupils, of whatever racial purity or preponderance, but held more or less in awe the ghostly traditions of the house ; and at times it chanced to be just in the midst of one of these ebullitions of scorn, grief, and resentful tears that noiselessly and majestically the great doors of the reception rooms, untouched by visible hands, would slowly swing open, and the hushed girls would call to mind Madame Lalaurie.

Not all who bore the tincture of the despised race suffered alike. Some were fierce and sturdy, and played a savage tit-for-tat. Some were insensible. A few bore themselves inflexibly by dint of sheer nerve ; while many, generally much more white than black, quivered and winced continually under the contumely that fell, they felt, with peculiar injustice and cruelty upon them.

Odd things happened from time to time to remind one of the house's early history. One day a deep hidden well that no one had suspected the existence of was found in the basement of the main house. Another time — But we must be brief.

So matters went on for years. But at length there was a sudden and violent change.

VI.

EVICTIONS.

THE "Radical" party in Louisiana, gorged with private spoils and loathed and hated by the all but unbroken ranks of well-to-do society, though it held a *creed* as righteous and reasonable as any political party ever held, was going to pieces by the sheer weakness of its own political corruption. It was made mainly of the poor and weak elements of the people. Had it been ever so pure it could not have made headway against the strongest ranks of society concentrating against it with revolutionary intent, when deserted by the power which had called it to responsibility and — Come ! this history of a house must not run into the history of a government. It is a fact in our story, however, that in the "Conservative" party there sprung up the "White League," purposing to wrest the State government from the "Radicals" by force of arms.

On the 14th of September, 1874, the White League met and defeated the Metropolitan Police in a hot and bloody engagement of infantry and artillery on the broad steamboat landing in the very middle of New Orleans. But the Federal authority interfered. The "Radical" government resumed control. But the White League survived and grew in power.

In November elections were held, and the State legislature was found to be Republican by a majority of only two.

One bright, spring-like day in December, such as a northern March might give in its best mood, the school had gathered in the "haunted house" as usual, but the hour of duty had not yet struck. Two teachers sat in an upper classroom talking over the history of the house. The older of the two had lately heard of an odd new incident connected with it, and was telling of it. A distinguished foreign visitor, she said, guest at a dinner-party in the city the previous season, turned unexpectedly to his hostess, the talk being of quaint old New Orleans houses, and asked how to find "the house where that celebrated tyrant had lived who was driven from the city by a mob for maltreating her slaves." The rest of the company sat aghast, while the hostess silenced him by the severe coldness with which she replied that she "knew nothing about it." One of Madame Lalaurie's daughters was sitting there, a guest at the table.

When the teacher's story was told her companion made no comment. She had noticed a singular sound that was increasing in volume. It was out-of-doors — seemed far away ; but it was drawing nearer. She started up, for she recognized it now as a clamor of human voices, and remembered that the iron gates had not yet been locked for the day. They hurried to the window, looked down, and saw the narrow street full from wall to wall for a hundred yards with men coming towards them. The front of the crowd had already reached the place and was turning towards the iron gates.

The two women went quickly to the hall, and, looking down the spiral staircase to the marble pavement of the entrance three stories below, saw the men swarming in through the wide gateway and doorway by dozens. While they still leaned over the balustrade, Marguerite, one of their pupils, a blue-eyed blonde girl of lovely complexion, with red, voluptuous lips, and beautiful hair held by a carven shell comb, came and bent over the balustrade with them. Suddenly her comb slipped from its hold, flashed downward, and striking the marble pavement flew into pieces at the feet of the men who were about to ascend. Several of them looked quickly up.

"It was my mother's comb!" said Marguerite, turned ashy pale, and sunk down into hysterics. The two teachers carried her to a remote room, the bed-chamber of the janitress, and then obeyed an order of the principal calling her associates to the second floor. A band of men were coming up the winding stair with measured, military tread towards the landing, where the principal, with her assistants gathered around her, stood to confront them.

She was young, beautiful, and of calm temper. Her skin, says one who was present, was of dazzling clearness, her abundant hair was golden auburn, and in happy hours her eyes were as "soft as velvet." But when the leader of the band of men reached the stair-landing, threw his coat open, and showed the badge of the White League, her face had blanched and hardened to marble, and her eyes darkened to black as they glowed with indignation.

"We have come," said the White Leaguer, "to remove the colored pupils. You will call your school to order." To which the principal replied:

"You will permit me first to confer with my corps of associates." He was a trifle disconcerted.

"Oh, certainly."

The teachers gathered in the principal's private room. Some were dumb, one broke into tears, another pleaded devotion to the principal, and one was just advising that the *onus* of all action be thrown upon the intruders, when the door was pushed open and the White Leaguer said :

"Ladies, we are waiting. Assemble the school; we are going to clean it out."

The pupils, many of them trembling, weeping, and terrified, were with difficulty brought to order in the assembly room. This place had once been Madame Lalaurie's dining-hall. A frieze of angels ran round its four walls, and, oddly, for some special past occasion, a legend in crimson and gold on the western side bore the words, "The Eye of God is on us."

"Gentlemen, the school is assembled," said the principal.

"Call the roll," was the reply, "and we will challenge each name."

It was done. As each name was called its young bearer rose and confronted her inquisitors. And the inquisitors began to blunder. Accusations of the fatal taint were met with denials and withdrawn with apologies. Sometimes it was truth, and sometimes pure arrogance and falsehood, that triumphed over these champions of instinctive racial antagonism. One dark girl shot up haughtily at the call of her name—

"I am of Indian blood, and can prove it!"

"You will not be disturbed."

"Coralie —," the principal next called. A thin girl of mixed blood and freckled face rose and said:

"My mother is white."

"Step aside!" commanded the White Leaguer.

"But by the law the color follows the mother, and so *I* am white."

"Step aside!" cried the man, in a fury. (In truth there was no such law.)

"Octavie —."

A pretty, Oriental looking girl rises, silent, pale, but self-controlled.

"Are you colored?"

"Yes; I am colored." She moves aside.

"Marie O—."

A girl very fair, but with crinkling hair and other signs of negro extraction, stands up and says:

"I am the sister of the Hon. —," naming a high Democratic official, "and I shall not leave this school."

"You may remain; your case will be investigated."

"Eugénie —."

A modest girl, visibly of mixed race, rises, weeping silently.

"Step aside."

"Marcelline V—."

A bold-eyed girl of much African blood stands up and answers:

"I am not colored! We are Spanish, and *my brother will call on you and prove it.*" She is allowed to stay.

At length the roll-call is done. "Now, madam, you will dismiss these pupils that we have set aside, at once. We will go down and wait to see that they come out." The men tramped out of the room, went down-stairs, and rejoined the impatient crowd that was clamoring in the street.

Then followed a wild scene within the old house. Restraint was lost. Terror ruled. The girls who had been ordered into the street sobbed and shrieked and begged:

"Oh, save us! We cannot go out there; the mob will kill us! What shall we do?"

One girl of grand and noble air, as dark and handsome as an East Indian princess, and standing first in her class for scholarship, threw herself at her teacher's feet, crying, "Have pity on me, Miss —!"

"My poor Léontine," replied the teacher, "what can I do? There are good 'colored' schools in the city; would it not have been wiser for your father to send you to one of them?"

But the girl rose up and answered:

"Must I go to school with my own servants to escape an unmerited disdain?" And the teacher was silent, while the confusion increased.

"The shame of it will kill me!" cried gentle Eugénie L—. And thereupon, at last, a teacher, commonly one of the sternest in discipline, exclaimed:

"If Eugénie goes, Marcelline shall go, if I have to put her out myself! Spanish, indeed! And Eugénie a pearl by the side of her!"

Just then Eugénie's father came. He had forced his way through the press in the street, and now stood bidding his child have courage and return with him the way he had come.

"Tie your veil close, Eugénie," said the teacher, "and they will not know you." And so they went, the father and the daughter. She was the first girl. They went alone. None followed. This roused the crowd to noisy anger.

"Why don't the rest come?" it howled. But the teachers tried in vain to inspire the panic-stricken girls with courage to face the mob, and were in despair, when a school official arrived, and with calm and confident authority bade the expelled girls gather in ranks and follow him through the crowd. So they went out through the iron gates, the great leaves of which closed after them with a rasping of their key and shooting of their bolts, while a teacher said:

"Come; the reporters will soon be here. Let us go and see after Marguerite."

They found her in the room of the janitress, shut in and fast asleep.

"Do you think," one asked of the janitress, "that mere fright and the loss of that comb made this strong girl ill?"

"No. I think she must have guessed those men's errand, and her eye met the eye of some one who knew her."

"But what of that?"

"She is 'colored.'"

"Impossible!"

"I tell you, yes!"

"Why, I thought her as pure German as her name."

"No, the mixture is there; though the only trace of it is on her lips. Her mother — she is dead now — was a beautiful quadroon. A German sea-captain loved her. The law stood between them. He opened a vein in his arm, forced in some of her blood, went to court, swore he had African blood, got his license, and married her. Marguerite is engaged to be married to a white man, a gentleman who does not know this. It was like life and death, so to speak, for her not to let those men turn her out of here."

The teacher turned away, pondering.

The eviction did not, at that time, hold good. The political struggle went on, fierce and bitter. The "Radical" government was doomed, but not dead. A few weeks after the scene just described the evicted girls were reinstated. A

long term of suspense followed. The new year became the old and went out. Twice this happened. In 1877 there were two governors and two governments in Louisiana. In sight from the belvedere of the "haunted house," eight squares away up Royal street, in the State House, the *de facto* government was shut up under close military siege by the *de jure* government, and the Girls' High School in Madame Lalaurie's old house, continuing faithfully their daily sessions, knew with as little certainty to which of the two they belonged as though New Orleans had been some Italian city of the fifteenth century. But to guess the White League, was not far from right, and in April the Radical government expired.

A Democratic school-board came in. June brought Commencement day, and some of the same girls who had been evicted in 1874 were graduated by the new Board in 1877. During the summer the schools and school-laws were overhauled, and in September or October the high school was removed to another place, where each pupil suspected of mixed blood was examined officially behind closed doors and only those who could prove white or *Indian* ancestry were allowed to stay. A "colored" high school was opened in Madame Lalaurie's house with a few pupils. It lasted one session, maybe two, and then perished.

In 1882 the "haunted house" had become a Conservatory of Music. Chamber concerts were frequent in Madame Lalaurie's old dining-hall. On a certain sweet evening in the spring of that year there sat among those who had gathered to hear the haunted place filled with a deluge of sweet sounds one who had been a teacher there when the house had been, as some one — Conservative or Radical, who can tell which? — said on the spot, "for the second time purged of its iniquities." The scene was "much changed," says the auditor; but the ghosts were all there, walking on the waves of harmony. And thickest and fastest they trooped in and out when a passionate song thrilled the air with the promise that

Some day — some day
Eyes clearer grown the truth may see.

G. W. Cable.



HOW MAN'S MESSENGER OUTRAN THE MOON.



IT came about on this wise—rather complexly.

Sun and moon, types and wires,—astronomy, journalism, and telegraphy,—all were concerned in

the contest.

But first, how can any one be certain that the moon really moves at all? We see her in the nocturnal sky, apparently at rest relatively to the stars about her, all seeming to drift together towards the west. After watching for an hour or two, it becomes evident that she has moved easterly among these stars; but the motion cannot be seen in the sky—only the result of it is evidenced in a change of her place.

A few rough observations suffice to show that the moon moves over her own breadth in about sixty minutes; and, as we know that her diameter is about one-quarter that of the earth, it follows that the moon's actual motion in her circumterrestrial path is in the neighborhood of two thousand miles in each hour of time. This velocity is somewhat greater than that of projectiles from the best rifled guns; but these can often be seen throughout their whole flight. Evidently the moon's motion, also, is not too great to be seen. And it can be seen if all conditions favor the observer.

Averaging a period of some decades, there are in three years two opportunities when this spectacle may be seen: they occur only at such times as the moon passes between the earth and the sun and causes a total solar eclipse. But even then it is not strictly correct to say that the moon can be seen traveling through space.

At the time of such an eclipse, however, the moon's dark shadow sweeps over the earth with nearly the same velocity as the moon herself travels; and it is this swiftly flying shadow which the alert observer may see.¹

This imposing spectacle has frequently been beheld, but rarely unless from an elevation commanding a vast extent. Often, however, expert observers fail to see the almost tangible

¹ While the shadow is sweeping easterly across the globe, the earth itself by turning on its axis carries along the observer in the same direction; so that at the equator the velocity of the shadow relative to the observer may be reduced a half.

shadow, even when specially on the lookout for it.

Not strange is it, therefore, that different eyes report so impressive a phenomenon differently. To some the shadow seen in the distance resembled a dark storm upon the horizon. Some saw the shadow "visible in the air"; one speaks of its "gliding swiftly up over the heavens"; while another likens its passage to the "lifting of a dark curtain."

Those who have taken pains to note its color do not generally call it black, but deep violet, or dark brown. One describes it as a "wall of fog," another as a "vaporous shadow," a third says it was "like neither shadow nor vapor," while no less careful observers than Winnecke and Lady Airy speak of the shadow as "appearing like smoke."

From their stations high above the valley of the Ebro, over which it swept, members of the Himalaya Expedition of 1860 had exceptional opportunities for watching the approach and recession of the shadow. Many observers saw it. "When the critical moment was at hand," says one, "the darkness, sweeping over a landscape twenty or thirty miles in extent and advancing right at me, was in the highest degree sublime and imposing." Then and on other occasions it was very distinctly seen.

So much for the appearance of the shadow; but more interesting here is its speed.

While observers generally remark the "frightful velocity" with which it travels, President Hill of Harvard, in Illinois in 1869, found the transit of the shadow much slower, and more majestic and beautiful than he had been led to expect. "A sweeping upward and eastward of a dense violet shadow," are his words.

General Abbot, ascending Mount Etna in 1870, wrote: "At an elevation of 7500 feet I was overtaken by the shadow, which swept with great rapidity over us, darkening the gloom to an awe-inspiring degree."

One of the best opportunities in more recent years for witnessing this spectacle fell to the lot of a small party of observers who clambered to the summit of Mount Santa Lucia in California in 1880. The track of the eclipse that year was similar to that of last January, only lying farther to the south; and the shadow

swept in from the Pacific Ocean, trailing over this mountain, which is nearly 6000 feet high and only a few miles from the coast. The skies were clear, and there could be no mistake. Among the astronomers were Professor Frisby of Washington and Professor Davidson of San Francisco. From this elevated spot all the observers saw the shadow advancing over the ocean as a dark brown area on its surface. However, it had not, says Professor Davidson, "the density and impressiveness of the shadow I saw in Alaska in 1869, coming down the valley of the Chilkah, when it was visible on the flanks of the mountains and against the snow gorges."

Can man's fleet messenger, the telegraph, outrun this rushing shadow? And will any advantage result if it can?

Evidently the odds are largely in favor of the electric messenger, as the actual speed is many thousand-fold greater than the motion of the moon. But while the moon moves steadily onward, telegraphic dispatches are often subject to sundry and irregular detentions; so that there may well be doubt as to which may outrun the other when both are matched together on the racecourse of space, as it were. If the telegraph can win the race, many possible benefits appear on slight consideration.

These trails of the lunar shadow across the terrestrial landscape are usually more than a hundred miles broad, and their length often exceeds five thousand miles.

It is apparent that the eclipse cannot be total at the same time everywhere along this track; as the moon journeys eastward, its shadow following it, the eclipse may be total near the west end of the trail more than two hours (world time) before it becomes total near the eastern extremity.

If the astronomers near both ends of the shadow-track are in telegraphic communication, these may become moments of supreme significance.

An important observation, a discovery possibly, may be made by an observer whom the shadow first meets; it may be months, perhaps years, before another eclipse will happen with all conditions favorable for the verification of that discovery. But if the telegraph is called in as an adjunct, new light may be available at once, and without waiting for another eclipse. By telegraphing the nature of the observation eastward to a fellow-observer, the discovery may be confirmed forthwith, or the observation, if doubtful, may be rejected.

More than a decade has elapsed since I first brought this novel project to the notice of astronomers. This was during the eclipse of

1878, when the moon's shadow swept south-easterly across Wyoming and Texas. Professor Newcomb observed the eclipse in the former Territory, and my own station was in the latter State. Intra-Mercurian planets were then favorite search-objects, and we had concluded an arrangement with the telegraph company to forward any message from the northern station to the southern one with all possible dispatch. But no opportunity appeared for the practical test on this occasion.

Four years later a case not wholly supposititious arose. The astronomers who went to Egypt in 1882, to observe the total eclipse in May of that year, took a photograph of the region surrounding the sun. To their great surprise, on developing the negative, a faint comet made its appearance alongside the corona. This object had never been seen before, nor has it ever been seen since; consequently nothing is known of the size and figure of its orbit, or of its position, or whether the comet will ever return to the sun again or not.

But it is easy to see how the telegraph may render important service on a similar occasion in the future. By telegraphing eastward to an astronomer where to find it, an observation of the comet two or three hours later may readily furnish data sufficient to indicate where to look for the stranger as it recedes from the sun. Subsequent observations thus may enable the astronomer to determine all the elements of its orbit with precision.

Any one acquainted with the conditions of this duplex problem of astronomy and telegraphy will at once recognize the practicability of the project of telegraphing ahead of the moon; and this was demonstrated upon occasion of the total eclipse on New Year's Day.

The engraving gives a glimpse of celestial perspective, so conventionalized as to come within page limits. Here are the sun and its corona, the moon and the earth. On the latter the artist has rolled back the cloud curtain to give all observers a clear view of the eclipse.

The track of total eclipse is shown as a darkened area crossing the Pacific Ocean, and curving northward from California to Manitoba.

To lessen the artist's difficulties, and to heighten the pictorial effect, our engraving shows sun and moon standing nearly over that region of the earth where the eclipse was visible. Had it been possible to represent these bodies correctly, the line joining the centers of the sun and moon would have been a tangent to the earth's surface at that point in the British Possessions where the eclipse-trail ends. This line thus becomes less and less inclined to totality-path as the end of it is approached;

consequently the apparent velocity of the shadow is all the time increasing until it leaves the earth. Over the plains of Manitoba its speed was no less than five times that of a rifle-shot.

The curvature of the eclipse-track is partly due to the curved surface on which it is projected, and partly to the earth's axial turning as the lunar shadow sweeps over it.

As shown in the engraving, the total eclipse was visible in the eastern part of California, the shadow having just passed over the point occupied by the Harvard University Observatory party. This point was Willows, California, and the artist has represented it in direct telegraphic connection with New York.

Here was located the most complete collection of photographic apparatus ever brought to bear upon a solar eclipse: cameras for photographing the corona on every scale, from the largest to the smallest, spectrosopes for a thorough analysis of the coronal light, photometers for measuring its intensity, a large telescope for photographing all the stars in the neighborhood of the sun, so as to detect the suspected Intra-Mercurian planet, together with a great variety of accessory apparatus.

The immediate reporting of the eclipse observations at Willows and elsewhere was a matter of great scientific interest to astronomers in both hemispheres. It could not, however, be successfully accomplished without very careful pre-arrangement with the observers themselves; and the enterprise of the "New York Herald" was accordingly invoked in executing the plans which I had elaborated.

First, a complete list of the instruments of every observer, and the work he purposed to do with them, must be prepared. Weather probabilities were everywhere very unsatisfactory, there was a possibility of all degrees of success or failure. Accordingly the problem was to arrange for each station a cipher code, which should include, as minutely as possible, all the likely combinations of instruments, weather, and results on eclipse-day.

About one hundred words were found sufficient to embrace the complete cipher. A part of the code for Willows is given here:

Africa. Perfectly clear throughout the whole eclipse.
Alaska. Perfectly clear during totality.
Belgium. Clear sky for the partial phases, but cloudy for totality.
Bolivia. Entirely cloudy throughout the whole eclipse.
Brazil. Observed all the contacts.
Bremen. Observed three of the contacts.
Ceylon. Made observations on the shadow-bands.
Cibili. Observed lines of the reversing layer visually.
China. The corona showed great detail.
Cork. Obtained 40-50 negatives during totality.

Corsica. Obtained 50-60 negatives during totality.
Crimea. Obtained 60-70 negatives during totality.
Cuba. Observed a comet.

And so on through a great variety of detail, not the least of which was the capability of the cipher to indicate with sufficient accuracy the position of any Intra-Mercurian planet which the photographs might disclose.

Between twenty and thirty codes had been prepared on a like plan for as many stations, and the observers were instructed to report the results of their work in cipher at the earliest available moment, employing the ordinary telegraphic facilities.

In rehearsing the programme it occurred to me that in receiving so many cipher dispatches great delays were at least possible; and that through no fault of the telegraph company. In only a single way could the arrangements be improved: were a special wire available in direct circuit from New York to the eclipse-stations in turn, our chances of success would surely be bettered, not only in gathering the eclipse reports, but also in proving the practicability of telegraphing ahead of the moon.

I outlined my plans to the Western Union Telegraph Company, and asked for the use of a special wire to the more important eclipse-stations, for the purpose of immediate and rapid communication of the observations. To this request the general manager of the company acceded very heartily.

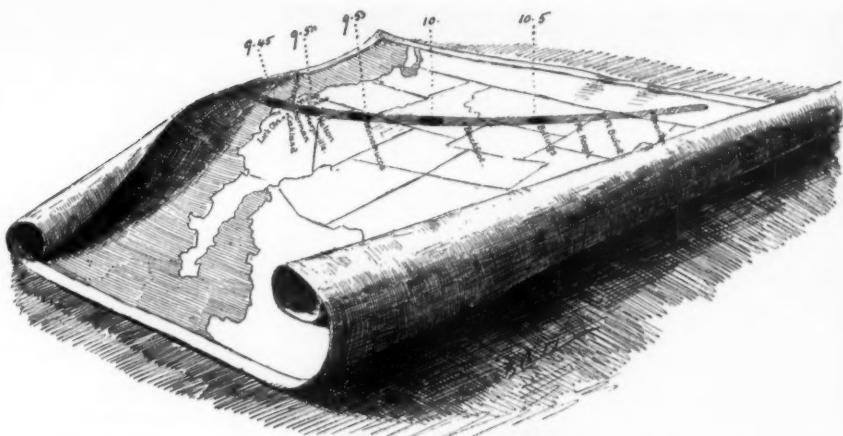
A New York-San Francisco wire was placed at my disposal, and a loop, as the telegrapher calls it, or branch wire, was let across Broadway from the Western Union building to the editorial rooms of the "Herald."

From San Francisco every California station was within easy telegraphic reach, and our wire thus extended by direct circuit to each eclipse-station in turn. From the editorial rooms of the "Herald" I was in immediate communication with the observers at any eclipse-station which I chose to call.

As previously intimated, I had arranged with the Harvard astronomers at Willows to receive their message first and with the utmost dispatch, purposing to test the practicability of outstripping the moon in its motion through space.

Shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon the dispatches began to come in. Of course we have to allow for a slight delay in reporting, owing to the fact that the observers at the various stations were some rods distant from the local telegraph office, and that it would take a few minutes after the eclipse was over to prepare the suitable message from the cipher code.

On the astronomer's table were a large map and a chronometer. The latter indicated exact



THE TRACK OF THE ECLIPSE JANUARY 1, 1880. SHADED ELLIPSES SHOW POSITION OF SHADOW CONE AT INTERVALS OF FIVE MINUTES, GREENWICH TIME.

Greenwich time, and the former showed the correct position of the moon's shadow at the beginning of every minute by the chronometer. In this way it was possible for me to follow readily the precise phase of the eclipse at every station. About the rooms and accessible for immediate use were arranged the cipher codes pertaining to the several stations, and other papers necessary in preparing the reports for the press.

In a sketch here reproduced from the map is shown the eclipse-track, with the position of the moon's shadow at intervals of five minutes of Greenwich time. Also the same map shows the location of many of the observers who had been requested to send their reports for publication in the "Herald."

The eclipse was to become total at Willows at 9h. 48m. Greenwich time.¹ Our direct wire had been fully tested an hour before.

At about 9h. 30m. the operator there was called up and asked the state of the weather. He replied that it was already getting quite dark, that the sky was perfectly clear towards the south-west, and that there was no cloud anywhere near the sun. We therefore (in New York, 3000 miles away) knew what capital opportunities awaited the Harvard astronomers, even before they had themselves made the observations.

The moon's shadow then lay out on the Pacific Ocean. Rapidly it rushed along, the total phase came on at Willows, the sun's corona flashed out for nearly two minutes and then disappeared. Totality was over at 9h.

50m. and the shadow swept swiftly eastward, affording other astronomers a brief glimpse of the sun's surroundings.

After a short interval, Mr. Pickering, the chief of the Harvard party, had come to the telegraph office at Willows and had begun to send a dispatch announcing the general success of the entire expedition. The first three words of the cipher dispatch—*Alaska, China, Corsica*—came hurriedly over the line, then the circuit of our wire was lost!

Meanwhile the moon was getting a long way the start in the race—the eclipse was already total in Idaho.

The break in our long line was soon located somewhere between Utah and California, but more than half an hour elapsed before the circuit was re-established and the remainder of the dispatch could be received.

The lunar shadow had meantime advanced over Montana and Dakota and had left the earth entirely, sweeping off again into space. But I was still hopeful that the telegraph might win the race. Had New York been located in the eclipse-path as well as Willows, and both stations symmetrically placed, the total eclipse would have become visible at New York about an hour and a quarter after the shadow had left California.²

Thus there was time to spare. Having recovered our wire, Mr. Pickering's message was completed at 10h. 36m., and the stenographer's notes were written out and dispatched to the composing-room six minutes later.

The "copy" was quickly put in type, a proof was pulled, and at 10h. 50m. it was placed in my hands, exactly an hour after the observations had been made at a station nearly 3000 miles away.

¹ This was 4h. 48m. Eastern standard time, and 1h. 48m. Pacific time.

² The curvature of the earth reduces the absolute time of transit of the shadow between two widely separated places nearly a half.



THE LUNAR SHADOW.

Had the moon's shadow been advancing from California towards New York, there was still a margin of several minutes before the eclipse could become total at the latter place.

a unique piece of news-gathering, and withal skies everywhere propitious—these are conditions never before met, and which only the rarest of fortune can completely fulfill.

David P. Todd.

SECURITY.

I KNOW a flower that never need dread
Of being picked: the fairest flower of May,
It fears henceforth no stranger's dangerous tread.
Why? Oh, because I picked it yesterday.

A. W. R.

In point of fact, while the proof-sheet of the first message was being read the lunar shadow would have been loitering among the Alleghanies.

Man's messenger had thus outrun the moon.

The telegraphic reports of the observations at the other stations were gradually gathered in and put in type, and the forms of the "Herald" were ready for the stereotypewriter at the proper time, some two hours after midnight.

At 3 o'clock A. M. the European mails closed, and the pouches put on board the *Aller* carried the usual copies for the foreign circulation. Within twenty-four hours after the observations of the eclipse were made by the astronomers near the Pacific coast the results of their work had been telegraphed to the Atlantic sea-board, collated and printed, and the papers were well out on their journey to European readers.

An eclipse-track covering an extensive region accessible by telegraph, costly and delicate instruments and a multitude of trained observers, liberal officials willing to afford every facility of a vast telegraph system, enterprising journalists ready to undertake

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THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.



JOE-BOB GRISOM.

I.

NE Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1876, as Farmer Joe-Bob Grissom was on his way to Hillsborough for the purpose of hearing the news and having an evening's chat with his town acquaintances,—

as was his invariable custom at the close of the week,—he saw, as he passed the old Bascom Place, an old gentleman and a young lady walking slowly along the road. The old gentleman was tall and thin, and had silvery white hair. He wore a high-crowned, wide-brimmed felt hat, and his clothes, though neat, were too glossy to be new. The young lady was just developing into womanhood. She

had a striking face and figure. Her eyes were large and brilliantly black; her hair, escaping from under her straw hat with its scarlet ribbons, fell in dusky masses to her waist.

The two walked slowly, and occasionally they paused while the old gentleman pointed in various directions with his cane, as though impressing on the mind of his companion the whereabouts of certain interesting landmarks. They were followed at a little distance by a negro who carried across his arm a light wrap, which seemed to be a part of the outfit of the young lady.

As Farmer Joe-Bob Grissom passed the two, he bowed and tipped his hat by way of salutation. The old gentleman raised his hat and bowed with great courtliness, and the young lady nodded her head and smiled pleasantly at him. Farmer Joe-Bob was old enough to be grizzly, but the smile stirred him. It seemed to be a direct challenge to his memory. Where had he seen the young lady before? Where had he met the old gentleman? He was puzzled to such an extent that he paid no attention to the negro man, who touched his hat and bowed politely as the farmer passed—a fact that made the negro wonder a little; for day in and day out he had known Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom nearly forty years, and never before had that worthy citizen failed to respond with a cordial "Howdy" when the negro took off his hat.

Farmer Joe-Bob Grissom walked on towards town, which was not far, and the old gentleman and the young lady walked slowly along the hedge of Cherokee roses that ran around the old Bascom Place, while the negro followed at a respectful distance. Once they paused, and the old gentleman rubbed his eyes with a hand that trembled a little.

"Why, darling!" he exclaimed in a tone of mingled grief and astonishment, "they have cut it down."

"Cut what down, father?"

"Why, the weeping-willow. Don't you remember it, daughter? It stood in the middle of the field yonder. It was a noble tree. Well, well, well! What next, I wonder?"

"I do not remember it, father; I have so much to—"

"Yes, yes," the old gentleman interrupted. "Of course you could n't remember. The



BOLLING BASCOM OF BASCOM PLACE.

place has been so changed that I seem to have forgotten it myself. It has been turned topsy-turvy; it has been ruined—ruined!"

He leaned on his cane and, with quivering lips and moist eyes, looked through the green perspective of the park, and over the fertile fields and meadows.

"Ruined!" exclaimed the young lady. "How can you say so, father? I never saw a more beautiful place. It would make a lovely picture."

"And they have ruined the house, too. The whole roof has been changed." The old man pulled his hat down over his eyes, his hand trembling more than ever. "Let us turn back, Mildred," he said after a while. "The sight of all this frets and worries me more than I thought it would."

"They say," said the daughter, "that the gentleman who owns the place has made a good deal of money."

"Yes," replied the father, "I suppose so—I suppose so. Yes, so I have heard. A great many people are making money now who never made it before—a great many."

"I wish they would tell us the secret," said the young lady, laughing a little.

"There is no secret about it," said the old gentleman; "none whatever. To make money you must be mean and niggardly yourself, and then employ others to be mean and niggardly for you."

"Oh, it is not always so, father," the young girl exclaimed.

"It was not always so, my daughter. There was a time when one could make money and remain a gentleman; but that was many years ago."

The young lady was apparently not anxious to continue the argument, for she lightly turned the conversation into a more agreeable channel; and so the two, still followed by the

negro, made their way through the shaded streets of the town.

That evening, when Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom, after making some little purchases about town, went to the hotel, which he persisted in calling a tavern, he found Major Jimmy Bass engaged in a hot political discussion with a crowd which included a number of the townspeople, as well as a sprinkling of commercial travelers. Major Jimmy was one of the ancient and venerable landmarks of that region. He had once been an active politician, and had been engaged in political discussion for forty years or more. Old and fat as he was, he knew how to talk, and nothing pleased him more than to get hold of a stranger when a crowd of sympathetic fellow-citizens, young and old, was present to applaud the points he made.

Whenever Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom appeared in the veranda of the hotel he made it a point to shake hands with every person present, friend and stranger alike. His politeness was a trifle elaborate, but it was genuine.

"Why, howdy, Joe-Bob, howdy!" exclaimed Major Bass with effusion. "You seem to turn up at the right time, like the spangled man in the circus. I'm glad you've come, an' ef I'd 'a' had my way you'd 'a' come sooner, bekaze you're jest a little too late fer to see me slap the argyments onto some of these here travelin' drummers. They are gone now," the major continued, with a sweeping gesture of his right arm. "They are gone, but I wisht mighty you'd 'a' been here. New things is mortal nice, I know; but when these new-issue chaps set up to outtalk men that's old enough to be their granddaddy, it does me a sight of good fer to see 'em took down a peg er two."

As soon as he could get in a word edgewise, farmer Joe-Bob Grissom attempted to turn the conversation in a direction calculated to satisfy his curiosity.

"Major," he said in his deliberate way, "what's this I see out yonder at the old Bascom Place?"

"The Lord only knows, Joe-Bob. What might be the complexion, er yet the character, of it?"

"Well," said Mr. Grissom, "as I was makin' to'rsds town a little while ago, I seen some folks that don't look like they b'long 'roun' here. One of 'em was a old man, an' t' other one was a young gal, an' a nigger man was a-follerin' of 'em up—an', ef I make no mistakes, the nigger man was your old Jess. I did n't look close at the nigger, but arter I'd passed him it come to me that it wa' n't nobody on the topside of the roun' worl' but Jess."

"Why, bless your life an' soul, man!" exclaimed Major Bass, giving farmer Joe-Bob a neighborly nudge, "don't you know who

them folks was? Well, well! Where's your mind? Why, that was old Briscoe Bascom an' his daughter."

"I say it!" exclaimed farmer Joe-Bob, hitching his chair closer to the major.

"Yes, sir," said the major, "that's who it was. Why, where on earth have you been? The old judge drapped in on the town some weeks ago, an' he's been here ever sence. He's been here long enough fer the gal to make up a school. Lord, Lord! What a big swing the world's in! High on one side, high on t' other, an' the old cat a-dyin' in the middle! Why, bless your heart, Joe-Bob! I've seed the time when ef old Judge Briscoe Bascom jest so much as bowed to me I'd feel proud fer a week. An' now look at 'im! Ef I knowned I'd be took off wi' the dropsy the nex' minute, I would n't swap places wi' the poor old creetur."

"But what is old Jess a-doin' doggin' long arter 'em thataway?" inquired Mr. Grissom, knitting his shaggy eyebrows.

"That's what pesters me," exclaimed the major. "Ef niggers was ree-sponsible fer what they done, it would be wuss than what it is. Now you take Jesse: you need n't er tell me that nigger ain't got sense; yit what does he do? You seen 'im wi' your own eyes. Why, sir," continued the major, growing more emphatic, "I bought that nigger from Judge Bascom's cousin when he wa' n't nothin' but a youngster, an' I took him home an' raised him up right in the house,—yes, sir, right in the house,—an' he's been a-hangin' 'roun' me off an' on, gittin' his vittles, his clozes, an' his lodgin'. Yit, look at him now! I wisht I may die dead ef that nigger did n't hitch onto old Judge Bascom the minute he landed in town. Yes, sir! I'm a-tellin' you no lie. It's a clean, naked fact. That nigger quit me an' went an' took up wi' the old judge."

"Well," said Mr. Grissom, stroking his unshorn face, "you know what the sayin' is: Niggers'll be niggers even ef you whitewashed 'em twice a week."

"Yes," remarked the major thoughtfully; "I hope to goodness they've got souls, but I misdoubt it. Lord, yes, I misdoubt it mighty."

II.

As Major Jimmy Bass used to say, the years cut many queer capers as they go by. The major in his own proper person had not only witnessed, but had been the victim, of these queer capers. Hillsborough was a very small place indeed, and, for that very reason perhaps, it was more sensitive to changes in the way of progress and decay than many larger and more ambitious towns.

However this may have been, it is certain that the town, assisted by the major, had noted the queer capers the years had cut in the neighborhood of the old Bascom Place. This attitude on the part of Hillsborough—including, of course, Major Jimmy Bass—may be accounted for partly by the fact that the old place had once been the pride and delight of the town, and partly by the fact that the provincial eye and mind are nervously alert to whatever happens within range of their observation.

Before and during the war the Bascom Place was part and parcel of a magnificent estate. The domain was so extensive and so well managed that it was noted far and wide. Its boundary lines inclosed more than four thousand acres of forests and cultivated fields. This immense body of land was known as the old Bascom Place.

Bolling Bascom, its first owner, went to Georgia not long after the close of the Revolution, with a large number of Virginians who proposed to establish a colony in what was then the far South. The colony settled in Wilkes County; but Bolling Bascom, more adventurous than the rest, pushed on into middle Georgia, crossed the Oconee, and built him a home, and such was his taste, his energy, and his thrift, that the results thereof may be seen and admired in Hillsborough to this day.

But the man, like so many of his fellow-citizens then and thereafter, was land-hungry. He bought and bought until he had acquired the immense domain, which, by some special interposition of fate or of circumstance, is still intact. Meantime he had built him a house which was in keeping with the extent and richness of his landed possessions. It was planned in the old colonial style, but its massive proportions were relieved by the tall red chimneys and the long and gracefully fashioned colonnade that gave both strength and beauty to the spacious piazza which ran, and still runs, the whole length of the house.

When Bolling Bascom died, in 1830, aged seventy years, as the faded inscription on the storm-beaten tablet in the churchyard shows, he left his son, Briscoe Bascom, to own and manage the vast estate. This son was thirty years old, and it was said of him that he inherited the gentle qualities of his mother rather than the fiery energy and ambition of his father.

Bolling Bascom was neither vicious nor reckless, but he was a thorough man of the world. He was, in short, a typical Virginian gentleman, who for his own purposes had settled in Georgia.

Whatever the cause of his emigration, it is

certain that Georgia gained a good citizen. It was said of him that he was a little too fond of a fiddle, but with all his faults—with all his love for horse-racing and fox-hunting—he found time to be kind to his neighbors, generous to his friends, and the active leader of every movement calculated to benefit the State or the people; and it may be remarked, in passing, that he also found time to look after his own affairs.

Naturally, he was prominent in politics. He represented his county in the legislature, was at one time a candidate for governor, and was altogether a man who had the love and the confidence of his neighbors. He gave his son the benefit of the best education the country afforded, and made the tour of Europe with him, going over the ground that he himself had gone over in his young days.

But his European trip, undertaken when he was an old man, was too much for him. He was seized with an illness on his return voyage, and, although he lived long enough to reach home, he never recovered. In a few years his wife died; and his son, with little or no experience in such matters,—since his time had been taken up by the schools and colleges,—was left to manage the estate as best he could.

It was the desire of Bolling Bascom that his son should study law and make that profession a stepping-stone to a political career. He had been ambitious himself, and he hoped his son would also be ambitious. Besides, was not politics the most respectable of all the professions? This was certainly the view in Bolling Bascom's day and time, and much might be said to support it. Of all the professions, politics opened up the one career best calculated to tickle the fancy of the rich young men.

To govern, to control, to make laws, to look after the welfare of the people, to make great speeches, to become statesmen—these were the ideas that filled the minds of ambitious men in Bolling Bascom's time, and for years thereafter. And why not? There were the examples of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Hamilton, Webster, Calhoun, and the Adamses of Massachusetts. What better could a young man do than to follow in the footsteps of these illustrious citizens?

It may be supposed, therefore, that Bolling Bascom had mapped out a tremendous career for his son and heir. No doubt, as he sat dozing on his piazza in the long summer afternoons near the close of his life, he fancied he could hear the voice of his boy in the halls of legislation, or hear the wild shouts of the multitude that greeted his efforts on the stump in the heat and fury of a campaign. But it was not to be. The stormy politics of that period had no charms for Briscoe Bascom. He was

a student, and he preferred his books to the companionship of the crowd.

He possessed both courage and sociability in the highest degree, but he was naturally indolent, and he was proud—too indolent to find pleasure in the whirling confusion of active politics, and too proud to go about his county or his State in the attitude of soliciting the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. That he would have made his mark in politics is certain, for he made it at the bar, where success is much more dearly bought. He finally became judge of the superior court, at a time when the judges of the circuit courts met annually and formed a court of appeals. His decisions in this appellate court attracted attention all over the country, and are still referred to in the legal literature of to-day as models of their kind.

And yet all that Briscoe Bascom accomplished at the bar and on the bench was the result of intuition rather than of industry. Indolence sat enthroned in his nature, patient but vigilant. When he retired from the bench, he gave up the law altogether. He might have reclaimed his large practice, but he preferred the ease and quiet of his home.

He was an old man before he married—old enough, that is to say, to marry a woman many years his junior. His wife had been reared in an atmosphere of extravagance; and although she was a young woman of gentle breeding and of the best intentions, it is certain that she did not go to the Bascom Place as its mistress for the purpose of stinting or economizing. She simply gave no thought to the future. But she was so bright and beautiful, so gentle and unaffected in speech and manner, so gracious and so winsome in all directions, that it seemed nothing more than natural and right that her every whim and wish should be gratified.

Judge Bascom was indulgent and more than indulgent. He applauded his wife's extravagance and followed her example. Before many years he began to reap some of the fruits thereof, and they were exceeding bitter to the taste. The longest purse that ever was made has a bottom to it, unless, indeed, it be lined with Franklin's maxims.

The Judge was forty-eight years old when he married, and even before the beginning of the war he found his financial affairs in an uncomfortable condition. The Bascom Place was intact, but the pocket-book of its master was in a state bordering on collapse.

The slow but sure approach to the inevitable need not be described here. It is familiar to all people in all lands and times. In the case of Judge Bascom, however, the war was in the nature of a breathing-spell. It brought

with it an era of extravagance that overshadowed everything that had been dreamed of theretofore. During the first two years there was money enough for everybody and to spare. It was manufactured in Richmond in great stacks. General Robert Toombs, who was an interested observer, has aptly described the facility with which the Confederacy supplied itself with money. "A dozen negroes," said he, "printed money on the hand-presses all day to supply the Government, and then they worked until nine o'clock at night printing money enough to pay themselves off."

Under these circumstances, Judge Bascom and his charming wife could be as extravagant or as economical as they pleased without attracting the attention of their neighbors or their creditors. Nobody had time to think or care about such small matters. The war-fever was at its height, and nothing else occupied the attention of the people. The situation was so favorable, indeed, that Judge Bascom began to redeem his fortune—in Confederate money. He had land enough and negroes a plenty, and so he saved his money by storing it away; and he was so successful in this business that when the war closed it is said that he had a wagon-load of Confederate notes and shin-plaster packed in trunks and chests.

The crash came when General Sherman went marching through Hillsborough. The Bascom Place, being the largest and the richest plantation in that neighborhood, suffered the worst. Every horse, every mule, every living thing with hide and hoof, was driven off by the Federals; and a majority of the negroes went along with the army. It was often said of Judge Bascom that "he had so many negroes he didn't know them when he met them in the big road"; and this was probably true. His negroes knew him, and knew that he was a kind master in many respects, but they had no personal affection for him. They were such strangers to the Judge that they never felt justified in complaining to him even when the overseers ill-treated them. Consequently, when Sherman went marching along, the great majority of them bundled up their little effects and followed after the army. They had nothing to bind them to the old place. The house servants and a few negroes, in whom the Judge took a personal interest, remained, but all the rest went away.

Then, in a few months, came the news of the surrender, bringing with it a species of paralysis or stupefaction from which the people were long in recovering—so long, indeed, that some of them died in despair, while others lingered on the stage, watching, with dim eyes and trembling limbs, half-hopefully and half-fretfully, the representatives of a new genera-

tion trying to build up the waste places. There was nothing left for Judge Bascom to do but to take his place among the spectators. He would have returned to his law practice, but the people had well-nigh forgotten that he had ever been a lawyer; moreover, the sheriffs were busier in those days than the lawyers. He had the incentive,—for the poverty of those days was pinching,—but he lacked the energy and the strength necessary to begin life anew. He and hundreds like him were practically helpless. Ordinarily experience is easily learned when necessity is the teacher, but it was too late for necessity to teach Judge Bascom anything. During all his life he had never known what want was. He had never had occasion to acquire tact, business judgment, or economy. Inheriting a vast estate, he had no need to practice thrift or to become familiar with the shifty methods whereby business men fight their way through the world. Of all such matters he was entirely ignorant.

To add to his anxiety, a girl had been born to him late in life, his first and only child. In his confusion and perplexity he was prepared to regard the little stranger as merely a new and dreadful responsibility, but it was not long before his daughter was a source of great comfort to him. Yet, as the negroes said, she was not a "luck-child"; and bad as the Judge's financial condition was, it grew steadily worse.

Briefly, the world had drifted past him and his contemporaries and left them stranded. Under the circumstances, what was he to do? It is true he had a magnificent plantation, but this merely added to his poverty. Negro labor was demoralized, and the overseer class had practically disappeared. He would have sold a part of his landed estate; indeed, so pressing were his needs that he would have sold everything except the house which his father had built, and where he himself was born,—that he would not have parted with for all the riches in the world,—but there was nobody to buy. The Judge's neighbors and his friends, with the exception of those who had accustomed themselves to seizing all contingencies by the throat and wresting tribute from them, were in as severe a strait as he was; and to make matters worse, the political affairs of the State were in the most appalling condition. It was the period of reconstruction—a scheme that paralyzed all whom it failed to corrupt.

Finally the Judge's wife took matters in her own hand. She had relatives in Atlanta, and she prevailed on him to go to that lively and picturesque town. He closed his house, being unable to rent it, and became a citizen of the thrifty city. He found himself in a new atmosphere. The north Georgia crackers, the East

Tennesseans,—having dropped their "youn'-uns" and "we-uns,"—and the Yankees had joined hands in building up and pushing Atlanta forward. Business was more important than politics; and the rush and whirl of men and things were enough to make a mere spectator dizzy. Judge Bascom found himself more helpless than ever; but through the influence of his wife's brother he was appointed to a small clerkship in one of the State departments, and—"Humiliation of humiliations!" his friends exclaimed—he promptly accepted it, and became a part of what was known as the "carpet-bag" government. The appointment was in the nature of a godsend, but the Judge found himself ostracized. His friends and acquaintances refused to return his salutation as he met them on the street. To a proud and sensitive man this was the bitterness of death, but Judge Bascom stuck to his desk and made no complaint.

By some means or other, no doubt through the influence of Mrs. Bascom, the Judge's brother-in-law, a thrifty and not over-scrupulous man, obtained a power of attorney, and sold the Bascom Place, house and all, to a gentleman from western New York who was anxious to settle in middle Georgia. Just how much of the purchase-money went into the Judge's hands it is impossible to say, but it is known that he fell into a terrible rage when he was told that the house had been sold along with the place. He denounced the sale as a swindle, and declared that as he had been born in the house he would die there, and not all the powers of earth could prevent him.

But the money that he received was a substantial thing as far as it went. Gradually he found himself surrounded by various comforts that he had sadly missed, and in time he became somewhat reconciled to the sale, though he never gave up the idea that he would one day be able to buy the old place back and live there again. The idea haunted him day and night.

After the downfall of the carpet-bag administration a better feeling took possession of the people and politicians, and it was not long before Judge Bascom found congenial work in codifying the laws of the State, which had been in a somewhat confused and tangled condition since the war. Meanwhile his daughter Mildred was growing up, developing remarkable beauty as well as strength of mind. At a very early age she began to "take the responsibility," as the Judge put it, of managing the household affairs, and she continued to manage them even while going to school. At school she won the hearts of teachers and pupils, not less by her aptitude in her books than by her beauty and engaging manners.

But in spite of the young girl's management—in spite of the example she set by her economy—the Judge and his wife continued to grow poorer and poorer. Neither of them knew the value of a dollar, and the money that had been received from the sale of the Bascom Place was finally exhausted. About this time Mrs. Bascom died, and the Judge was so prostrated by his bereavement that it was months before he recovered. When he did recover he had lost all interest in his work of codification, but it was so nearly completed and was so admirably done that the legislature voted him extra pay. This modest sum the daughter took charge of, and when her father was well enough she proposed that they return to Hillsborough, where they could take a small house, and where she could give music lessons and teach a primary school. It need not be said that the Judge gave an eager assent to the proposition.

III.

As Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom passed the Bascom Place on his way home, after gathering from Major Jimmy Bass all the news and gossip of the town, he heard Mr. Francis Underwood, the owner of the Place, walking up and down the piazza, singing. Mr. Underwood appeared to be in a cheerful mood, and he had a right to be. He was young,—not more than thirty,—full of life, and the world was going on very well with him. Mr. Grissom paused a moment and listened; then he made up his mind to go in and have a chat with the young man. He opened the gate and went up the avenue under the cedars and Lombardy poplars. A little distance from the house he was stopped by a large mastiff. The great dog made no attempt to attack him, but majestically barred the way.

"Squire," yelled Joe-Bob, "ef you 'll call off your dog, I 'll turn right 'roun' an' go home an' never bother you no more."

"Is that you, Joe-Bob?" exclaimed Mr. Underwood. "Well, come right on. The dog won't trouble you."

The dog thereupon turned around and went up the avenue to the house and into the porch, where he stretched himself out at full length, Joe-Bob following along at a discreet distance.

"Come in," said Underwood, heartily; "I 'm glad to see you. Take this large rocking-chair; you will find it more comfortable than the smaller one."

Mr. Grissom sat down and looked cautiously around to see where the dog was.

"I did come, Squire," he said, "to see you on some kinder business, but that dratted dog has done skeered it clean out'n me."

"Prince is a faithful watcher," said Underwood, "but he never troubles any one who is coming straight to the house. Do you, old fellow?" The dog rapped an answer on the floor with his tail.

"Well," said Joe-Bob, "I 'd as lief be tore up into giblets, mighty nigh, as to have my sev'm senses skeered out'n me. What I 'm afear'd of now," he went on, "is that that dog will jump over the fence some day an' ketch old Judge Bascom whilst he 's a-pirootin' 'roun' here a-lookin' at the old Place. An' ef he don't ketch the Judge, it 's more 'n likely he 'll ketch the Judge's gal. I seen both of 'em this very evenin' whilst I was a-goin' down town."

"Was that the Judge?" exclaimed young Mr. Underwood, with some show of interest; "and was the lady his daughter? I heard they had returned."

"That was jest percisely who it was," said Joe-Bob with emphasis. "It wa' n't nobody else under the shinin' sun."

"Well," said Mr. Underwood, "I have seen them walking by several times. It is natural they should be interested in the Place. The old gentleman was born here?"

"Yes," said Joe-Bob, "an' the gal too. They tell me," he went on, "that the old Judge an' his gal have seed a many ups an' downs. I reckon they er boun' fer to feel lonesome when they come by an' look at the prop'ty that use' to be theirn. I hear tell that the old Judge is gwine to try an' see ef he can't git it back."

Francis Underwood said nothing, but sat gazing out into the moonlight as if in deep thought.

"I thinks, says I," continued Joe-Bob, "that the old Judge 'll have to be lots pearter'n he looks to be ef he gits ahead of Squire Underwood."

The "Squire" continued to gaze reflectively down the dim perspective of cedars and Lombardy poplars. Finally he said:

"Have a cigar, old man. These are good ones."

Joe-Bob took the cigar and lighted it, handling it very gingerly.

"I ain't a-deniyin' but what they are good, Squire, but somehow er nuther me an' these here fine seegyars don't gee," said Joe-Bob, as he puffed away. "They're purty toler'ble nice, but jest about the time I git in the notion of smokin' they're done burntend up, an' then ef you ain't got sev'm er eight more, it makes you feel mighty lonesome. Now I 'll smoke this 'n', an' it 'll sorter put my teeth on edge fer my pipe, an' when I git home I 'll set up an' have a right nice time."

"And so you think," said Underwood,

speaking as if he had not heard Joe-Bob's remarks about the cigar—"and so you think Judge Bascom has come to buy the old Place."

"No, no!" said Joe-Bob, with a quick depreciatory gesture. "Oh, no, Squire! not by no means! No, no! I never said them words. What I did say was that it 's been talked up an' down that the old Judge is a-gwine to try to git his prop'ty back. That's what old Major Jimmy Bass said he heard, an' I thinks, says I, he 'll have to be monst'us peart ef he gits ahead of Squire Underwood. That's what I said to myself, an' then I ast old Major Jimmy, says I, what the Judge would do wi' the prop'ty arter he got it, an' Major Jimmy, he ups an' says, says he, that the old Judge would sell it back to Frank Underwood, says he."

The young man threw back his head and laughed heartily, not less at the comical earnestness of Joe-Bob Grissom than at the gossip of Major Jimmy Bass.

"It seems, then, that we are going to have lively times around here," said Underwood, by way of comment.

"Yes, siree," exclaimed Joe-Bob; "that 's what Major Jimmy Bass allowed. Do you reckon, Squire," he continued, lowering his voice as though the matter was one to be approached cautiously—"do you reckon, Squire, they could slip in on you an' trip you up wi' one of 'em writs of arousal or one of 'em bills of injunction?"

"Not unless they catch me asleep," replied Underwood, still laughing. "We get up very early in the morning on this Place."

"Well," said Joe-Bob Grissom, "I ain't much of a lawyer myself, an' so I thought I 'd jest drap in an' tell you the kind of talk what they've been a-rumorin' 'roun'. But I 'll tell you what you kin do, Squire. Ef the wust comes to the wust, you kin make the old Judge an' the gal take you along wi' the Place. Now them would be my politics."

With that Joe-Bob gave young Underwood a nudge in the short ribs, and chuckled to such an extent that he nearly strangled himself with cigar smoke.

"I think I would have the best of the bargain," said the young man.

"Now you would! you reely would!" exclaimed Joe-Bob in all seriousness. "I can't tell you the time when I ever seen a likelier gal than that one wi' the Judge this evenin'. As we say down here in Georgia, she 's the top of the pot an' the pot a-b'ilin'. I tell you that right pine-blank."

After a little, Mr. Grissom rose to go. When Mr. Underwood urged him to sit longer, he pointed to the sword and belt of Orion hanging low in the south-west.

"The ell an' yard are a-makin' the'r disap-

pearance," he said; "an' ef I stay out much longer, my old 'oman 'll think I 've been a-settin' up by a jug somewhere. Now ef you 'll jest hold your dog, Squire, I 'll go out as peaceful as a lamb."

"Why, I was just going to propose to send him down to the big gate with you," said young Underwood. "He 'll see you safely out."

"No, no, Squire!" exclaimed Joe-Bob, holding up both hands. "Now don't do the like of that. I don't like too much perliteness in folks, an' I know right well I could n't abide it in a dog. No, Squire; you jest hold on to the creetur' wi' both hands, an' I 'll find my way out. Jest ketch him by the forefoot. I 've heard tell before now that ef you 'll hold a dog by his forefoot he can't git loose, an' nuther kin he bite you."

Long after Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom had gone home young Francis Underwood sat in his piazza smoking and thinking. He had a good deal to think about, too, for he was perhaps the busiest and the thirstiest person that Hillsborough had ever seen. He had a dairy farm stocked with the choicest strains of Jersey cattle, and he shipped hundreds of pounds of golden butter all over the country every week in the year; he bred Percheron horses for farm-work and trotting horses for the road; he had a flourishing farm on which he raised, in addition to his own supplies, a hundred or more bales of cotton every year; he had a steam saw-mill and cotton-gin; he was a contractor and builder; and he was also an active partner in the largest store in Hillsborough. Moreover he took a lively interest in the affairs of the town. His energy and his progressive ideas seemed to be contagious, for in a few years the sleepy old town had made tremendous strides, and everything appeared to move forward with an air of business—such is the force of a genial and robust example.

There is no doubt that young Underwood was somewhat coolly received when he first made his appearance in Hillsborough. He was a New Yorker and therefore a Yankee; and some of the older people, who were still grieving over the dire results of the war, as old people have a right to do, made no concealment of their prejudices. Their grief was too bitter to be lightly disposed of. Perhaps the young man appreciated this fact, for his sympathies were wonderfully quick and true. At any rate, he carried himself as buoyantly and as genially in the face of prejudice as he did afterwards in the face of friendship.

The truth is, prejudice could not stand before him. He had that magnetic personality which is a more precious possession than fame or fortune. There was something attractive even in his restless energy; he had that hearti-

ness of manner and graciousness of disposition that are so rare among men; and, withal, a spirit of independence that charmed the sturdy-minded people with whom he cast his lot. It was not long before the younger generation began to seek Mr. Underwood out, and after this the social ice, so to speak, thawed quickly.

In short, young Underwood, by reason of a strong and an attractive individuality, became a very prominent citizen of Hillsborough. He found time, in the midst of his own business enterprises, to look after the interests of the town and the county. One of his first movements was to organize an agricultural society which held its meeting four times a year in different parts of the county. It was purely a local and native suggestion, however, that made it incumbent on the people of the neighborhood where the society met to grace the occasion with a feast in the shape of a barbecue. The first result of the agricultural society—which still exists, and which has had a wonderful influence on the farmers of middle Georgia—was a county fair, of which Mr. Underwood was the leading spirit. It may be said, indeed, that his energy and his money made the fair possible. And it was a success. Young Underwood not only had canvassed the county, but he had “worked it up in the newspapers,” as the phrase goes, and it tickled the older citizens immensely to see the dailies in the big cities of Atlanta, Macon, and Savannah going into rhetorical raptures over their fair.

As a matter of fact Francis Underwood, charged with the fiery energy of a modern American, found it a much easier matter to establish himself in the good graces of the people of Hillsborough and the surrounding country than did Judge Bascom when he returned to his old home with his lovely daughter. Politically speaking, he had committed the unpardonable sin when he accepted office under what was known as the carpet-bag government. It was an easy matter—thus the argument ran—to forgive and respect an enemy, but it was hardly possible to forgive a man who had proved false to his people and all their traditions—who had, in fact, “sold his birthright for a mess of pottage,” to quote the luminous language employed by Colonel Bolivar Blasingame in discussing the return of Judge Bascom. It is due to Colonel Blasingame to say that he did not allude to the sale of the Bascom Place, but to the fact that Judge Bascom had drawn a salary from the State treas-

ury while the Republicans were in power in Georgia.

This was pretty much the temper of the older people of Hillsborough even in 1876. They had no bitter prejudices against the old Judge; they were even tolerant and kindly; but they made it plain to him that he was regarded in a new light, and from a new standpoint. He was made to feel that his old place among them must remain vacant; that the old intimacies were not to be renewed. But this was the price that Judge Bascom was willing to pay for the privilege of spending his last days within sight of the old homestead. He made no complaints, nor did he signify by word or sign, even to his daughter, that everything was not as it used to be.

As for the daughter, she was in blissful ignorance of the situation. She was a stranger among strangers, and so was not affected by the lack of sociability on the part of the townspeople—if, indeed, there was any lack so far as she was concerned. The privations she endured in common with her father were not only sufficient to correct all notions of vanity or self-conceit, but they had given her a large experience of life; they had broadened her views and enlarged her sympathies, so that with no sacrifice of the qualities of womanly modesty and gentleness she had grown to be self-reliant. She attracted all who came within range of her sweet influence, and it was not long before she had broken down all the barriers that prejudice against her father might have placed in her way. She established a primary school, and what with her duties there and with her music class she soon had as much as she could do, and her income from these sources was sufficient to support herself and her father in a modest way; but it was not sufficient to carry out her father's plans, and this fact distressed her no little.

Sometimes Judge Bascom, sitting in the narrow veranda of the little house they occupied, would suddenly arouse himself, as if from a doze, and exclaim :

“We must save money, daughter; we must save money and buy the old Place back. It is ours. We must have it; we must save money.” And sometimes, in the middle of the night, he would go to his daughter's bedside, stroke her hair, and say in a whisper :

“We are not saving enough money, daughter; we must save more. We must buy the old Place back. We must save it from ruin.”

Joel Chandler Harris.

(To be continued.)

FRA ANGELICO (1387-1455).

(FRA GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE.)

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



HE name of Fra Angelico stands with a large portion of the art-loving public as the synonym of the highest attainment in religious art which the world has ever seen. And while in a certain sense I am not disposed to contest this judgment, though I believe it not to be founded on strictly artistic standards, it is necessary to give Fra Angelico his true place in the series of great painters the final result of whose united teachings we perceive only in the beginning of the sixteenth century. In imaginative power and in dramatic feeling he never approaches Giotto, Orcagna, Gentile da Fabriano, or even Spinello, of his own school: he is also inferior to Duccio and Lorenzetti of the Sienese; while in color he has a constant straining in the pitch which wearies the eye, but is, without doubt, the result of that ecstatic temperament to which he owes the peculiar gifts which separate him by a wide space from all his predecessors and contemporaries. I cannot resist the conviction that in Fra Angelico the ordinary action of the imagination was superseded by the most complete visionary subjectivity, and that what he painted was what he saw in the spirit. The seraphic glow, the unearthly serenity of his assemblages and the fixedness of the new type of beauty which he introduces, the rapture of his "Paradise" and the tameness of his "Inferno," the constant tension of his faculties, and the very monotony of his conceptions, are to my mind the evidence of a state of exaltation in which the visions of his ecstasy became the subjects of his art. And in the height of this exaltation and in the intensity of its vision are the compensations for the narrowness of his range and the feebleness of his grasp of ordinary human nature. I have no doubt that convent life and its morbid seclusion deepened greatly the groove in which he ran, and I think that a proof of it is in the larger naturalism which his work took on when he went to Orvieto, where with his pupil Benozzo, whose artistic nature was totally unlike his own, he painted the most vigorous and robust frescos we have by him. And this breath of a more vigorous life, which to his morbidly sensitive spirit must have been a stimulant too powerful to be long endured,

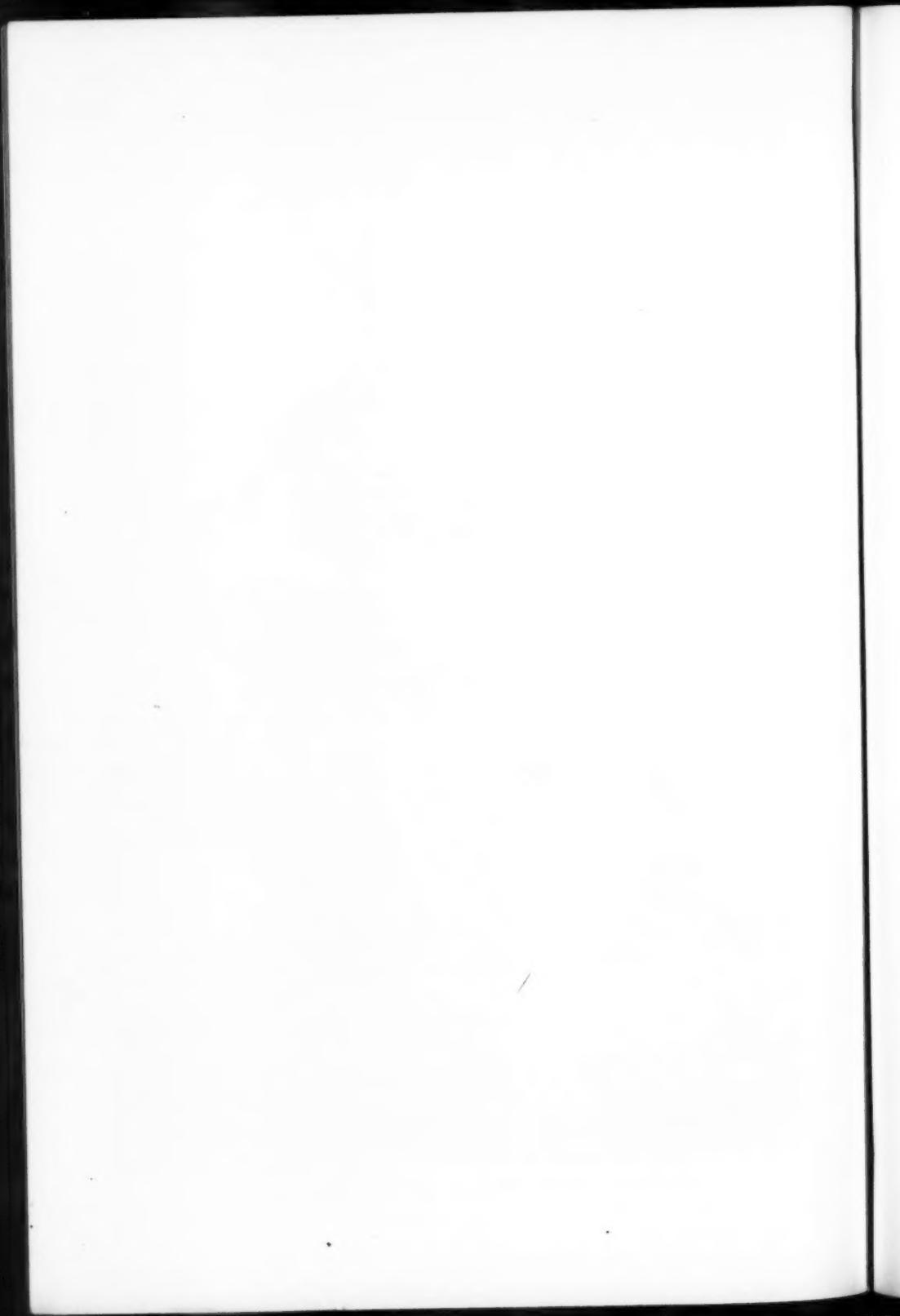
was possibly the reason for his abandonment of his work with his contract unfulfilled, and for his subsequent withdrawal from the work assigned to him at Prato, referred to farther on. The epithet "Angelic" was probably due to the belief that he was in communion with the angelic world; and that he himself had the fullest persuasion that his work was inspired is clear from his habit of never retouching a line once made, under the conviction that it was so ordered of God—a habit noticed by Vasari in the quotation given on page 620. The world for which he worked was hardly capable of finding the motive for the epithet in the artistic qualities of the painter, but it would naturally come from the persuasion of his being inspired and habitually in the presence of angels.

His long residence in Rome subsequently would not militate against the theory of this morbid sensitiveness, for he was of such devotional temper that residence in Rome was the next thing to being in heaven itself, and the opportunities for monastic seclusion were as complete as in Florence. We owe to this conviction of the inspiration of his work one of his most precious technical qualities—the certainty of his touch and the purity of his lines; but in other technical attainments he does not seem to have advanced materially beyond the Giottoesques, of whom he was the last to observe the doctrines in their purity, and he is inferior even to Orcagna, his immediate father in art, in knowledge of light and shade and perspective, in which term the painters of that epoch included not merely linear, but relief and aerial perspective. The pure subjectivity of his vision is seen in the "Last Judgment,"—from which Mr. Cole has engraved one of the most exquisite portions,—where we see the blessed, all of one type; if they had been painted from the model, one would say that one model had served for all the heads. This was the flaming up into unexampled brilliancy and purity of the ecstatic school of art which began with Giotto—the flaming up of the sacred candle in the socket before it goes out.

Fra Angelico was born near the castle of Vicchio, not far from Vespignano, the birthplace of Giotto, and at the age of twenty entered the order of Dominicans, being received into the



THE "CHRIST ENTHRONED" AT ORVIETO. (FRA ANGELICO.)



new convent at Fiesole; but as the monastery was not yet fit for occupation, he was sent *ad interim* by the blessed Lorenzo da Ripafratta, master of the novices, to Cortona, where with his brother, who entered into the monastic life at the same time, he was under religious instruction, and took the vows in 1408. As the record of his reception into the convent refers to him as already a painter of some reputation and having done noteworthy work, it is most probable that he had previously received such instruction as he had in art.

As all the work which Fra Angelico did in Cortona, with the exception of the lunette in fresco over the door of the church of St. Dominic, is of his earlier style, it is likely that the ten years between the time of his taking the vows and his return to the convent at Fiesole in 1418 were passed at Cortona, the single work above excepted probably having been done about 1438, on one of his journeys to Rome, those being the only occasions on which he was away from his monastery.¹

During the occupation of Cortona by the French,² the frescos in the convent of St. Dominic, probably the first that Fra Angelico painted, were destroyed. Besides the lunette already mentioned as having been executed at a later period, and which remains over the door, the church possessed an altar-piece representing the Madonna and Child surrounded by angels; also a panel with the Annunciation, with scenes, in the predella, from the life of the Virgin, which was transferred to the church of the Gesù. In the same church is a gradino painted by Fra Angelico in his earliest style, with scenes from the life of St. Dominic, originally in the church of that saint, and, according to Cavalcaselle, showing the influence of the art of the Florentine school most markedly, confirming the opinion that the painter had begun his studies before his novitiate.

After his return to Fiesole, Fra Angelico lived there absorbed in his art and existing for it alone, for the state of the outer world was such that no spiritually minded man could endure it. Schisms and feuds within the Church, wars and invasions and civic discord without, the Renaissance already undermining the traditions of the art of Giotto and the purists—all these must have made the ecstatic of Fiesole content with the silence and seclusion of his convent. We know nothing of the details of his life at this time. Of the pictures executed during it we know the "Annunciation" of St. Alexander of Brescia (1432), and the tabernaculum painted for the corporation of flax merchants (1433),

where the painter represented the Virgin and Child surrounded by twelve angels of exquisite beauty playing on various instruments. On the sides of the doors are saints, and on the predella are the Adoration of the Magi, St. Peter preaching, with St. Mark taking notes of his sermon, and the persecutors of the latter in a storm at sea.

In the refectory of his monastery he painted a life-sized Crucifixion, the Virgin and St. John at the sides and St. Dominic kneeling at the foot of the cross, which he embraces. In the chapter-house of the convent is a Madonna and Child much damaged by restoration, and the altar-piece of the chapel represents a Virgin and Child enthroned and surrounded by various saints. The predella belonging to it, according to Cavalcaselle one of the most happy productions of the artist, is in the National Gallery, London. The "Coronation of the Virgin," now in the Louvre, was formerly in St. Dominic.

It is probable that during this period Fra Angelico executed the thirty-five little pictures for the doors of the cupboard belonging to the sacristy of the Santissima Annunziata at Florence, now in the Academy of Florence. They were ordered by Piero de' Medici, and illustrate several scenes from the life of the Saviour and from the Last Judgment.

The next noted date in the life of Fra Angelico is that of 1436, when the monastery of St. Mark in Florence was given to the Dominicans by Pope Eugene IV., and Fra Angelico left his cell at Fiesole to live in Florence. Cosimo de' Medici had the monastery rebuilt, the church restored, and the library added; the church being finished in 1441, the monastery in 1443. Before the architects had finished their work, Fra Angelico had begun the altar-piece for the choir—a Madonna and Child with two angels at the sides, St. Mark, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Stephen on her right; St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Peter on the left with Sts. Cosimo and Damiano before her—doubtless as a sign of gratitude to Cosimo de' Medici, who had used his influence with the Pope to obtain the concession of St. Mark for the Dominicans. This picture, in a bad state of preservation, is now in the Academy, the predella having been taken to pieces and the parts scattered abroad, many of them being lost so that it is impossible of reconstruction.

Vasari says that Nicholas V. wished to make Fra Angelico archbishop of Florence and that he humbly refused, saying that he was not capable of governing; but the story is incredible, for the archbishopric of Florence was not vacant

¹ Lord Lindsay ("Christian Art," Vol. II., p. 224) says that "Fra Angelico seems to have resided in most of the Dominican establishments between Florence and Rome." There does not seem to be any ground for this

conclusion, unless he means to say that the artist divided his life between Rome and Florence.

² During the wars of the French republic, 1789-1805.

during the papacy of Nicholas. If the offer was ever made it could have been only by Eugene IV., who came to Florence in 1442 to consecrate the church of St. Mark; and as he took up his abode in the monastery, he must have made the acquaintance of the painter.¹

Indeed, when Eugene died, in 1471, Fra Angelico, then at work in Rome, seems not to have been sure of the favor of his successor, and offered to work at the Cathedral of Orvieto, erected not very long before to commemorate the last authentic miracle, that of the Corpus Domini, which is said to have occurred in 1263, and was still the wonder of the faithful. In this cathedral the best art of Christendom was then being lavished in a manner known nowhere else out of the papal city. On the 14th of June the contract was signed by which Fra Angelico bound himself to go to Orvieto to paint the new chapel, with his pupil Benozzo Gozzoli and two assistants, Giovanni d'Antonio and Giacomo da Poli. He was to receive two hundred gold ducats a year, his pupil having seven a month, and each assistant three, with twenty lire a month for board and lodging, a sufficiency of bread and wine, and all the requisites for their painting.

By the 28th of September two compartments of the ceiling were finished, one representing Christ as Judge, surrounded by angels, and the other the "Praiseworthy Company of the Prophets." Having done these, and leaving designs enough to decorate half the chapel, Fra Angelico returned to Rome, probably summoned there by the new pope, and in January of 1450 he was back in Fiesole, where he must have been still in 1451, for in that year we find that the rectors of the commune of Prato sent a messenger to the archbishop of Florence urging him to send Fra Angelico to paint the greater chapel. Their petition was granted, and on the 29th of March the famous painter was conducted to Prato; but for some reason or other he refused the undertaking and returned on the 1st of April to Fiesole, and shortly afterwards went to Rome. Here he was commissioned by the pope to paint the chapel in the Vatican which still bears the name of Nicholas V.

Fra Angelico never again left Rome, but died there, at the age of sixty-eight. He was buried in the church of Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, and a marble monument was erected

¹ Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" (new edition) adopts Vasari's version of the call of the painter to Rome, but the dates still do not justify his conclusions. As to the bishopric, it was, at the date of the death of the Pope Eugene, occupied by St. Antonino. Besides, the visit to Orvieto was a break in Fra Angelico's work at Rome, which would not have taken place if it had been Nicholas who called him to Rome.

to him, bearing the following inscription, said to have been composed by Nicholas V.:

HIC JACET VEN. PICTOR
FR. JO. DE FLOR. ORD. P.

M

CCCC

L

V

Non mihi sit laudi, quod eram velut alter Apelles,
Sed quod lucra tuis omnia, Christe, dabam :
Altera nam terris opera extant, altera coelo ;
Urbs me Joannem flos tulit Etruriae.

Vasari gives the following description of the character of Fra Angelico:

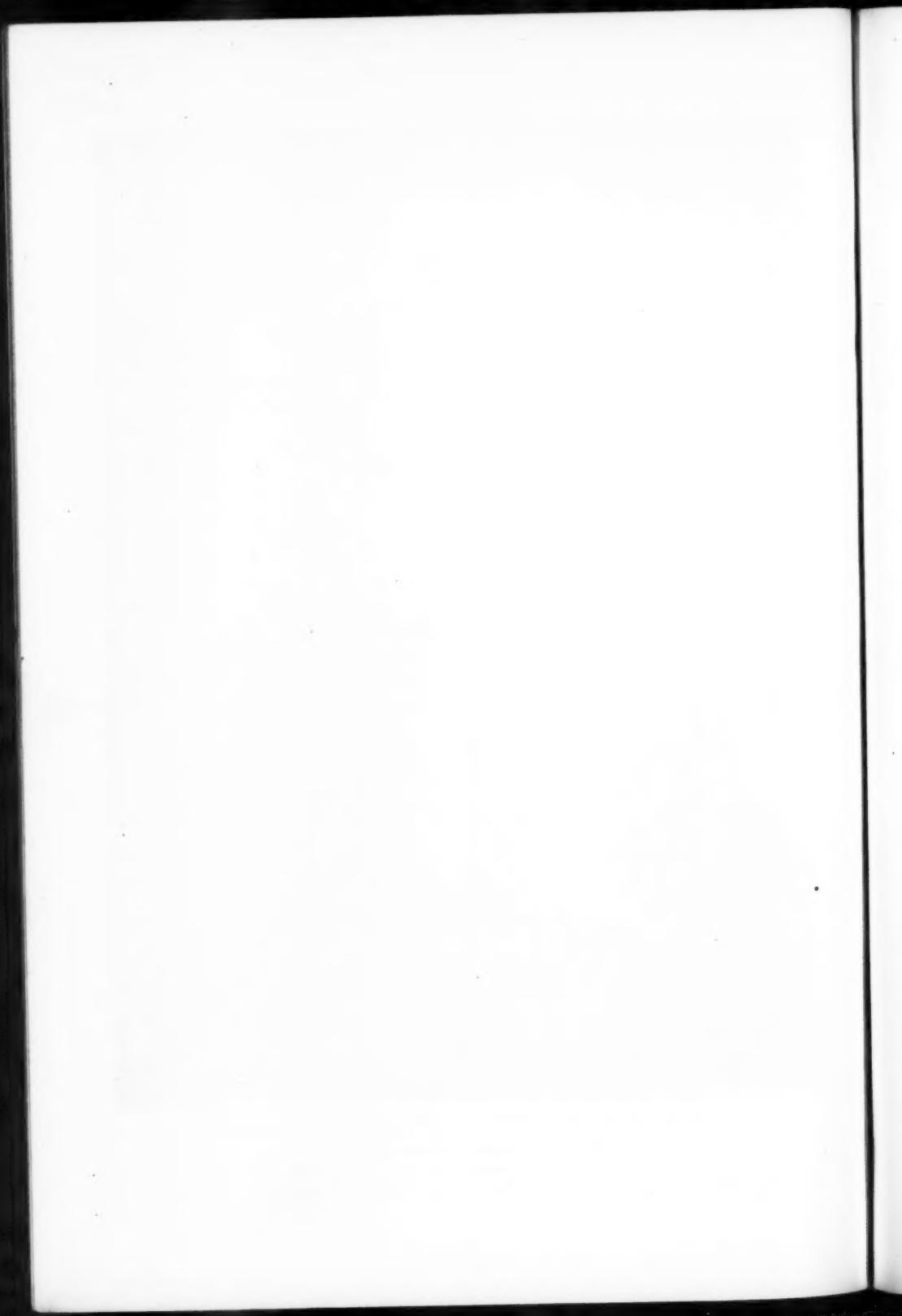
This father, truly angelic, spent all his life in the service of God and for the good of the world and his neighbor. In truth, the great and extraordinary powers possessed by Fra Giovanni could not have existed except in a man of most holy life. . . . He was a man of simplicity and most holy in his ways, and an instance of his piety is that one morning the Pope Nicholas V. having bidden him to dinner, he was unwilling to eat meat without the license of the Superior, not making account of the authority of the Pontiff. He withheld himself from all worldly deeds, and living purely and holily he was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul is now in heaven. He worked continually at his pictures and would never treat any but sacred subjects. He might have been a rich man, but he cared not to boast, and used to say that true riches consisted in being content with little. He might have had command over many but would not, saying that there was less trouble and risk in obeying than in commanding. It was in his power to gain preferment, both from the monks and from the outer world, but he cared not for it, declaring that he sought no other dignity than to escape hell and gain paradise. He was most gentle and sober, and living chastely freed himself from the snares of the world ; and he was wont to say that whoever followed art had need of peace and to live without distracting thoughts, and that he who does work that concerns Christ must live continually with Christ. He was never known to get angry with the monks: if any one desired work from him he would say that he would obtain the consent of the Prior to it, and then would no fail to fulfill the request. In fact, this father, who cannot be sufficiently praised, was in all his works and conversation most humble and modest, and in his painting dexterous and conscientious, and the saints of his painting have more the air and resemblance of saints than those of any other painter. It was his habit not to retouch or correct his painting, but to leave it as it came the first time, through the belief that God willed it so. He never painted a Crucifixion that the tears did not bathe his cheeks, so that we recognize in the faces and attitude of his figures the goodness of his sincere and profound devotion to the Christian religion.

That Fra Angelico was highly appreciated by his contemporaries is shown both by the appellations which they bestowed upon him of "Angelico" and "Beato," and by the respect with which he is mentioned by two poets of



DETAIL FROM THE "LAST JUDGMENT," BY FRA ANGELICO.

(IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, FLORENCE.)



his day, Padre Maestro Domenico and Giovanni Sanzio da Urbino, the father of Raphael.

The most renowned of Fra Angelico's disciples was Benozzo Gozzoli, whose work was even sometimes mistaken for that of his master. Strozzi was probably also a pupil of the Dominican friar, and may have assisted in executing the frescos in St. Mark's. Judging by his style, Andrea di Firenze also may have been a disciple.

After Fra Angelico there is no one who could justify a claim to any ecstatic inspiration, and his successors, though borrowing in technical processes from him, had no sympathy with his temper and led directly to the naturalism which culminated in Raphael, which was characteristic of the Renaissance, and was visible in the frank abandonment of the artistic

conventions born of the union of the ascetic Christianity of the early Church with the formality of the esthetic paganism of the declining empire, stereotyped by the Byzantines, and again called to a temporary significance by Giotto.

Henceforward we shall find the art of Christianity becoming gradually less rhapsodic and finding its sustenance more in the larger and healthier inspirations of the bodily vision. Fra Angelico is not the last of the painters of the religious temper, but simply the last of the ecstasies. The change was a part of the great movement which had already begun in other provinces less dependent on the Church, but with which painting was to keep pace as best it might — *hanc passibus aequis*.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

FRA ANGELICO'S chief works are his frescos in the Cathedral of Orvieto. These would of themselves repay a pilgrimage to that romantic city. They are in the chapel of the Madonna di San Brizio, (Capella Nuovo) in the right transept of the church, and are comprised in two of the three triangular arched spandrels of the ceiling immediately over the great window of the chapel. They contain the Saviour seated in glory with angels, saints, and prophets, intended for the upper part of the "Christ Enthroned." The third compartment, which is to the right, is the work of his pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli. The remaining part of the "Christ Enthroned" is the masterpiece of Luca Signorelli, and occupies the rest of the wall space of the chapel. The figure of Christ seated in glory upon a cloud encircled by a rainbow upon a ground of gold, which glows in the light of the window beneath, is the first object to seize the attention upon entering the chapel. The dignity and solemn majesty of his person impress one mightily. The figure is colossal, and is robed in an outer garment of blue of a light, fresh tint, the deep shadows of the folds being of a strong, rich tone. The folds fall in graceful lines about and below the feet; the part of the garment turned down and falling from the shoulder over the lap reveals the lining, which is of a dark, soft tone of yellow of a shade of ocher or old gold. The inner garment is of a soft shade of maroon, the trimming round the sleeve, neck, and belt are of gold, as well as the belt of the globe of the universe — the globe itself being blue. The hair, falling in curls upon the shoulders, is of a soft brown color, as well as the beard, which is parted in the middle and is softly shaded into the warm, brownish color of the face. The expression of the countenance is marvelously subtle. Christ is still the loving Saviour; his visage is darkened with sorrow more than wrath as he raises his right hand in condemnation of the wicked. This right hand appears to me wonderfully full of tender feeling. The likeness of Fra Angelico standing by the side of Luca Signorelli is painted by the latter in his fresco of "The Overthrow of the Antichrist," which is on the left wall of this chapel as one faces the

"Christ Enthroned." His sweet face and gentle bearing, with eyes humbly cast towards the ground, are finely contrasted with the noble lineaments of Signorelli, who looks straight at you with a kind and generous air.

Fra Angelico's fresco of the Annunciation in the Museum of San Marco (formerly the Monastery of San Marco) is upon the wall immediately facing the entrance to the corridor of the upper floor. It measures seven feet four inches high by nine feet nine inches long, and the figures are a little more than half the size of life. The scene takes place beneath an arched arcade, such as is seen in the cloister of the museum, and the little room back of the Virgin is a duplicate of one of the cells of the upper floor with its one little window. Here in the picture the light falls softly in, forming a very beautiful little bit. Without is a garden dotted with flowers, and separated from the wood behind by a picketed board fence, in which not only is every nail-head visible, but even the graining of the wood put in with childlike simplicity. The Virgin has seated herself in quiet contemplation, when the messenger of the Lord suddenly appears before her, his wings still extended like a dove just alighted from the sky. He gazes steadfastly into the Virgin's face, and the look of mutual interest is singularly impressive, as well as the expression of humility and devout awe in the face of the Virgin. I wish I could have engraved the fresco of the "Coronation of the Virgin" in one of the cells as an illustration of the divine sweetness of Fra Angelico's Madonnas. They are beings of unearthly beauty, and words fail to convey any idea of their ineffable loveliness and purity. His angels, too, are creatures of another sphere, and purer types have not yet been conceived in art. The drawing in the hands of his angels and Madonnas is most exquisite — charming in tender yet subtle simplicity of outline.

San Marco is indeed a museum of Fra Angelico's work, as every one of the cells contains one of his frescos. The coloring of these is very fine. The delicate freshness and coolness of the tints blend softly and harmoniously together — simple, pure colors,



THE "ANNUNCIATION," BY FRA ANGELICO.

laid in sometimes with fine pencilings. In the "Crucifixion" in the cloister the shaven face of St. Dominic at the foot of the cross is treated so finely and delicately that the attempt is made to show each separate shaven hair by minutely fine dots. In this fresco is displayed all this painter's knowledge of the technic of his art. The wings of his angels are enlivened with tints of green, yellow, violet, etc., contrasted harmoniously. There are forty frescos in the cells, all the cells except five having a fresco in each. These are painted on the same side as the window, so they are

poorly lighted, though the light reflected from the surrounding walls on sunny days brings them out clear and distinct. Among the most beautiful of the series are the following: Cell No. 1, "Noli me Tangere"; No. 3, "Annunciation" (the angel is standing, and the Virgin is kneeling on her footstool); No. 4, "The Crucifixion"; No. 6, "The Transfiguration"; No. 7, "The Mocking and Crowning with Thorns"; No. 8, "The Resurrection"; No. 9 (Fra Angelico's own cell), "The Coronation of the Virgin"; No. 34, "The Agony in the Garden."

A POSITIVE ROMANCE.


Y friend Hammond is a bachelor and lives in chambers in New York. Whenever we meet on my occasional visits to the city he insists on my spending the night with him. On one of these occasions we had been at the opera during the evening and had witnessed an ovation to a beautiful and famous singer. We had been stirred by the enthusiasm of the audience, and on our walk home fell to discussing a theme suggested by the scene; namely, the tendency of man to assume a worshipful attitude towards woman, and the reason for it. Was it merely a phase of the passionnal relation between the sexes, or had it some deeper and more mysterious significance?

When I mentioned the former idea Hammond demanded why this tendency was not reciprocal between the sexes. As a matter of fact, while women showed endless devotion and fondness for men, their feeling was without the strain of adoration. Particular men's qualities of mind or heart might excite the enthusiastic admiration of women, but such admiration was for cause, and in no way confounded with the worshipful reverence which it was man's instinct to extend to woman as woman, with secondary reference to her qualities as a particular person. No fact in the relations of men and women, he declared, was more striking than this contrast in their mutual attitudes. It was the feminine, not the masculine, ideal which supplied the inspiration of art and the aroma of literature, which was found enshrined in the customs and common speech of mankind. To this I replied that man, being the dominant sex, had imposed his worship on the race as a conquering nation, its gods on the conquered. He, not woman, had been the creator of the art, the literature, and the language which were dedicated to her. Had woman been the dominant sex the reverse might have happened, and man been obliged to stand upon a pedestal and be worshiped.

Hammond laughed, but declared that I was all wrong. Man's tendency to worship woman, while naturally blending with his passionnal attraction towards her, did not spring from the instinct of sex, but from the instinct of race—a far deeper and generally unrecognized impulse. Even though woman should become some day the dominant sex, man need suffer no apprehension of being worshiped. His modesty would be respected.

Some time later, when we had cozily established ourselves before a sea-coal fire in Hammond's quarters, with divers creature comforts at hand for one of our usual symposiums, the subject came up again; and under conditions so favorable to discursiveness our talk took a wide range.

"By the way," said I, apropos of some remark he had made, "talking about the adoration of woman, did not that crack-brained Frenchman, Auguste Comte, propose something of the sort as a feature of his 'Religion of Humanity'?"

Hammond nodded.

"I wonder," I said, "whether that feature of his scheme was ever actually practiced by his followers. I should like to get a chance to ask a Positivist about that, if indeed there are any in America."

Hammond smoked in silence for some time, and finally said, quietly, "Possibly I might tell you something about it myself."

"Hello!" I exclaimed. "How long since you have been a Positivist?"

"About twenty-five years," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"A Positivist of twenty-five years' standing," I ejaculated, "and never told of it. Why have you hid your light under a bushel all this while?"

"I said that it was twenty-five years since I had been a Positivist," replied Hammond; "as long, in fact, as it is since I have been a sophomore. Both experiences belonged to the same year of my college course, and, perhaps you may infer, to the same stage of intellectual

development. For about six months at that time I was as ardent a convert, I fancy, as the Religion of Humanity ever had."

"I thought you had told me all about yourself long ago," I said. "How is it that you have kept so mum about this experience? I should fancy it must have been a decidedly odd one."

"It was a very odd one," replied Hammond—"the strangest passage, on the whole, I think, in my life. I have never spoken of it, because it is one of those emotional experiences which no man likes to relate unless he is sure of being understood. To tell it to most men would be casting pearls before swine. I have always meant to tell you when a suitable opportunity came up."

"You know," he said, when I had signified my eagerness to hear, "that I graduated at Leroy College. It was a little one-horse institution, but blue as a whetstone in its orthodoxy; and with my father, who was a clergyman of a very strait sect and staid views, that fact covered a multitude of shortcomings. I was nineteen when I entered, and consequently twenty when at the beginning of sophomore year I came under the charge of Professor Regnier. He was a Frenchman, but spoke English with perfect ease and precision and a very slight accent. At the time I knew him he was probably sixty. His hair was quite gray, but his mustache and imperial were still dark. It was rumored among the students that he had left his native land for political reasons, having played for too high stakes at the national game of revolution. True or not, the report naturally heightened the interest which his personality had for us.

"He made it his business to know personally all the students in his classes; and as it is not easy for a man of sixty, especially if he is also their teacher, to become really acquainted with students of twenty, the fact may be taken as evidence of his unusual tact. He was, I think, the most fascinating man I ever saw. His insight into character was like magic, his manners were charming, and his Gallic vivacity made him seem like a boy. Gradually, while still remaining to the rest of the students a genial and friendly instructor, he singled out a smaller circle of particular intimates. Of these I was one, and I believe the most trusted.

"Of course we boys were immensely flattered by the partiality of such a man; but equally, of course, the pursuit of his own pleasure could scarcely have been the motive which impelled him to seek our companionship. It was, in fact, a motive as unselfish as that of the missionary who leaves the comforts and refinements of civilization and exiles himself among savages that he may win them to his faith. He had been a personal friend and disciple of Auguste

Comte, then but lately dead, and on coming to America had sought his present employment, not merely as a means of livelihood, but equally for the opportunity it offered for propagating the new gospel among young men. Do you know much about what Positivism is?"

I confessed that I knew next to nothing—scarcely more than that there was such a thing.

"I shall not bore you with an account of it," resumed Hammond, "further than to say that it is a scheme for the perfection of the human race. It rejects as idle all theories of superhuman intelligences, and declares the supreme object of the individual love and devotion should be humanity. The rational demonstration of the truth of this system is sought in the course of history, which is claimed to prove Positivism the finality of social evolution. You will find anything else you want to know about it in the books. I dare say you will not be converted; but if you were nineteen instead of twice that, with Hippolyte Regnier to indoctrinate you, I fancy the result would be about what it was in my case.

"His personal influence over us, and the intoxicating flattery implied in being seriously reasoned with on themes so lofty by a man whom we so greatly admired, would have gone far, no doubt, to command to us any form of opinions he might have taught; but there were not lacking other reasons to account for his success in converting us. As for Comte's dogmatic denial of superhuman existence, and his fanciful schemes of new society, we were too young and crude to realize how unphilosophic was the former, how impossible and undesirable was the latter. While accepting them as facts of a new creed, they meant little to us, nor did Regnier much insist upon them. What most he did insist on was the ethical side of Positivism—the idea of the essential unity of the individual with the immortal race of man, and his obvious duty to forget self in its service. What could be better adapted to affect generous and impassioned boys than an appeal like this? The magnificent audacity of it, the assumption of man's essential nobleness, the contemptuous refusal to make any terms with selfishness, captivated our imaginations. I know now indeed that this enthusiasm of humanity, this passion of self-abnegation, which I thought a new religion, was the heart of the old religions. In its new-fangled disguise the truth and virtue of the doctrine were still operative, and the emotional crisis through which I passed I found was as essentially religious as it was in form unorthodox.

"At the end of sophomore year there were a half-dozen very positive young Positivists in our class. The pride of intellect which we felt in our new enlightenment was intoxicating. To

be able to look down from a serene height, with compassion frequently tempered by contempt, upon the rest of the world still groping in the mists of childish superstition, was prodigiously to the taste of youths of eighteen and twenty. How, to be sure, we did turn up our noses at the homely teachings in the college chapel on Sundays. Well do I remember attending my father's church when at home on vacation, and endeavoring to assume the mental attitude of a curious traveler in a Buddhist temple. Together with the intellectual vanity which it fostered, our new faith was commended to us by its flavor of the secret, the hazardous, and the forbidden. We were delightfully conscious of being concerned in a species of conspiracy which if it came to light would convulse the college and the community, have us expelled, and cause no end of scandal to the public.

"But the more I took my new faith in earnest and tried to make of it the religion it claimed to be, I was troubled by a lack that seemed to be inherent. Humanity, the object of our devotion, was but an abstraction, a rhetorical expression for a mass of individuals. To these individuals I might indeed render affection, service, compassion, tenderness, self-sacrifice; but their number and pettiness forbade me the glow of adoration with which service was touched in religions which offered a personified object of adoration. When finally I confided these troubles to Regnier I expected to be rebuked; but on the contrary, and to my great discomfiture, he embraced me effusively after the Gallic manner. He said that he had been waiting for the time when in the course of my development I should become conscious of the need I had confessed before explaining to me the provision made for it by Positivism.

"To start with, he put in, as a sort of special plea for Positivism, that it was not singular among religions in recognizing as the object of devotion an abstraction, the mode of the existence of which was a mystery. As a solace to their votaries and an aid to their faith nearly all religions recognized sacred emblems; not indeed to be confounded in clear minds with the original object of devotion, but worthy of reverence in its place, as its special representative and reminder. In precisely this sense the sacred emblem of humanity was woman.

"Of course, Positivism claiming to be a creed of demonstration, not of faith, Regnier did not ask me to receive this proposition as his mere statement, but proceeded to establish its reasonableness by logic. I am going to give you what I remember of his argument, because I believe still, as I did when I heard it, that it is the only philosophical explanation of the

instinctive reverence of man for woman which we have been talking about to-night. It was given to me, of course, as a doctrine peculiar to Positivism; but I don't know of any form of religious belief inconsistent with the recognition of the sacred quality of womanhood on the grounds given by Regnier. Indeed, I am by no means sure whether the doctrine as I received it is orthodox Positivism at all. I have reason to think that Regnier was quite too original a character for a very good interpreter, and should be interested to know how far his ideas were his own and how far his master's.

"First he pointed out to me as matter of fact that there was no more striking feature of the modern and humane as compared with the ancient and barbaric world than the constantly growing tendency of the most civilized races to apotheosize womanhood. The virgin ideal had been set up by the larger part of Christendom as the object of divine honors. The age of chivalry had translated for all time the language of love into that of worship. Art had personified under the feminine form every noble and affecting ideal of the race, till now it was in the name of woman that man's better part adjured his baser in every sort of strife towards the divine. Is it alleged that it is man's passion for woman that has moved him thus in a sort to deify the sex? Passion is no teacher of reverence. Moreover, it is as the race outgrows the dominion of passion that it recognizes the worshipfulness of woman. The gross and sensual recognize in her no element of sacredness. It is the clear soul of the boy, the poet, and the seer which is most surely aware of it. Equally vain is it to seek the explanation in any general superiority of woman to man, either moral or mental. Her qualities are indeed in engaging contrast with his, but on the whole no such superiority has ever been maintained. How, then, were we to account for a phenomenon so great in its proportions that either it indicates a world-wide madness infecting the noblest nations while sparing the basest, or else must be the outcome of some profound monition of nature, which in proportion as man's upward evolution progresses he becomes capable of apprehending? Why this impassioned exaltation by him of his tender companion? What is the secret spring that makes her the ceaseless fountain of lofty inspiration she is to him? What is the hint of divinity in her gentle mien that brings him to his knees? Who is this goddess veiled in woman whom men instinctively reverence yet cannot name?

"The adoration of woman, which may almost be called the natural religion of the modern man, springs from his recognition, instinctive

when not conscious, that she is in an express sense, as he is not, the type, the representative, and the symbol of the race from which he springs, of that immortal and mystical life in which the secret of his own is hid. She is this by virtue, not of her personal qualities, but of the mother-sex, which, overbearing in part her individuality, consecrates her to the interests of the race and makes her the channel of those irresistible attractions by which humanity exists and men are made to serve it. As compared with woman's peculiar identification with the race, man's relation to it is an exterior one. By his constitution he is above all an individual, and that is the natural line of his development. The love of woman is the centripetal attraction which in due time brings him back from the individual tangent to blend him again with mankind. In returning to woman he returns to humanity. All that there is in man's sentiment for woman which is higher than passion and larger than personal tenderness—all, that is to say, which makes his love for her the grand passion which in noble hearts it is—is the fact that under this form his passion for the race finds expression. Mysterious ties, subtending consciousness, bind him, though seemingly separate, to the mighty life of humanity, his greater self, and these are the chords which, when 'Love took up the harp of life . . . passed in music out of sight.' In woman humanity is enshrined and made concrete for the homage of man. This is the mighty indwelling which causes her to suggest something more august than herself, and invests her with an impersonal majesty commanding reverence.

"You may imagine with what power such a doctrine as this, set forth by an enthusiast like Regnier, appealed to the mind of an impassioned boy of twenty, as yet pure as a girl, but long vaguely stirred by the master passion of our nature." The other tenets of the Religion of Humanity had been impressed upon me by argument, but at the mere statement of this my heart responded *O Dea Certe!*

"Subsequently in response to my questioning Regnier explained to me how the master had recommended his disciples to give practical effect to the cult of womanhood. I must remember that it was nothing new and nothing peculiar to Positivism for men to adore women to the point even of idolatry. Lovers constantly were doing it. But in these cases the worshippers did not look beyond the personality of the idol. Possibly no doubt some dim apprehension of the true grounds of woman's worshipfulness might mingle with the lover's sentiment, but it was very far from being the clear and distinct sense necessary to redeem his homage from the charge of extravagance. On the other hand the spirit in which women received

the homage men rendered them was usually as mistaken as that in which it was offered. Either on the one hand from an impulse of personal modesty they deprecated it, or on the other hand they accepted it as a gratification to their personal vanity. In either case they equally misapprehended their true and valid title to worship, which, while personal qualities might enhance or partially obscure it, was itself in root more than personal, and consisted in the martyr and mother sex which so peculiarly sacrificed and consecrated them to the interests of humanity as to draw to them the homage and loyalty of all men who loved their race. It had been the counsel of his master, Regnier said, that while his disciples should hold all women in exalted reverence, they should peculiarly address this general sentiment to some particular woman, who, being of the same faith, should be able to accept it worthily and without self-exaltation in the spirit in which it was offered.

"Of course the reflection was obvious that in the existing conditions of the Positivist propaganda in America it would be impossible to find a woman capable of understanding, much less of accepting, such a relation, and, therefore, that to me the cult which I had been taught must remain entirely theoretical. Homage from men which did not insure to the titillation of the vanity would seem to women, as usually educated, equally incomprehensible and unprofitable.

"It was in recognition of this situation that Regnier ended by making a proposition which testified more strongly than anything else could have done, both to the enthusiasm and sincerity with which he himself held the faith he preached, and to his confidence in my own equal singleness of heart. He had never before spoken of his personal history or home life. Several times I had spent the evening at his house, but on these occasions I had seen only himself. Certain womanly belongings, however, which I had noticed, and the sound of a piano once or twice, had suggested that the house might not be without a feminine presence. The professor now told me that long ago in France for a few short blissful years he had been the husband of the sweetest of women. She had left behind a daughter, the sole companion of his life and the apple of his eye. She lived in complete seclusion, rarely even leaving the house. He did not desire her to make acquaintances in this country, nor indeed was she able to speak a word of any language but her own. There was no question of my making her acquaintance in the ordinary sense, or even of meeting her a second time, but if I desired to testify my new appreciation of the sacred quality of womanhood, it was possible

that she might consent to receive my homage in the name of her sex. He could not be sure what she would say, but he would speak with her about it.

"The following day a note from him requesting that I should call at his house that evening intimated that he had succeeded in carrying his point. When I called at the time set he told me that he had found it more difficult than he had anticipated to gain his daughter's consent to see me. She had been very reluctant to assume the attitude required of her, and only her respect for his wishes and the good of the cause, and the assurance he had given her of the entire ingenuousness of my own motive, had induced her finally to yield. After some talk as to the significance of the interview before me, which I was too much agitated to comprehend, he bade me follow him.

"As may readily be supposed, my fancy, from the moment Regnier had suggested this interview, had been exceedingly busy with conjectures as to the sort of scene it would prove, and especially as to the personality of her who was to be the central figure. Except his intimation that the interview would be necessarily without interchange of speech and presumably brief, scarcely more probably than a confrontation, he had told me nothing. Of course, however, my fancies had not failed to take some form. I think I had a general expectation of finding myself in the presence of a beautiful woman, statuinely shaped and posed. I imagine that I rather expected her to be enthroned or standing upon some sort of dais, and I am sure that I should not have been surprised had there been some artificial arrangement of lights as in a theater to add effectiveness to the figure.

"I followed Regnier through several rooms without raising my eyes. Presently he paused and said, 'My daughter.'

"Thrilling with the premonition of a vision of imperious or melting loveliness which should compel my homage by its mere aspect, I raised my eyes to find myself facing a plain-featured, plainly dressed young woman, not ill looking certainly, but destitute of a single trait striking enough to have won a second glance from me had I met her on the street.

"Her father need not have told me of her reluctance to assume the part his wishes had imposed upon her. For the fraction of an instant only, a pair of black eyes had met mine, and then she had bent her face as low as she could. The downcast head, the burning cheeks, the quick heaving of the breast, the pendent arms, with tensely interlacing fingers and palms turned downward, all told the story of a shy and sensitive girl submitting from a sense of duty to a painful ordeal.

"The sudden and complete wreck of all my preconceptions as to her appearance, as well as the accessories of the scene, left me for a few moments fairly dazed. Not only were my highly wrought expectations as to the present interview brought to humiliating discomfiture, but the influence of the disillusionment instantly retroacted with the effect of making the entire noble and romantic cult which had led up to this unlucky confrontation seem a mere farrago of extravagant and baseless sentiment. What on earth had Regnier been thinking of to plan deliberately a situation calculated to turn a cherished sentiment into ridicule? If he had seriously thought his daughter capable of supporting the rôle he had assigned her, had there ever been a like case of parental fatuity?

"But even as I indignantly asked myself this question I saw a great light, and recognized that the trouble was neither with Regnier's fatuity nor with his daughter's lack of charms, but with myself, and a most unworthy misconception into which I had fallen as to the whole object and purport of this interview. What had the beauty or the lack of beauty of this girl to do with the present occasion? I was not here to render homage to her for the beauty of her sex, but for its perpetual consecration and everlasting martyrdom to my race. The revulsion of feeling which followed the recognition of the grossness of the mistake I had made had, no doubt the effect of greatly intensifying my emotions. I was overcome with contrition for the unworthiness with which I had stood before this girl who had so trusted to my magnanimity, appraising her like a sensualist when I should have been on my knees before her. A reaction of compunctionous loyalty made my very heartstrings ache. I saw now how well it had been for a weak-minded fool like myself that she had not chanced to be beautiful or even pretty, for then I should have cheated myself of all that distinguished this solemn meeting from the merest lover's antics. I won in that moment an impression of the tawdriness of mere beauty which I have never gotten over. It seemed to me then, and more or less has ever since, that the beauty of women is a sort of veil which hides from superficial eyes the true adorableness of womanhood.

"Unable longer to resist the magnetism of my gaze, her eyes rose slowly to mine. At their first meeting her face became crimson; but as she did not avert her eyes, and continued to look into mine, the flush paled swiftly from her face, and with it all the other evidences of her embarrassment passed as quickly away, leaving her bearing wholly changed. It was plain that through my eyes, which in that moment must have been truly windows of my soul, she had read my inmost thoughts, and

had perceived how altogether impertinent to their quality self-consciousness on her part would be. As with a gaze growing ever more serene and steadfast she continued to read my thoughts, her face changed, and from the look of a shy and timid maiden it gradually took on that of a conscious goddess. Then, as still she read on, there came another change. The soft black eyes grew softer and yet softer and then slowly filled with tears till they were like brimming vases. She did not smile, but her brows and lips assumed a look of benignant sweet-ness indescribable.

"In that moment no supernatural aureole would have added sacredness to that head, or myth of heavenly origin have made that figure seem more adorable. With right good will I sank upon my knees. She reached forth her hand to me and I pressed my lips to it. I lifted up the hem of her dress and kissed it. There was a rustle of garments. I looked up, and she was gone.

"I suppose immediately after that I must

have left the house. I only know that the dawn found me miles out of town, walking aimlessly about and talking to myself."

Hammond poured himself a glass of wine, drunk it slowly, and then fell into a profound reverie, apparently forgetful of my presence.

"Is that all?" I asked at last. "Did you not see her again?"

"No," he answered, "I never saw her again. Probably, as her father had intimated, he did not intend that I should. But circumstances also prevented. The very next day there was an explosion in college. There had been a Judas among my fellow-disciples and the faculty had been informed of the Positivist propaganda going on under their noses. I was suspended for six months. When I returned to college, Regnier had disappeared. He had of course been promptly dismissed, and it was rumored that he had gone back to France. He had left no trace, and I never heard of him again or of his daughter. I don't even know the name of the woman I worshiped."

Edward Bellamy.

A SONG OF THE WOODLAND SPIRIT.

CHEERED by the beauty of the scene, I rose
With life renewed, close drawing to my heart
A sense of comfort from the great gray trees
Which stood in solemn friendliness about me,
And from the arching sky, which like love's face
Looked through the woven branches, whence the leaves,
Frail, gentle messengers, came slowly floating;
And with them, ever and anon, the sound
Of muffled music on the soft air drifted —

A slow and haunting strain of melody,
Which waked the longing thought of home. Alas,
How heavily that thought struck through the silence!
I, that am lonelier than the cloud's swift shadow
Which speeds unmarked across the mountain vale,
Dreamed of that semblance which the heart must build
Somewhere, in fancy, to fill out the place
Of what is lost, or in despairing perish.

Stayed by the mystical, faint chords inviting,
I waited hearkening, while the woodland spirit,
In some deep labyrinthine covert hid,
Sent forth a rhythmic chant of measured words;
Which were but words such as the listening soul
Hears in the myriad rustlings of the forest,
And in the limpid lappings of the stream.

Albeit a pleasing power they had, outborne
Upon the urging waves of that strange music —
Which faileth here, that rougher speech must mar
The flow of that consolatory song —
A song of summer in the happy wood.

In sacred and solacing shelter and shade ; in the solitudes silent and sylvan ;
 In songs of the sun in the shimmering leaves and the silvery sheen of the water ;
 In dripping of dews and the whisper of wandering winds and the fragrance of flowers ;
 In bloom-bended branches, that burthen the balmy and bountiful breasts of the summer ;
 In unwithered wilderness ways, where the wrongs and the wars of the world cannot enter—
 There waiteth the spirit of peace and of rest for the sorrowing soul that returneth.

Like Beauty and Strength, from their slumbers arising, refreshed for their love and embracing,
 So rise the fair towers that stand by the flame-figured gates of that slumbering city.
 There, far from the fretting, the favoring forest hath fashioned a kingdom enchanting,
 With answering arches and aisles that are filled with the gloom and glory of ages,
 And columns that carry the uncounted years, as a crown of content and rejoicing,
 Uplifting the great swaying world of leaves to the warm breathing wonder of heaven.

O light-loving battlements, walls, leafy-bannered, assailed by the gleams of the morning !
 The bright, level spears of the sun strike and glance through the emerald shields of the branches,
 The trumpet is blown at the door of the tent, but the lips of the trumpeter smileth,
 And they that awake from their slumber and dreaming come forth, with a song, from the portals.
 O beautiful battle, that blesses and kindles to life by the friendly assaulting !
 O happy green streets of the city besieged by the sun and the strength of his loving !

Therein the young year riseth up from her couch, which is spiced from the pine and the cedar ;
 Fresh-robed, as an orchard in bloom, she appears, with the fragrance of dawn in her tresses,
 Advancing with comely and confident steps, for she loveth the lord of the summer.
 Her eyes have a light like the light from a fountain wherein the sky's image lies broken,
 Her voice hath the sound of the music of waters, that lave the starred banks of the meadows,
 And lightly she sighs, like the breeze that caresses the soft, silken leaves of the willows.

There love maketh gracious the laboring patience of nature's renewing forever :
 The bursting of fettering frosts, and the waking from rigid and riveted slumbers ;
 The storms, and the rioting rush of the rains though the hills that reecho with laughter,
 The flashing of rays in the wide-dripping courts, the miraculous birth of the flowers —
 That race which springs up from the fresh woodland loam, with the glory of God in their faces ;
 Divine and unchanged in their dateless descent, while the kingdoms of earth come and vanish.

O nameless, unspeakable triumph and glory, of strength that is loving and gentle ;
 Secure, indestructible beauty and righteousness robed in the purple unfading ;
 Bright-crowned, with the gems of the dew and enthroned in a circle of life-giving splendors !
 O blessed and shadowless land of repose, which the dream of the summer enfoldeth !
 The light shall not fade from thy green-bladed slopes, and the charm of the trees is immortal ;
 Unsullied, undimmed, as the light of the stars, in the fields of the silence eternal.

In sacred and solacing shelter and shade ; in the solitudes silent and sylvan ;
 In songs of the sun in the shimmering leaves and the silvery sheen of the water ;
 In bloom-bended branches that burthen the balmy and bountiful breasts of the summer ;
 In dripping of dews and the whisper of wandering winds and the fragrance of flowers ;
 In unwithered ways in the wilds, where the wars and the wrongs of the world are forgotten —
 There waiteth the spirit of peace and of rest for the sorrowing soul that returneth.

Slow, slow, and faint the moving music grew,
 And ceased at last upon the morning air.
 I could have wept, so sweet it seemed, indeed,
 If one might find forgetfulness and rest —
 Might turn away from fretting, and be free
 From torturing thoughts and loneliness, and grief
 For songs unsung, and pain of lost endeavor ;
 Safe wrapped in dreams and in the summer shade,
 Safe from the killing anguish in the heart,
 Soothed by the murmur in the summer leaves,

A SONG OF THE WOODLAND SPIRIT.

Stayed near the gentle trouble of some stream,
Which woos unceasingly the flowering shores,
There to lie down amidst the soft warm grass
Unvexed to rest, forever — satisfied.

Well pleasing, now, was that consoling song,
Well pleasing to recall the summer forest,
Now that the leaves were golden and the trees —
As though within them dwelt far-seeing souls
That cannot find content in passing joys —
Shook off impatiently their shining robes,
Disdaining to be decked in mocking glories.

And well it seemed now, hearkening of that song,
If one might bide, like that enraptured spirit,
To revel undisturbed in nature's beauty,
And never dread love's hunger in the heart.

Sweet seemed the picture of that happy land.
And there to dwell — so ran my musing thoughts —
With one I love to love me, evermore,
Then should no heaven, devised of gods or men,
Tempt me away from my soul's paradise.

But lacking love, life lacketh everything.
Though it were set in everlasting beauty,
Amidst a realm, unfading as the sun,
Girt with resplendent glories, and enthroned
Upon the gathered riches of the world,
With angels clad in light for servitors,
All would be nothing. In the midst of all,
From the calm center of all circling fancies,
The changeless image of unruffled truth,
Like some pale specter of lost happiness,
Would rise amidst the glittering pomp and say:
"Fade, vain and cursed semblances unreal;
Where love bides not, the soul of life hath fled.
Unloved to live, is not to live at all."

Then to gray ashes would the fabric turn:
The vaulted grandeur changed to dreariness
Should hedge the wretched soul, as in a prison,
Gloomed like the soundless corridors of death.

Away, away, with mocking words, forever!
The level sword of truth sheers through the net
Of woven phrases, staying the keen point
On one unalterable, fixed decree.
Man must be blest in all, else is his life
A mimic play, which eagerly he watches,
Still courting blindness to the imperfection.

Recalling all the loveliness of nature —
The friendly fields, the streams, the whispering wood —
I questioned deeply of my conscious heart:
Quick came the answer, and I turned away,
Once more the endless conflict to renew,
To battle — and to dream of happy days.

Robert Burns Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Lessons of Summer Travel.

EVERY summer gives new reason for wonder in the elaborate preparations which look to making the way of the summer tourist easy. The magnificent hotels which await him in every direction, the river and ocean steamers, the long trains of vestibuled cars, seem to riot in conveniences which make travel a luxury; and every year brings some new feature into the class of things which are almost necessities. The tourist whose great-grandfather was used only to short excursions in the family chaise, with occasional stops at a wayside inn, must now have his fast train, with accommodations for every need or whim; he must eat, drink, sleep, dress, be shaved, and enjoy library and writing facilities at the rate of forty miles an hour. And it is at least doubtful, withal, whether the modern tourist really pays very much more for his luxurious progress than his great-grandfather did for his summer jaunt. The expenditure of a comparatively small additional sum nowadays makes the tourist free of a great travelers' association, whose membership, however shifting, may be relied upon with safety, so that the corporations which make summer travel their peculiar care may furnish luxury at the lowest rates. They are preparing for tens and hundreds of thousands; they may therefore give each of these a share in larger preparations than a prince could formerly have expected.

But the question remains, How are such preparations possible? Is everything to be accounted for by the twin facts that there are a great many more people in the country, and that there is a great deal more wealth with which to provide for them? Many observers seem to think so; they argue as if passenger corporations were more benevolent than they used to be, or as if the people had become "more luxurious." The former proposition is hardly thinkable. The latter is begging the question. Our people, any people, would be even more "luxurious" if they dared to be; and the real question is as to the influences which have already brought them thus far upon the road. One may find many such influences, but he may be interested in tracing the connection of many phases of this progress with the apparently unrelated phenomenon of the steady decrease in the rate of interest. Indeed, if he begins to follow out this one influence through all its ramifications, it will carry him far beyond his starting-point of mere summer travel, and he will be almost ready to conclude that there is no human being who has not a personal stake in the still greater possible changes from the same cause.

The manner in which the rate of interest falls as the civilization and security of a country increase has been a familiar fact since there has been any economic discussion. Successive periods are marked by "waves" of lower interest. Seven per cent. was once not remarkable in our Eastern States; but period after period has seen the upper limit fall to six, to five, and even to four per cent. And such rates as these are for loans

which are in the nature of investments, in which he who loans the money is able to stipulate for somewhat higher rates because he is surrendering control of his capital for three or six months, or for a longer time. The more notable cases are those in the nature of "call" loans, in which the lender retains some control over his capital, and the borrower gets lower rates in consideration of his agreement to repay on demand. It is not very long since money could be borrowed in this way in New York City for one per cent.; that is, a borrower, by paying a little less than \$3 per day, could command the use of \$100,000 and obtain from it what profit he could make. If such a rate is abnormally low and temporary, it will at least serve to point the general lesson more sharply.

The most evident effect is the increased opportunities which are thus given in our times to individual ability. For the same amount of interest the individual can every year command a larger and still larger amount of working capital. Like the law of gravitation, this one principle is at work everywhere in the modern world, and under countless different forms; its peculiar interest for us is that our own country is the first theater of action on which it has operated at the same time on a people of great individual ability and on a country of boundless natural wealth, and the full consequences of such a conjunction are still beyond human speculation. We can only say that it accounts for the increased standard of private fortunes, without the implication of ideas of monopoly or extortion, or any other variations of Proudhon's theme that "property is robbery." It has given us our enormous modern productive establishments, with their saving of waste, their decrease of price, their increased purchasing power for everybody's money, and the consequent ability of everybody who will to devote an increasing part of his income to pleasure or to profit. It is ready to meet the demands of commerce by furnishing money for cutting through isthmuses, tunneling mountains, and spanning continents with rows of rails; and it is as ready to make every provision so that not even a crumpled rose-leaf shall mar the delights of summer travel. The observer who is content with attributing such phenomena to mere increase of population or of wealth will miss many a *cross-light* which the conditions of travel might shed upon graver questions, and in particular the force of that fall of interest which every year causes enterprises which once were impossibilities to fall into the categories of possibilities, of probabilities, of undertakings, of accomplished facts. It is, perhaps, the mysterious force with which Lytton armed his "Coming Race"—greater than that, indeed, in that there are no conceivable limits to its development.

This is not a case, moreover, in which there is any hazard in arguing from generals to particulars, from the great to the ordinary affairs of human life. If the change of conditions enables the great corporation to provide for its passengers with double lavishness at

the same annual cost, it is as ready to be the faithful servant of even the poorest, if he is willing to make use of it. It may not be able to raise him from the ranks of the hired servants to independence, but it will afford him the opportunity to make that or even a greater change in his personal position. It will enable him to build and own his house for less than he once paid for rent. It will set the wits of rich men at work for his benefit, as they endeavor to contrive ways in which he and others like him may safely borrow capital from them for such uses, at rates which, however low for the borrowers, are higher than the lenders can easily obtain elsewhere. It fulfills Richard Hooker's description of law: "All things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

There are darker shades, it is true, to the picture. There is no means of confining the weapon of the coming race to hands that are always worthy or judicious. The increasing facility for obtaining the use of capital, together with man's inability to resist temptation, makes speculation every year faster and more furious, as it enables the speculator, by further borrowing, to postpone the final crash until it cannot but drag down numberless others with him. It gives possibility and shape to the "trusts" and other combinations of capital which are designed in any way to coerce the actions of other men; this is the force which gives them their opportunities for phenomenal profit or bankruptcy. And yet it is just this fall of interest and these combinations of capital which have made it possible to offer the higher salaries and wages of modern life: there was once a pretty general equality among salaries, while individual merit may now be gauged more accurately by its market price. The same force works thus beneficially in such cases, and is at the same time working to decrease the purchasing power of the estates of widows and orphans, to cripple the energies and efficiency of endowed institutions, and to compel the father of a family to work far harder and longer to accumulate a fortune whose interest shall be sufficient for the support of those who are dependent upon him. And yet who is to say that the law is blind, heartless, or cruel? From its operation there is no escape, either in innocence or in insignificance; but there is a remedy for it, that he who is affected by it should turn manfully upon it and convert it into an instrument for his own and the world's good.

Tipping.

WITHIN the memory of many of us the practice of giving small sums of money to servants was so uncommon in this country as to be accounted altogether a foreign custom. If the recipient of such an attention happened to be a full-blooded American, the chances were that his response would be marked by anything but a sense of gratitude; and the servant of foreign birth, if he had been in this country long enough to breathe in the inspiration of its environment, was apt to look at the incident from an equally American standpoint. There is little need that any one, in the height of this summer season, should take the trouble to point out in detail the changes which mark the present system. There is no longer an American sentiment on the subject. As employers drift into the policy of estimating

and relying upon tips as a partial substitute for their wage-list, there is no longer any place in the service for him who will not be tipped. Two of the three parties in interest, the employer and the guest, have conspired to get rid of the servant of the old school, and therefore it is that the third party, the servant, whether native or foreign-born, is much condemned to have an itchy palm.

The most evident injury of the new system is on its social side, in the feeling of insecurity and injustice which it has brought into a large part of our social life. The born American never used to have any of the grudges against his richer neighbor in which so much of the revolutionary feeling of other countries has its roots. He saw nothing unnatural in the notion that consumers should be graduated into classes according to their ability and willingness to pay, and that each class should get what it paid for. If his neighbor, who paid twice or thrice as much as he, got hotel accommodations which were proportionately better than his, he had no feeling of personal wrong; he enjoyed his own contentedly, in the devout belief that the time was coming when he should be able to pay for and enjoy that which would be more to his liking. His confidence in his own future made him a believer that, even in such a matter as hotel privileges, he could ask in the long run no better test than open competition and the market price. The tipping system has changed his whole position. The grades of accommodations are no longer fixed by competition alone, but surreptitiously and by corrupting the servants. The ordinary guest must still pay the rates which are proper for his own scale of accommodation, but in addition to that he must now compete with his richer neighbor in tipping the servants, or else he will not get even the accommodations for which he pays. In other words, he must pay higher rates in order that his richer neighbor may perpetuate a system under which he may decrease his rates by bargaining in part with the servants instead of with the employers. Is it wonderful that the new system brings about a chronic discontent which used to be unknown?

The corruptible servant can and will sell his services below their real value, for he is selling that which does not really belong to him, but to his employer, or to the guest whom he is neglecting because of a refusal to tip: whatever the price he gets, it is so much clear gain to him. So the larcenous servant can afford to sell napkins or tea-spoons much below their market price. So the negro laborer at the South can afford to sell to the cross-roads storekeeper the stolen cotton or the farm products at a lower price than the lawful owner could have accepted. Public opinion makes the position of the "fence" or the collusive storekeeper unpleasant; why should it deal any more tenderly with the man who tips? The only point in his favor is that he is ignorant of the full extent of his evil work; and to balance this is the fact that he is willing, for the sake of present ease, not only to bribe a servant to appropriate to him what belongs to neither of them, but to compel employers to recognize this as a system of licensed spoliation, and to drive other guests into doing even as he does.

There is, moreover, a political side to the evil which is generally overlooked. The Romans held that it was beneath the dignity of a free man to take money in

return for personal services; and the Roman law of contracts was very seriously modified by the persistence of the idea down to the latest times. Circumstances seem to show that there was some truth in the notion; and yet we must have personal service, and it must be paid for, in default of slavery—the infinitely worse alternative which governed the ancient world. So long as the employer stood between guest and servant, taking the guest's money and therewith paying the servant, the connection between guest and servant was so indirect as to obviate many of the evils which the Romans instinctively feared, and the somewhat aggressive independence of the American servant did the rest. The system of tipping, bringing in a direct but surreptitious money connection between guest and servant, cannot but result in a steady degeneration of the servant's moral fiber. It gives the servant a mercenary mode of thought which is unhappily too familiar to most men to need much specification here. The worst of all results is that it corrupts the servant's whole conception of duty: duty is no longer something to which he is bound, but something which some one else is bound to bribe him to do. When such a conception of duty is daily borne in upon the heart and practice of a circle of servants, which is steadily extending from the employees of hotels to those of railroads, steamboats, and every conceivable variety of personal service, and when all these men are not only servants but voters, how can it be expected that we shall leave a man a virile conception of his duty as a voter while we corrupt him as a servant? He will not bring you a glass of water at a hotel table, or handle your luggage on a steamer, without an extra gratuity; why should he vote even the ticket of his own party unless he is tipped for his trouble? How far is democratic government compatible with the tip system?

It is said that there is no remedy. There is none which will take effect without effort, but sincere and persistent effort could find a remedy. Some of our clubs have found already that the social evil of tipping, the sense of insecurity and inequality which it introduces among the members, is not "clubbable." They therefore pay the servants honest wages, and make the offer of any further tip or gratuity an offense against the club. Let us extend the club feeling and find in it the remedy. It was in the hotels that the evil began its vicious course, and in them the remedy must find its beginning. It would not be a difficult matter for a hotel to announce in its advertisements, in its offices, and on its bills of fare, that its servants are paid full wages, that any of them accepting tips will be dismissed at the end of the week, and that the guest is requested not to tempt the servant by offering him gratuities. Only a few cases of vigorous enforcement of these notices would be needed. The results would be profitable to the employers, and pleasant to those guests who

do not tip, and to those who are coerced into tipping. They would of course be unpleasant to those few who wish to tip; but these are just the social pests who underlie the whole system and who deserve no consideration.

We know of at least one hotel where the non-tipping plan was tried, we believe, with success.

The Washington Memorial Arch.

THEY were not mistaken who believed that the celebration in New York of the centenary of Washington's inauguration would not only stimulate the patriotism of the nation and of the city, but would increase, especially, the sense and pride of citizenship on the part of the inhabitants of the city itself. The most conspicuous and gratifying evidence of this has been given in the movement looking to the erection in permanent form, at Washington Square, of the temporary centennial arch designed by Stanford White. There has seldom been seen in New York a movement of the kind sustained so well by public opinion. The manner in which the various artistic, literary, and social organizations have responded to the suggestion is quite unprecedented in our history. Of course one reason for this is the fact that the public were not called upon to subscribe to an unknown object. They were assured by the very circumstances of the case that the monument would be a fit and beautiful one; that in its purity, simplicity, and majesty it would recall the character of the first President; that the form of the memorial would not be the dubious outcome of an anonymous competition. One reason, we say, that the scheme has not flashed in the pan is that the intelligence of the community stamped the monument at once with its approval. But another reason is that the "centennial" had helped to make the city "feel itself."

There never was a time when so many public-spirited citizens were determined that New York should offer something more to the eye of the visitor than a rushing stream of humanity, "something more" for the contemplation of the rest of the world "than a swift-running mill which grinds the grists of fortune." The city's private architecture has improved strikingly during the past ten years. It has acquired a few notable statues and more are being added to the number. But the Washington Memorial Arch will be the first piece of purely decorative public architecture, of first-class importance, erected in New York. It will not only greatly add to the beauty and to the interest of the city, but is sure to be the beginning of a system of arches and public gateways at appropriate places throughout the metropolis.

The more beautiful the city, and the stronger its appeal to the eye and to the heart of its inhabitants, the more apt will these be to see to it that our local government is not a reproach among the nations of the earth.



OPEN LETTERS.

Union Veterans and their Pensions.

THERE are two national associations, having organized support throughout the North and West, which are engaged in advocating a service pension for every Union survivor of the civil war, and the Grand Army of the Republic, the largest and the strongest society of veterans, has an extensive machinery at work agitating for the support of pension measures both at the polls and at Washington. It is true that this machinery of the Grand Army is not strictly representative, but the State and national conventions of the order, made up of delegates elected annually, are in the habit of discussing and voting upon measures which are expected to be presented to Congress by a committee acting under authority of the whole body. Some of the measures indorsed by the Grand Army in the past have become laws. The Dependent Pension Bill, which was vetoed in 1887, originated in the pension committee representing the National Encampment.

With a view to presenting the pension question as it stands, both as regards the allowances drawn at this time and the additional allowances to be asked for in the near future, I give below an abstract of the provisions already made for survivors of the service, and also the provisions of the bills proposed, and an approximate of the cost of these new measures.

According to the report for 1888 of the Commissioner of Pensions, there were then on the rolls 326,835 survivors of the war of 1861-65, 217,580 of the number receiving allowances not exceeding \$8 a month.² The 109,255 reported as receiving an excess of \$8 a month include nearly all of the officers drawing invalid pensions (some of them are on the roll at a lower rate), and all of the enlisted men having extra disability, such as the loss of limbs, or eyesight, or hearing, or the equivalents. Out of the 217,580 reported at \$8 or less, there are 32,007 at \$2 or less, 103,556 at \$4 or less, and 153,177 at \$6 or less. Only 64,403 of the 217,580 in this class, and mainly those technically known as the fully disabled, receive over \$6 a month, and the remaining 153,177 are on at an average of \$3.50 a month. Since \$8 was deemed a fair rate to support a dependent veteran in the simple times of the first half of the century, when that rate was fixed, the present allowance as it comes to individuals in the large class here considered is not much more than a pittance. The aggregate annual value of the entire list at \$8 and under, as it stood in 1888, is about \$13,888,000.

The following table of ratings and of the number pensioned at each rate shows how the allowance is distributed among invalid survivors (war of 1861-65) on the rolls June 30, 1888:

¹ The National Pension Committee of the Grand Army is appointed by the Commander-in-Chief, who is elected annually. The committee serves one year.

² Eight dollars a month is the total for the rank of an enlisted man whose disability, with respect to the part affected, incapacitates for manual labor. This rate was established in 1818, and has not been increased except for special disabilities.

<i>Rates.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Rates.</i>	<i>No.</i>
\$1.00	283	\$13.75	16
1.87	2	14.00	6,555
2.00	31,722	14.25	35
2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	14.50	10
2.25	4	14.75	14
2.50	3	14.87 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
2.66	7	15.00	2,334
2.66 $\frac{1}{2}$	38	15.25	2
3.00	1,935	15.50	8
3.12	1	15.75	0
3.75	348	16.00	11,868
4.00	69,210	16.25	13
4.25	496	16.50	18
5.00	1,462	16.75	21
5.25	8	17.00	2,656
5.33	13	17.25	3
5.33 $\frac{1}{2}$	35	17.50	31
5.66 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	17.75	7
5.75	16	18.00	2,538
6.00	47,661	18.25	5
6.25	76	18.50	15
6.37	2	18.75	130
6.37 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	19.00	174
6.66 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	19.25	31
6.75	3	19.50	8
7.00	215	20.00	1,652
7.25	14	20.75	3
7.50	925	21.00	7
7.66 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	21.25	2
7.75	21	21.87	1
8.00	63,149	22.00	1
8.12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	22.50	92
8.25	24	23.25	3
8.50	1,134	23.50	1
8.66	1	23.75	3
8.75	10	24.00	13,522
9.00	375	24.50	2
9.25	22	25.00	388
9.50	35	25.25	1
9.75	14	26.25	1
10.00	19,046	26.75	6
10.25	18	27.50	0
10.50	37	30.00	11,257
10.66	1	30.75	2
10.75	15	31.25	88
11.00	62	32.00	3
11.25	483	32.50	3
11.33	1	35.00	4
11.33 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	35.50	9
11.50	25	36.00	2,927
11.75	25	38.50	1
12.00	35,078	40.00	24
12.12 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	40.25	1
12.25	15	42.00	1
12.50	217	45.00	2,540
12.75	707	46.00	1
13.00	328	49.00	1
13.12	1	50.00	1,430
13.25	19	53.00	1
13.33	6	75.00	1,053
13.33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	100.00	8
13.50	40		346,835

Rates of Monthly Allowance according to Rank for Injuries incurred in Service amounting to Total Disability.

Rank of lieutenant-colonel	\$30.00
" " major	25.00
" " captain	20.00
" " first lieutenant	17.00
" " second "	15.00
" " cadets, etc	10.00

Privates and non-commissioned officers (except warrant officers in the navy)

8.00

Rates established by Law according to Disability.

Loss of both hands or feet	72.00
Total disability in both hands	50.00
Total disability in both feet	31.25
Loss of sight of both eyes	72.00
Loss of one hand and one foot	36.00
Loss of one hand or foot	36.00
Any disability equivalent to loss of hand or foot	24.00
Amputation at or above elbow or knee, or total disability of the arm or leg	36.00

Amputation at or near hip or shoulder joint.....	\$45.00
Inability to perform manual labor.....	30.00
Disability requiring regular attendance by another person.....	50.00
Total deafness.....	30.00

The rates for other disabilities are fixed by the Commissioner of Pensions.

The law assumes that these beneficiaries received permanent injuries incident to service during the war, or, if the injury be not permanent, that the allowance is suspended whenever the effects of the injury disappear. There is justification for this enormous pension list of survivors, in the record of casualties and diseases. There were over 250,000 wounds treated in hospitals, and in all about 6,000,000 cases of wounds and diseases. Aside from the dead on the field over 200,000 cases proved fatal.

Any reduction of this invalid list, which aggregated in 1888 an annual value of over \$37,000,000, must be made by scaling the allowances of one or both of the two classes which I have distinguished, namely: the numerous class, which includes nearly all of the enlisted men, and where the average is \$5.31+ a month, and the aggregate annual value is not quite \$14,000,000 for over 217,000 beneficiaries, or the class where the average is greater and the number of pensioners less, the beneficiaries being 109,255, the annual value about \$24,182,000, and the average \$18.42+ a month. This higher class of pensioners, however, includes nearly all of the disabled officers, and all of the enlisted men who are severely maimed.

Assuming that these pensions will remain as they are during the lifetime of the beneficiaries, what other classes of survivors, who are deserving, are unprovided for?

First. Those who by reason of the hardships of service and old age combined are not able to labor, and who have no case under the invalid laws.

Second. Those who are disabled by reason of injuries received in service, and who cannot prove their claims.

Third. Those who have become disabled since the war, and whose faithful services entitle them to the gratitude of the nation.

The number of these cannot be computed, but doubtless there are many thousands. Every Grand Army post has some cases of the kind on its relief list. The average age of survivors is about fifty years, and there must be a large number who have passed the age of activity. Very many who received permanent injuries in service, but were young and hopeful when the war closed, did not make application and secure evidence while the proper witnesses could be obtained, and cannot at this date prove their invalid claims. Still others had no well-defined disease when they were discharged, but have become disabled since and are now in want, and have no case under present laws.

It was to benefit, ostensibly, the three classes not now on the list that the Dependent Pension Bill, which failed to become a law, was framed by the Grand Army committee. Immediately after the veto the committee prepared a modified bill called a Disability Bill, providing for veterans as follows:

SEC. 2. That all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now or

who may hereafter be suffering from mental or physical disability, not the result of their own vicious habits, which totally incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor, shall, upon making due proof of the fact according to such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to receive twelve dollars per month; and such pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the Pension Office, after the passage of this act, upon proof that the disability then existed, and shall continue during the existence of the same in the degree herein specified: *Provided*, That persons who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the Pension Office, may, by application to the Commissioner of Pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent any pensioner thereunder from prosecuting his claim and receiving his pension under any other general or special act: *Provided, however*, That no person shall receive more than one pension for the same period: *And provided further*, That rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed thereunder.

This section was left unchanged in a bill passed by the Senate at the last session. Meanwhile there had been introduced in both houses a bill known as the Per Diem Service Pension Bill (given in full, below), a measure which its advocates declared would benefit the three classes considered above, as being unprovided for, and the House committee of the last Congress reported the Grand Army Disability Bill, with Section 2 changed to provide as follows:

A pension at the rate per month of one cent for each day's service in the military or naval service of the United States during any of the wars in which the United States have been engaged, and all persons who have served as aforesaid, and have been honorably discharged as aforesaid, and are now sixty-two years of age, shall also be entitled, etc.

Further provision grants the same pension to all who attain the age of sixty-two. In this bill the three classes above considered are recognized as deserving, but the rate to be allowed is graded according to length of service. The bill was not voted upon.

During the discussion of the Dependent Bill before and after the veto, a measure, known as the Lovering, or Eight Dollar Service Pension Bill, providing eight dollars a month to every survivor who had served sixty days or more, was brought before Congress.

This bill would benefit the deserving classes to the extent of eight dollars a month; but as it makes only a slight distinction with regard to length of service, several rated service pension bills were discussed by the veterans, and finally the Per Diem Bill was formulated. It was introduced early in the session of 1887-88, and is as follows:

A Bill to grant Pensions for Service in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to place on the pension roll of the United States the names of all persons specified in the following section, upon making due proof that they performed the service specified in said section.

SEC. 2. That persons entitled as beneficiaries under the preceding sections are as follows: Any officer or enlisted man who shall have served in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States, including regulars and volunteers, subsequent to the fourth day of March, 1861, and prior to the first day of July, 1865.

SEC. 3. That the rate of pension for such service shall be at the rate per month of one cent for each day's

service rendered in the said army, navy, or marine corps of the United States.¹

SEC. 4. That the period of service shall be computed from the date of muster into the United States service to the date of discharge, but no pension shall be granted under this act to or on account of any person who deserted prior to July 1, 1865, until he shall have obtained a discharge from the service from which he deserted, and no discharge which was given to any person by reason of reënlistment as a veteran volunteer, or to enable him to accept a promotion, shall be deemed a discharge from the services within the meaning of this act.

SEC. 5. That pension under this act shall be at the rate specified in section three, and shall be paid to the persons entitled thereto for the term of their lives from and after the passage of this bill.

SEC. 6. This bill is intended as a service pension bill, and is intended as an addition to all invalid pensions which have been or may hereafter be granted for disability.

The three bills, the Dependent or Disability Bill, the Eight Dollar Bill, and the Per Diem Bill, were before Congress when the national encampment of the Grand Army (Columbus, Ohio, 1888) was again called upon to meet the question. The committee on pensions reiterated the claims of the Disability Bill, and finally a resolution was adopted almost unanimously favoring a service pension of eight dollars a month for every survivor who served sixty days or more, and an additional amount of one cent a month for each day's service exceeding eight hundred.

The bill has not yet been presented, but the Grand Army committee has been active in pushing the Disability Bill. However, the resolution of the encampment is an approval of the principle of service pensions, and is in harmony with the action of many of the State departments of the order.

Upon the question of service pensions, the veterans in and out of the Grand Army are divided as to the following points: *First.* Shall the pension begin at once, or at sixty-two years of age? *Second.* Shall it be rated according to length of service, or be uniform? *Third.* Shall it be in addition to the invalid pension allowance in cases already on the roll? *Fourth.* Shall it continue to the widows or other dependent heirs?

The number of survivors is estimated, in the departments at Washington, at about 1,350,000. It is asserted by the Per Diem Service Pension Association that the average term of service is about one year, and that the Per Diem Bill would allow an average pension of \$3.65 a month. If 1,000,000 survivors called for the allowance, the cost would be less than \$50,000,000 a year. The Eight Dollar Bill would cost \$96,000,000 a year if 1,000,000 men should receive it. The Grand Army Service Pension Bill would cost, on the same basis, \$96,000,000 a year, and an additional sum to every veteran who served over 800 days; that is, for three years' service, or 1095 days, \$10.95 a month; for four years, or 1460 days, \$14.60 a month; and at that rate for all terms of service of over 800 days.²

For more than twenty years the Grand Army of the Republic throughout the Union has engaged in a vast and peculiar system of relief to needy comrades, and

¹ Two years is a fair term of service in a long war, and \$8 is the full pension established. But a soldier's service is not recorded in full years; it is from the day of actual enlistment to that of discharge. Therefore a rate of one cent a day, which would give \$7.30 for a two-years' term, would give a proportionate sum for any length of service.

² The total disbursement for pensions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, was \$78,775,861.92, and nearly one-third of the amount was used in payment of arrears on new claims. The

the veterans have original knowledge which should make them competent advocates and judges in claims made on the ground of service. But with this knowledge and influence there is also responsibility, and it is to be hoped that the pension measures presented on behalf of the order will be based wholly upon justice for all concerned,—the interests of the country as well as that of the soldiers,—and not upon the mere fact of approval by an accidental majority in the ranks of the veterans.

George L. Kilmer.

"The Use of Oil to Still the Waves."

I HAVE just read with much interest the article in the March number of THE CENTURY on "The Use of Oil to Still the Waves." It so happens that lately a large ship laden with petroleum was run into by a steamer off the Owens lightship which carried away a part of her cutwater and made a huge hole in her bows. It was blowing pretty fresh from the southwest at the time, and there was a good sea on. The casks began to roll out through the hole in the bows of the *Vandalia* of New Brunswick, and the vessel to settle down forward. The crew took to the boats and abandoned her, and she drifted up channel and finally grounded off Hove, about three hundred yards from shore. Two thousand or more casks of petroleum drifted to land, and I was curious to see what effect the oil had upon the waves. To my surprise, I came to the conclusion that the effect was almost entirely negative; and I made the remark to some friends that, whatever effect other kinds of oil may have, petroleum is evidently of no use. I now find that this experience is in strict accordance with the statement of Lieutenant Beehler, "that mineral oil is not suitable, especially if refined." The cargo of the *Vandalia* consisted, I presume, of refined oil, for on observing some flow from a cask, the head of which was started, it was evidently a very limpid and perfectly clear oil, having a faint bluish tinge very similar to that observable in fluorescent liquids. Several of the casks were stove in and came to shore empty of their contents, so that a large quantity of oil had mingled with the sea water. To such an extent was this the case that the sea along the length of the shore for two miles or more presented a thin milk-and-water appearance. It appeared to me, so far as I could judge, that the heavy sea churned the oil up into minute globules, which were dispersed throughout the water and so rendered it turbid. I quite satisfied myself that the oil did not spread out into a continuous film over the surface of the water, but broke up into little patches. The surface motion of the sea seemed unappreciably affected. It broke over the bows of the *Vandalia*, and came up in heavy breakers upon the beach, but there seemed much less foam than is usually created when the big rollers break.

George Gladstone.

HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

annual value of all the pensions on the roll was \$56,700,230.92, and out of this \$18,648,373.50 was for pensions to the widows and other dependents of three wars, and the survivors of 1812 and the Mexican War. On the basis of the amount on the rolls for 1888 the estimates for the Per Diem Bill would increase the annual value of all pensions to something over \$100,000,000, the Eight Dollar Bill would swell it to over \$150,000,000, and the Grand Army Service Pension measure to a still higher sum.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Fence-Corner Oration.

OHMHOO, I hyah 'bout Ark'nsaw befo',
 An' all dat lan' out Wes',
 But heah ole Peter hoed es row,
 An' hit 's mighty nigh time ter res'.
 I knows de white folks roun' erbout,
 An' de ole uns all knows me:
 When hard-time comes dey he'ps me out,
 Des same as I warn' free.
 An' I hyah 'bout dat five dollars er day,
 An' nuth'n' 't all ter do
 But ter shovel dirt on er railroad track
 An' eat when yer all git frough.
 I seen some niggers be'n out deir
 Come er-hustlin' back ergin,
 An' I hatter gi' um meat an' bread
 Ter he'p full out dey skin.
 Dey said dat rations pow'ful skearce,
 De hen roos' mighty high,
 An' possum des 'bout as hard ter ketch
 When he go rackin' by.
 T'ings way off yonner look mighty fine,
 But des you git up close,
 Gwineter see sup'n' else dat 'll mek yer want
 Butt yeh head ergin er pos'.
 An' 'bout de time yer tu'n eroun' good,
 An' see how fur yer come,
 Some t'ings gwineter look mighty fine
 Erway long back to'rds home.
 Dis lan' ain't what hit used ter be —
 Nobody ain' 'sputin' dat:
 But hit 'll talk back ter de hoe,
 An' keep de chillun fat;
 An' sometime guano ain' gwine stick,
 Don't keer wher' yer got um,
 But when hit wash down off de hill,
 Deir 's big corn grows en de bottum.
 An' ef de crik git out an' wash
 Guano plum on down,
 Hit gethers some erway 'long up,
 An' sots hit on mer groun'.
 Yes, sah, I learned er heap er sense
 Sence freedom tunned me out,
 An' sho 's yer born, Boss, hit 's all right;
 De Lord knows what he's 'bout!
 When cotton short, de corn hit 's tall,
 An' when de hog meat 's high,
 I puts ner morgidge on ole mule,
 An' he wuk hit out bimeby.
 But yer can't learn dese young niggers sense,
 Dey got ter learn dese'.
 'T ain' what goes in meks white folks rich,
 Hit 's what sticks ter de she'f;
 An' some niggers ain' gwine settle down,
 Don't cyah where dey be:
 Dey c'n all put out fer Ark'nsaw,
 But dey don't trabbl' 'long wid me!
 Ole Mars'er buried out yonner by de plums,
 An' ole Miss, she deir too,
 An' my ole 'ooman ain' ve'y fur off,
 An' my las' litt'l gal, Sally Lou.
 Don't mek no diffunce whar some folks put,
 When dey race es all be'n run,
 But somehow I ain' wanter stray too fur
 'Fo' my las' day's work git dun.
 Some er dese times, an' mebby 'fo' yer know,
 Gwineter hyah dey Gabeul horn
 An' gwineter be er-stirrin' ev'ywhar en de lan',



An' er heap er folks skeered, sho 's yer born:
 Heap er folks what tort deysel' mighty good
 Gwineter trimble en de traces an' balk,
 An I wanter be whar I c'n sorter step eroun'
 An' hyah ole Miss when she talk.
 She mighty good 'ooman, ole Miss was,—
 Ev'body roun' heah knowed dat,—
 An' what she says es gospel law,
 I don't keer whar she at.
 Ef she lean fum de chariot er-rollin' frough de gate
 An' ses, "Sen' my nigger in ter me,"
 De angeul gwineter lif' es hat ter her,
 An' I ain' gwineter tell 'im I 'm free.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

The Sensitive Visitor.

THE night was bitter: Pride and I
 Sat gazing on it through the pane:
 Who can this gallant horseman be
 That at our casement draweth rein?

We turn our faces, Pride and I;
 And yet the pleading and the pain
 Of that one look — nay, out of sight,
 He 's passed into the night and rain.

Who could the bold intruder be?
 Alas! to-day 't is but too plain:
 His name was Opportunity —
 He never came to us again.

Orelia Key Bell.

Forgotten Books.

Of books I sing, but not of those
Which any Book Collector knows,—
The priceless, rare editions, not,
But volumes which the World forgot
And with them those who wrote, as well,
Before they had a chance to sell:
Ephemerals that find themselves
With the Immortals on my shelves.
I name no names, for if I should
None would recall them now, nor could
A word of mine bring any one
Out of its long Oblivion.
The ink on many fly-leaves still
Looks quite as fresh as when the quill
On each inscribed an author's name,
And signed his title there to Fame
Without one solitary fear
About its being proven clear.
One has its pages still uncut,
Clean, kept ironically shut
By him whose name therein is penned
Above: *From his devoted friend.*
And not infrequently I come
Across the imprint of a thumb,
Or in the paragraphs I find
A pleasing sentence underlined,
Or neatly on the margin set
A compliment in epithet:
Each one of these, I 'm satisfied,
Was read before its author died.

But there is one among them all,
Morocco bound, gilt-edged, and small,
Filled with the amatory rhymes
Of ante-Tennysonian times,
Stiff in their phraseology
And rather rough in melody.
'T is Dedicated unto Her
By Her Unworthier Worshipper.
And just below is written, *"These*
Many and pleasing Melodies.
Dear Wm. writ in '98,
& unto Me did Dedicate."
This one was read and read again,
And annotated by her pen:
And this fulfilled the Author's hopes,
Repaid the toil of all his tomes,
And had, at least his span of life,
One constant reader in his wife.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

To Mistress Rose.

A ROSE by any other name?
Nay, that could hardly be—
No other name, my Flower of June,
Could be the name for thee.

Dear darling of the summer-time
And love-child of the sun—
Whether by thy sweet breath beguiled,
Or by thy thorns undone,

I know thee for the Queen of flowers,
And toast thee by thy name:
"Here 's to the sweet young loveliness
That sets our hearts afame!"

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

An Unpublished Song by Thomas Moore.

YET, ere we met, I was a lover
Of many a bright and beaming face;
Ere one of folly's whims was over,
Another quick supplied its place.

But though I 've bent the knee to many,
And felt my bosom throb the while,
Trust me, I never felt for any
Half what was taught me by thy smile.

Then, dearest, think not that I love thee
The less for having loved before.
Trust me, if others' charms could move me,
Thine, dearest, must, oh how much more!

I 'm like that youth we read in story
Who worshiped many a brilliant star,
Until the pure moon's brighter glory
Rose to his sight more lovely far.

Since then by woodland streams and mountain
She was his sole and only dream;
His heart was likened to a fountain,
The faithful mirror of her beam.

Thus do thy brighter beauties move me,
And though I loved the stars before,
Be thou my moon! Henceforth I 'll love thee—
I cannot tell thee how much more.

Two Loves.

I WONDER if a certain lane
So happily is faring
As when my first love, Ellen Jane,
There took her daily airing.

My lollipops I shared with her,
And, daintiest of misses,
For every sweet, without demur,
She paid me off in kisses.

My latest love is Eleanor,
The Jane is quite derided,
And though I still divide with her,
My pay is undecided.

Sometimes when sweets and flowers most rare
I on her shrine am showering,
Her smiles with sunshine fill the air,
But ah! too oft she 's lowering.

No matter how I strive and woo,
No more for me such bliss is
To see her — as she used to do —
Put up her mouth for kisses.

Sweet Eleanor, though grown are we,
My love brings more of pain
Than when your summers numbered three
And you were Ellen Jane.

Cora Stuart Wheeler.

Constancy.

INCONSTANT? No, dear, nought I 've done,—
Such crime would not become one.
Constant is not to love but one,
But always to love some one.
At least admit, dear, I am true—
Constant to love, if not to you.

George Birdseye.



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J. Marshall